THE LAUREL MUSIC SERIES

# Folk Songs and Art Songs

## For Intermediate Grades

Armitage

BOOK I

Boston
C. C. Birchard & Company

Dept. 65

Music Dept.

THE LAUREL MUSIC SERIES

# Folk Songs & Art Songs

FOR INTERMEDIATE GRADES

M. TERESA ARMITAGE

BOOK I.

C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY
BOSTON

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# INTRODUCTION

THE making of a song book for children is no longer a question of the mere assembling of songs that *can* be sung by children. Modern thought leads the educator into avenues of approach to the child's consciousness that were unsuspected a few years ago; hence, the makers of song books must assume a definite responsibility that runs in parallel lines to the path of the educators in other branches. The psychology of the child becomes an imposing factor and must be reckoned with.

For that reason (besides the important and more familiar considerations of merit in music and text, suitability and elements of popularity), great care and thought must be given to the purpose of reaching the child's sub-conscious being by simple formulae that can be embodied in attractively presented songs — songs that do not so much *teach* as *suggest*. Teaching, as an Art, has lately taken on a new aspect. Educators are learning from the children themselves how to teach children. After an incredibly long period of didacticism, we are beginning dimly to recognize the power of suggestion and the sterility of didactics.

So the maker of school song books must not lag in the progress toward fruitful school work. And it becomes peculiarly important in a book like this, devoted not to *Method* but to *Expression*, that no page shall contain waste material.

We must not be understood as in any sense minimizing the importance of music as it stands in the curriculum — an Art *per se* to be fostered and developed as a source of culture, refinement and happiness; but we emphasize the value of song as an educational force in a broader sense than hitherto has been taken into account; and the conviction that great good lies in the application of that principle has led us to make these books and dedicate them to the hidden potentialities of the youthful mind, so long misunderstood and underrated.

It is admitted by all that song is a powerful factor in establishing contentment and good-fellowship in every community. Our foreign-born citizens and their children, in their aspiration to become Americans, are undoubtedly influenced greatly by good-will mutually felt among themselves and in association with neighbors of another race, and there is no greater and more spontaneous expression of companionship and good-will than is to be found in song. *In these books much space is given to Folk Song; and no less than fifty racial groups are represented by good and characteristic examples.* It would be a shortsighted and wholly un-American policy to try to force our songs on the foreign-born to the exclusion of all other songs. In the first place, the effort would fail; their old songs would still be sung, and, moreover, would be sung in their original form and significance. But if the child of a naturalized foreigner is encouraged to sing the songs of his race *in the language of his adopted country*, it seems obvious that a definite step has been taken toward Americanization. Furthermore he will cheerfully learn and sing our songs when he finds he is not required to forego the familiar melodies of his race.

The texts associated with the folk songs in these books are largely from translations or adaptations of the original; and where that has not been feasible the words will be found to be related to the spirit of the music.

A feature which we believe will be of advantage from a practical as well as an

artistic standpoint, is the arrangement of numerous folk songs in canon form, or with counter-melodies. This cannot fail to arouse and sustain the interest of children, as novelty invariably does, and the presentation of a familiar tune with interesting variations or adornments immediately invests it with an entirely new significance. This treatment has been freely used throughout the books and is not confined to folk music, as will be seen from the many canons, rounds, and examples of counterpoint, composed especially for this purpose. But it is by no means necessary that these songs should be sung in parts. Practically every tune in the book is suitable for unison singing.

Our aim is to present music of positive merit from whatever source, always taking into consideration every factor that bears on the special purpose of the individual song. It clearly would be poor judgment to link a humorous text to serious music and equally unwise to offer an immortal melody with trivial words. We have drawn freely upon classic sources, but have not overlooked the melodious operas and songs that have achieved lasting popularity through an inherent vitality not always easy to explain, but which unquestionably exists. The body of original compositions by American composers is substantial, and contains much distinctive material.

Analysis of the contents will show that practically all the problems developed in the study of music in the Fifth and Sixth grades, such as time, rhythm, mode, the function of accidentals, etc., are exemplified without unnecessary difficulties. Many of the songs can profitably be used for rote singing, but ample material will be found for sight-reading practice.

Extraordinary care has been used in the selection and editing of the text matter in these books. The subjects range from mythology through history, fable, romance, nature, hygiene, physical and moral courage, good-fellowship and brotherly love, wholesome humor, with the cardinal graces of Faith, Hope and Charity. The classics — famous songs, operas, operettas and oratorios — are represented by many examples never before used in school music, and the body of original composition will be found worthy of study and performance.

It will be observed that the mechanical adjustment of tune to text or *vice versa*, to which much attention has been given in these songs, must be of great assistance in dealing with rhythmic problems; the natural time values of mere spoken declamation will give the rhythm of the music.

Favorable vowel sounds for notes in the higher register, a marked feature of these books, will make good tone-quality easier of achievement. Also that rare thing even in classic songs, syllable and word emphasis in coincidence with musical accent, will contribute greatly to intelligibility and fluency.

The books appear in the Students' Edition (vocal parts only), and the Teachers' Edition (voice and piano). The accompaniments, except where otherwise indicated, are by Harvey Worthington Loomis.

We feel confident that the material in these books rightly used will mark an important step forward in the Education of the Child through Music.

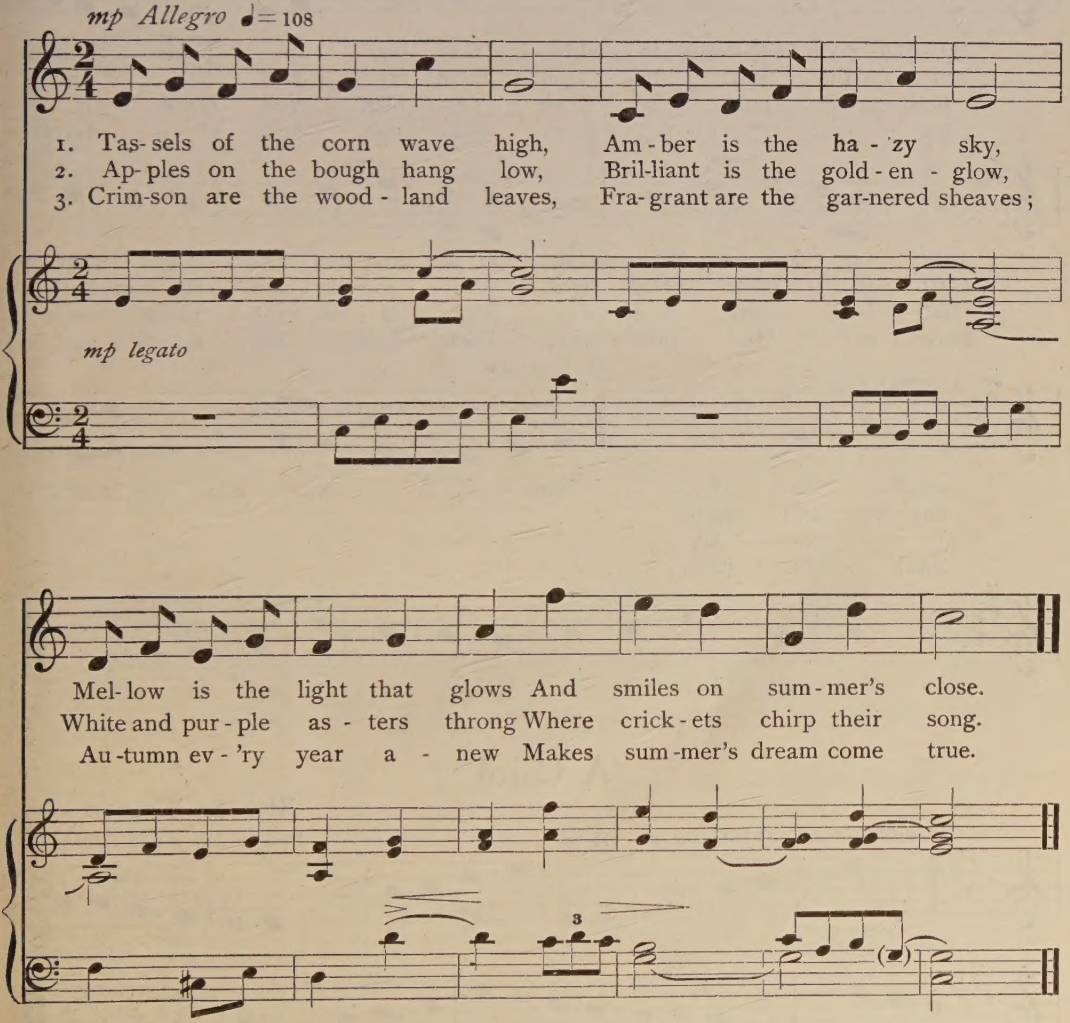
Editor and Publishers.

# FOLK SONGS & ART SONGS

## BOOK I

## September

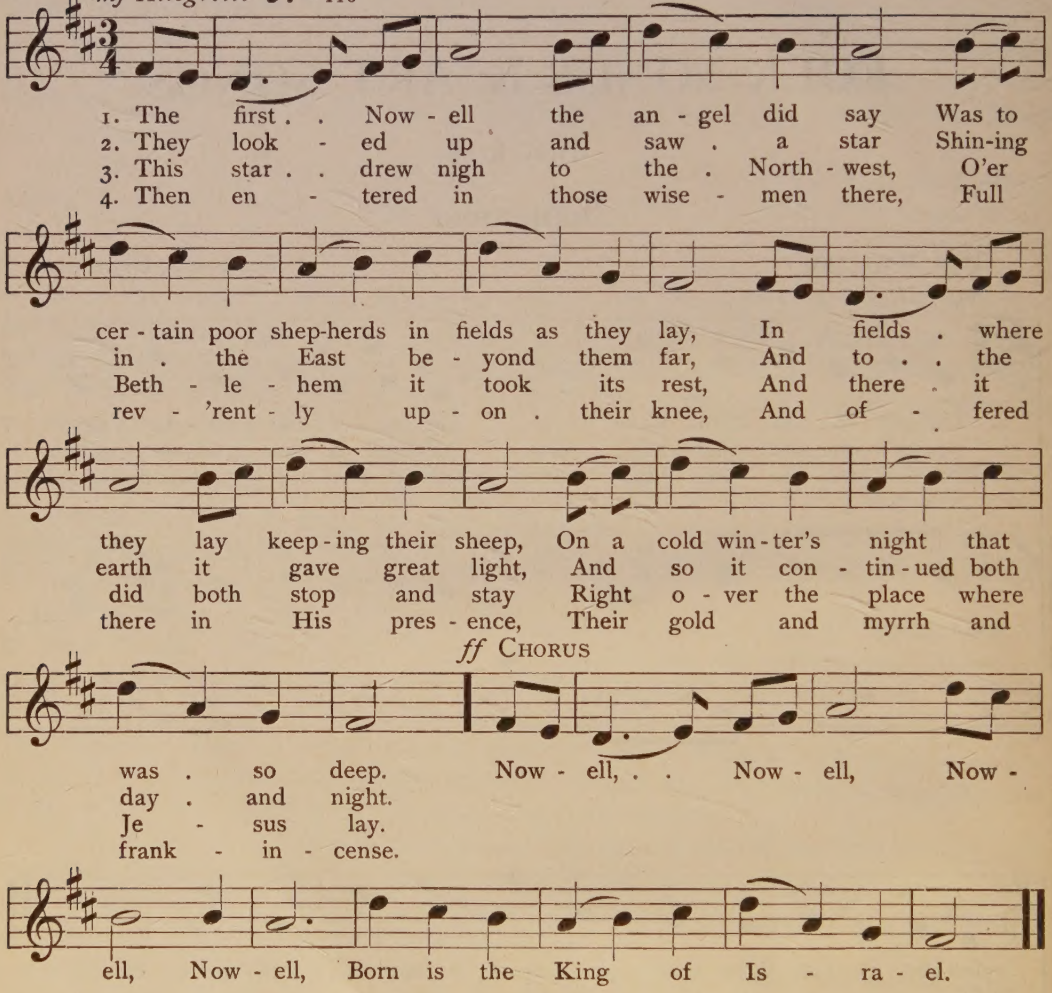
DON MAITLAND ROBERT Z. GRAHAM


mp Allegro ♩= 108
1. Tas-sels of the corn wave high, Am-ber is the ha-zy sky,
2. Ap-ples on the bough hang low, Bril-liant is the gold-en-glow,
3. Crim-son are the wood-land leaves, Fra-grant are the gar-nered sheaves;
mp legato
Mel-low is the light that glows And smiles on sum-mer's close.
White and pur-ple as-ters throng Where crick-ets chirp their song.
Au-tumn ev-'ry year a-new Makes sum-mer's dream come true.
3

# The First Nowell

Words Traditional — Traditional

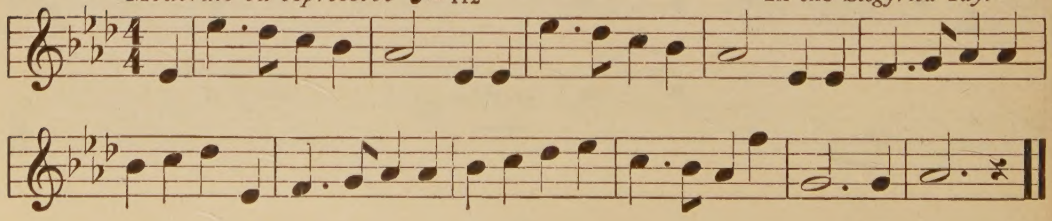
*mf Allegretto* ♩. = 116


1. The first . . Now - ell the an - gel did say Was to
2. They look - ed up and saw . a star Shin-ing
3. This star . . drew nigh to the . North - west, O'er
4. Then en - tered in those wise - men there, Full
cer - tain poor shep-herds in fields as they lay, In fields . where
in . the East be - yond them far, And to . . the
Beth - le - hem it took its rest, And there . it
rev - 'rent - ly up - on . their knee, And of - fered
they lay keep - ing their sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that
earth it gave great light, And so it con - tin - ued both
did both stop and stay Right o - ver the place where
there in His pres - ence, Their gold and myrrh and
*ff* CHORUS
was . so deep. Now - ell, . . Now - ell, Now -
day . and night.
Je - sus lay.
frank - in - cense.
ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

# A Carol

RICHARD WAGNER
In the *Siegfried Idyl*

*Moderato ed espressivo* ♩ = 112

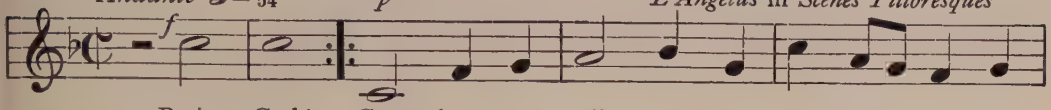


# The Angelus

(To accompany the representation in tableau of Millet's painting, "L'Angelus."

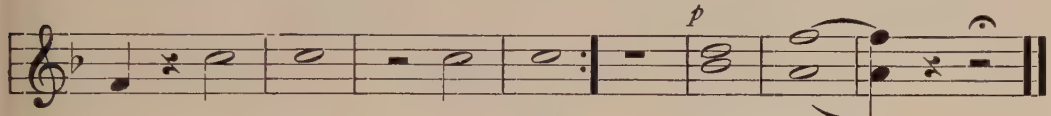
PAUL HASTINGS — JULES MASSENET

*Andante* ♩= 54 — *L'Angelus* in *Scènes Pittoresques*




Praise God! 1. Cease from thy toil, comes the hour of ho - ly
2. An - gels of God, we have sown in love for

spell; Hark, o'er the plain from a - far the sound of eve - ning
thee; Grant, when we reap, full and fair our har - vest all may



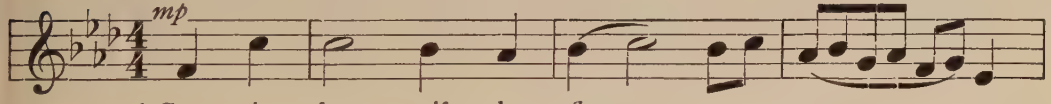

bell. Praise God! Praise God! Praise God!
be. Praise God! Praise God!

# The Carrier Dove

From the original by
ROSAMOND BROOKS

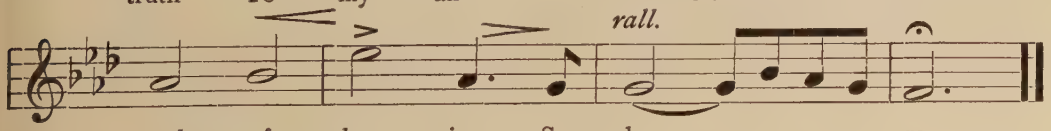
Moorish Folk Tune

*Allegro moderato* ♩= 108




1. Car - rier dove, swift - ly fly . . . a - way, . . . a -
Sal - u - ta - tion, O take, . . O . . take . . . for
2. Car - rier bird, if per - chance . per - chance . . no
Bear for me words of love . . of . . love . . . and

way On thy jour - - - - ney long, To the
me To my broth - - - - er sheik* On the
more I shall see . . . . . my home On the
truth To my an - - - - cient friends On the



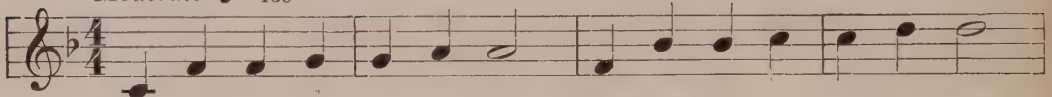

sands of burn - ing Sa - ha - - - - ra.

* *Sheik*: (*pronouce sheek or shake*)

# The Cow's Advice

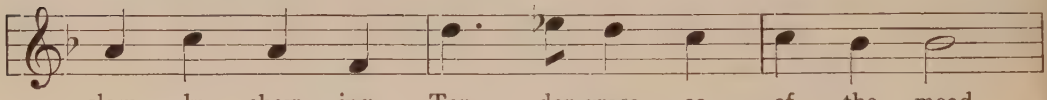
STEPHEN FAY — JAMES F. CALDWELL

*Moderato* ♩= 138

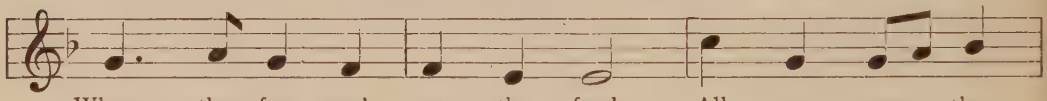


1. 'Neath an oak tree's shad - y bough Stands the far - mer's Jer - sey cow,
2. To her calf in ac - cents kind, Thus the Jer - sey speaks her mind:
3. Such ad - vice seems good and sound, So the calf, in du - ty bound,

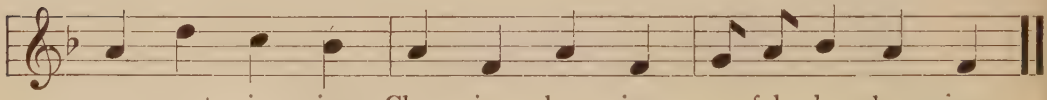
There her prac - tice calm pur - su - ing: Chew - ing, chew - ing,
"You are just a young be - gin - ner In the art of
Pon - ders well, the case re - view - ing: "There's a lot to



slow - ly chew - ing Ten - der grass - es of the mead
eat - ing din - ner; Take your time, you'll find it pays,
say for chew - ing." So we see the calf and cow



Where the far - mer's cat - tle feed, All se - rene, the
You'll be thank - ful all your days; 'Tis a hab - it
Stand - ing 'neath the shad - y bough, All se - rene, the



pros - pect view - ing, Chew - ing, chew - ing, care - ful - ly chew - ing.
worth pur - su - ing: Chew - ing, chew - ing, care - ful - ly chew - ing.
pros - pect view - ing, Chew - ing, chew - ing, care - ful - ly chew - ing.

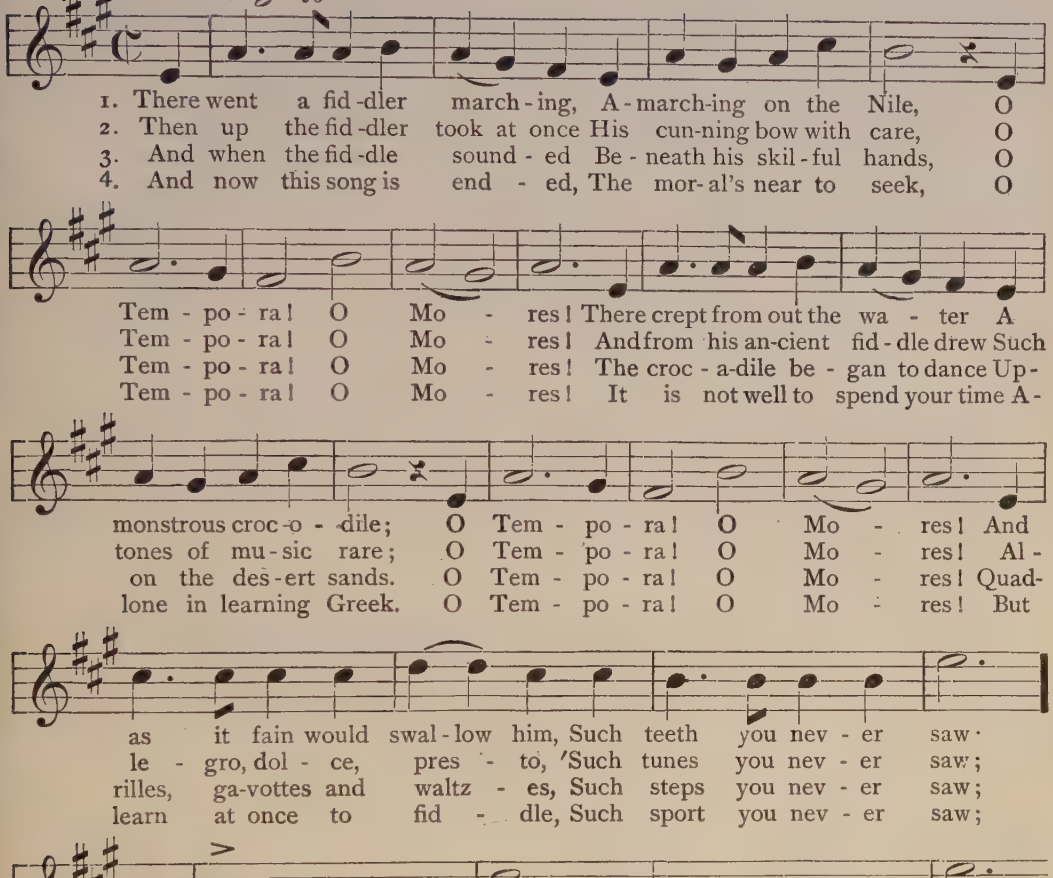
# Arietta

*Lento* ♩= 96 — JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

# O Tempora! O Mores! *

EMMAUEL GEIBEL — Old College Song

*Moderato* ♩ = 96


1. There went a fid-dler march-ing, A-march-ing on the Nile, O
2. Then up the fid-dler took at once His cun-ning bow with care, O
3. And when the fid-dle sound-ed Be-neath his skil-ful hands, O
4. And now this song is end-ed, The mor-al's near to seek, O
Tem-po-ra! O Mo-res! There crept from out the wa-ter A
Tem-po-ra! O Mo-res! And from his an-cient fid-dle drew Such
Tem-po-ra! O Mo-res! The croc-a-dile be-gan to dance Up-
Tem-po-ra! O Mo-res! It is not well to spend your time A-
monstrous croc-o-dile; O Tem-po-ra! O Mo-res! And
tones of mu-sic rare; O Tem-po-ra! O Mo-res! Al-
on the des-ert sands. O Tem-po-ra! O Mo-res! Quad-
lone in learning Greek. O Tem-po-ra! O Mo-res! But
as it fain would swal-low him, Such teeth you nev-er saw·
le-gro, dol-ce, pres-to, 'Such tunes you nev-er saw;
rilles, ga-vottes and waltz-es, Such steps you nev-er saw;
learn at once to fid-dle, Such sport you nev-er saw;
Fal-lal-la-la-la, la, O Tem-po tem-po-ra,
To thee be praise for end-less days, Dame Mu-si-ca. †

* *O the times! O the manners!* † *Lady Music.*

## Graceful Dance

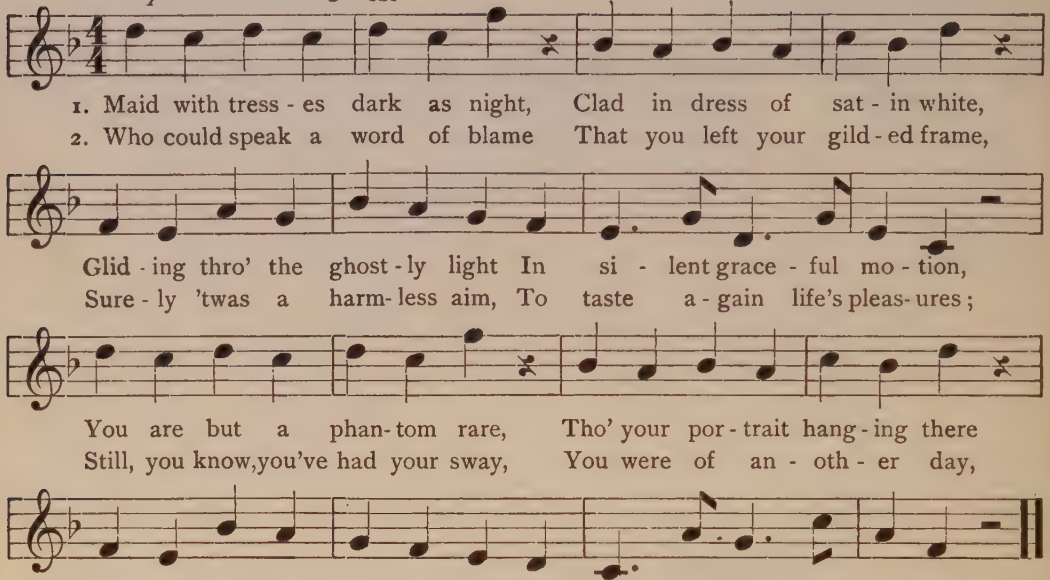
C. W. VON GLUCK in *Alceste*

*Andantino alla menuetto* ♪ = 144

# The Old Portrait *

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO — GIUSEPPE VERDI in *La Traviata*

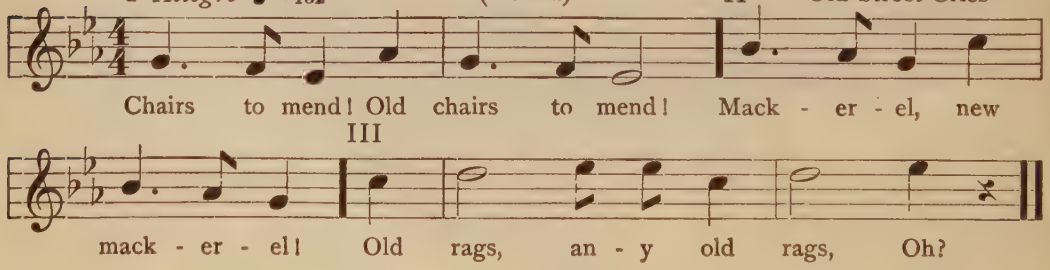
*Tempo di Gavotta* ♩ = 120


1. Maid with tress - es dark as night, Clad in dress of sat - in white,
2. Who could speak a word of blame That you left your gild - ed frame,
Glid - ing thro' the ghost - ly light In si - lent grace - ful mo - tion,
Sure - ly 'twas a harm - less aim, To taste a - gain life's pleas - ures;
You are but a phan - tom rare, Tho' your por - trait hang - ing there
Still, you know, you've had your sway, You were of an - oth - er day,
Shows why all es - teemed you fair And gave you their de - vo - tion.
Old ga - vottes are laid a - way With oth - er state - ly meas - ures.

* *The singer, in a twilight revery, seems to see the girl of the portrait descending from the frame to dance an old-time gavotte.*

# Rival Vendors

I *Allegro* ♩ = 132 (Round) II Old Street Cries




# Apples and Roses

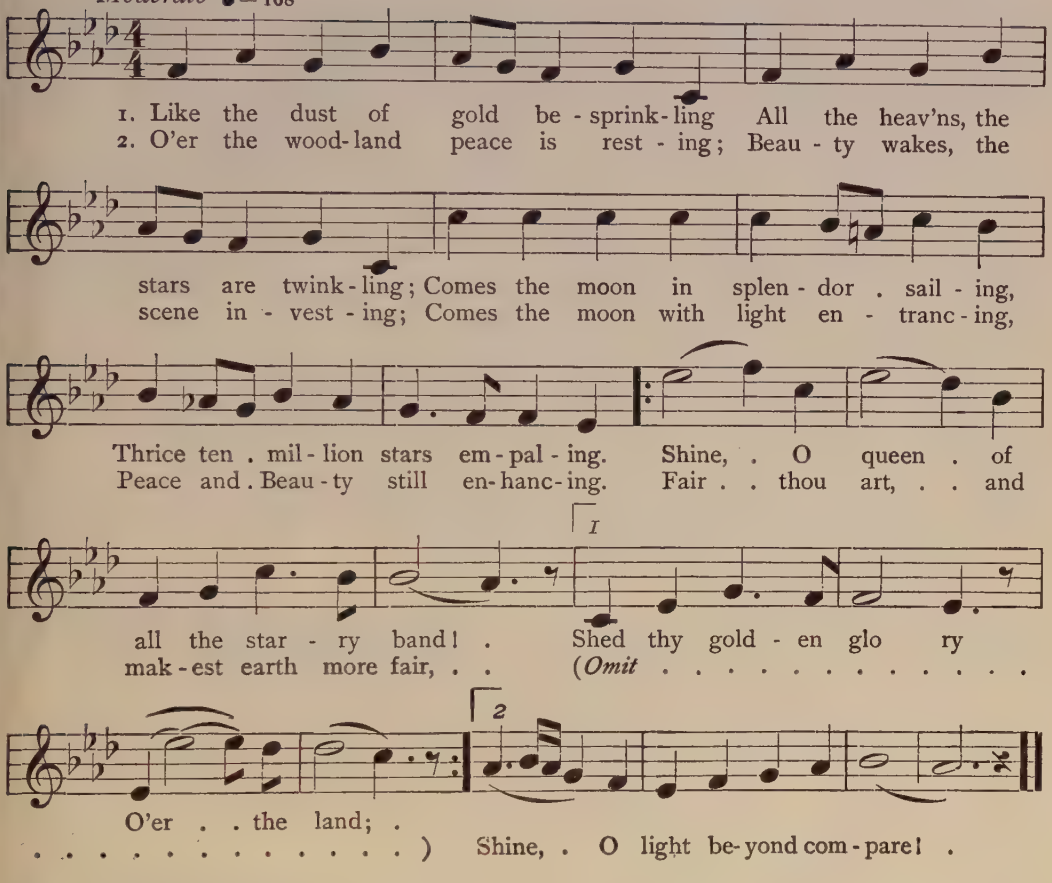
I *Moderato* ♩ = 152 II (Round) III H. W. L.

# Queen of Night

MAURICE TALBOT

ERIK MEYER-HELMUND

*Moderato* ♩= 108

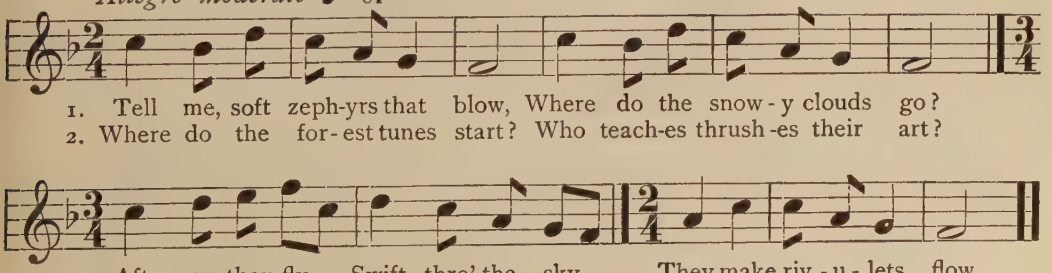

1. Like the dust of gold be - sprink - ling All the heav'ns, the
2. O'er the wood-land peace is rest - ing; Beau - ty wakes, the
stars are twink - ling; Comes the moon in splen - dor . sail - ing,
scene in - vest - ing; Comes the moon with light en - tranc - ing,
Thrice ten . mil - lion stars em - pal - ing. Shine, . O queen . of
Peace and . Beau - ty still en - hanc - ing. Fair . . thou art, . . and
1
all the star - ry band! . Shed thy gold - en glo ry
mak - est earth more fair, . . (*Omit* . . . . . .
2
O'er . . the land; .
. . . . . ) Shine, . O light be - yond com - pare! .

# Questions

FOSTER B. MERRIAM

Lithuanian Folk Tune

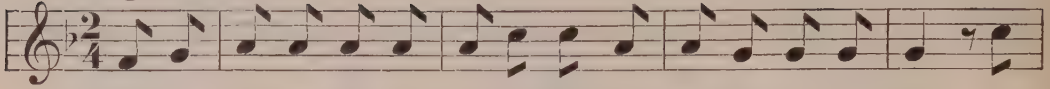
*Allegro moderato* ♩= 84


1. Tell me, soft zeph-yrs that blow, Where do the snow - y clouds go?
2. Where do the for - est tunes start? Who teach-es thrush - es their art?
Aft - er they fly . Swift thro' the sky, They make riv - u - lets flow.
God whispers words Soft to the birds, Then they learn them by heart.

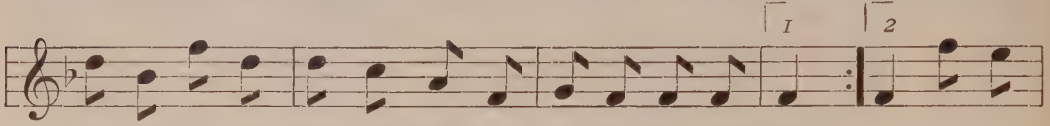
# Wearing of the Green

STEPHEN FAY — Old Irish Tune

*Allegretto* ♩= 80



1. There's a shin - ing lit - tle Is - land, And its peo - ple love it well, A
   Like an em -'rald set in sap-phire, With a dia-mond here and there, It
2. It is famed in song and sto - ry, 'Tis the fount of wild ro - mance, The
   And the bards who made such mu - sic As the world can ne'er for - get, Are




spot by na - ture gift - ed With her most en - dur - ing spell.
gleams a - cross the wa - ter With a charm be-yond com-(*Omit* . .) pare. You will
na - tive home of min - strel - sy, Whose measures all en - trance;
sleep-ing long in si - lence, But their songs are sing -ing (*Omit* . .) yet.

know it by the moun-tains, By the val - leys and the fells, By the

lakes of sweet Kil - lar - ney, Where the blue of heav - en dwells; You will

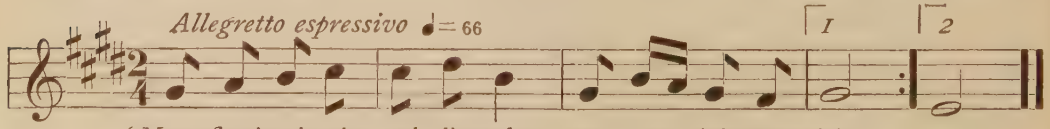
know it by the Sham - rock, Dear - est em - blem ev - er seen, And

know its men and wo - men By the wear - ing of the green.

# In Hindustan

CANON BROOKINGFORD — Kashmir Folk Tune

*Allegretto espressivo* ♩= 66

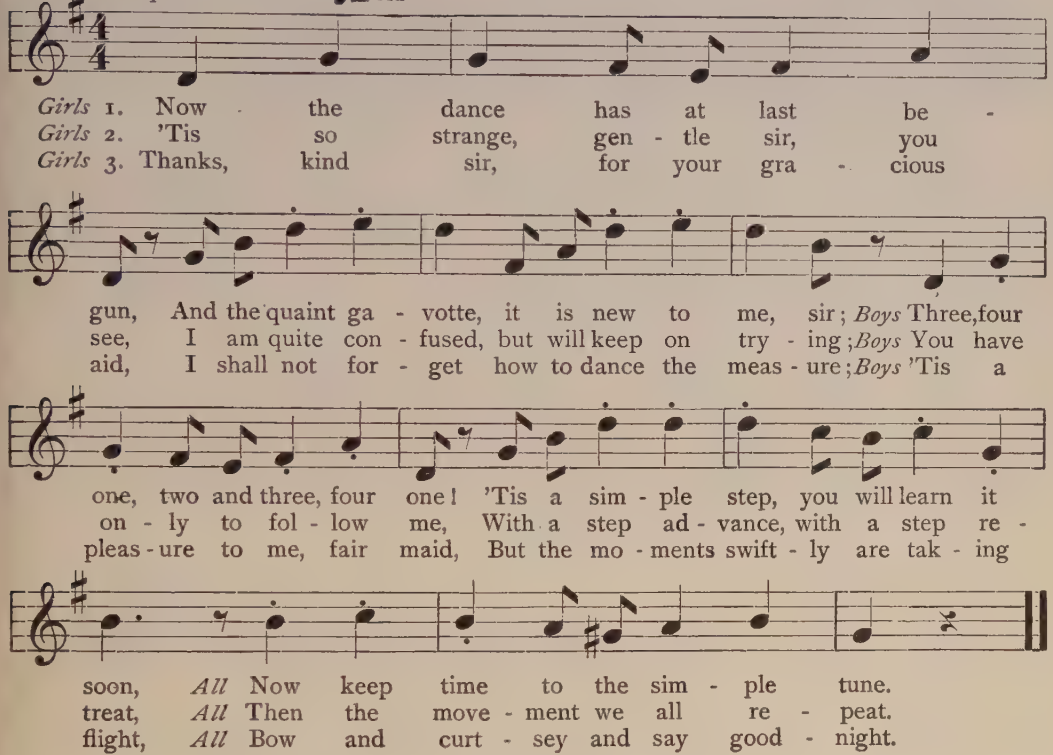



1. Moon-flow'rs o'er the trel - lis woke, How the night was fair!
   Star -light shone and mu - sic spoke, Night - in - gales were (*Omit*. .) there.
2. 'Neath the an - cient min - a - ret, Youth and maid - en smiled;
   Tam - bour, lute and cas - ta - net Gold - en hours be - (*Omit*. .) guiled.

# The Gavotte

ROSAMOND BROOKS — LUIGI ARDITI

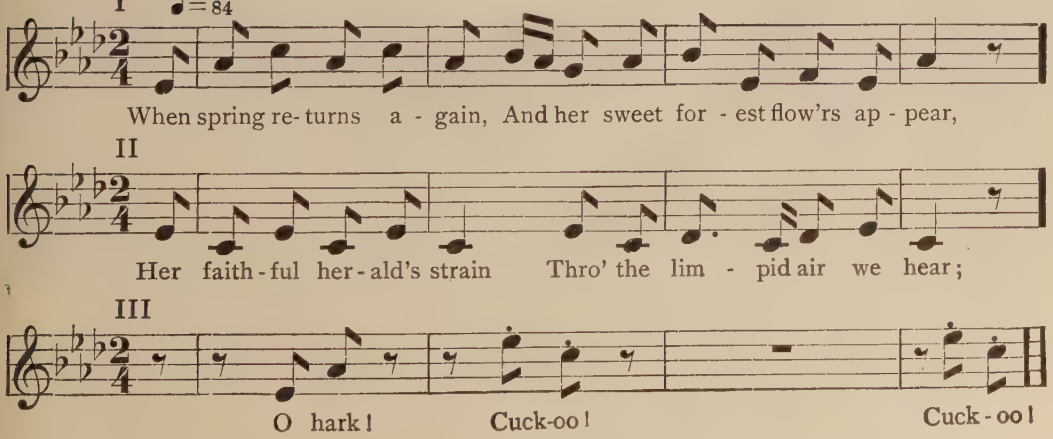
*Tempo di Gavotta* ♩ = 112


*Girls* 1. Now the dance has at last be -
*Girls* 2. 'Tis so strange, gen - tle sir, you
*Girls* 3. Thanks, kind sir, for your gra - cious
gun, And the quaint ga - votte, it is new to me, sir; *Boys* Three, four
see, I am quite con - fused, but will keep on try - ing; *Boys* You have
aid, I shall not for - get how to dance the meas - ure; *Boys* 'Tis a
one, two and three, four one! 'Tis a sim - ple step, you will learn it
on - ly to fol - low me, With a step ad - vance, with a step re -
pleas - ure to me, fair maid, But the mo - ments swift - ly are tak - ing
soon, *All* Now keep time to the sim - ple tune.
treat, *All* Then the move - ment we all re - peat.
flight, *All* Bow and curt - sey and say good - night.

# Spring's Herald

Adapted — (Round) — FERRARI

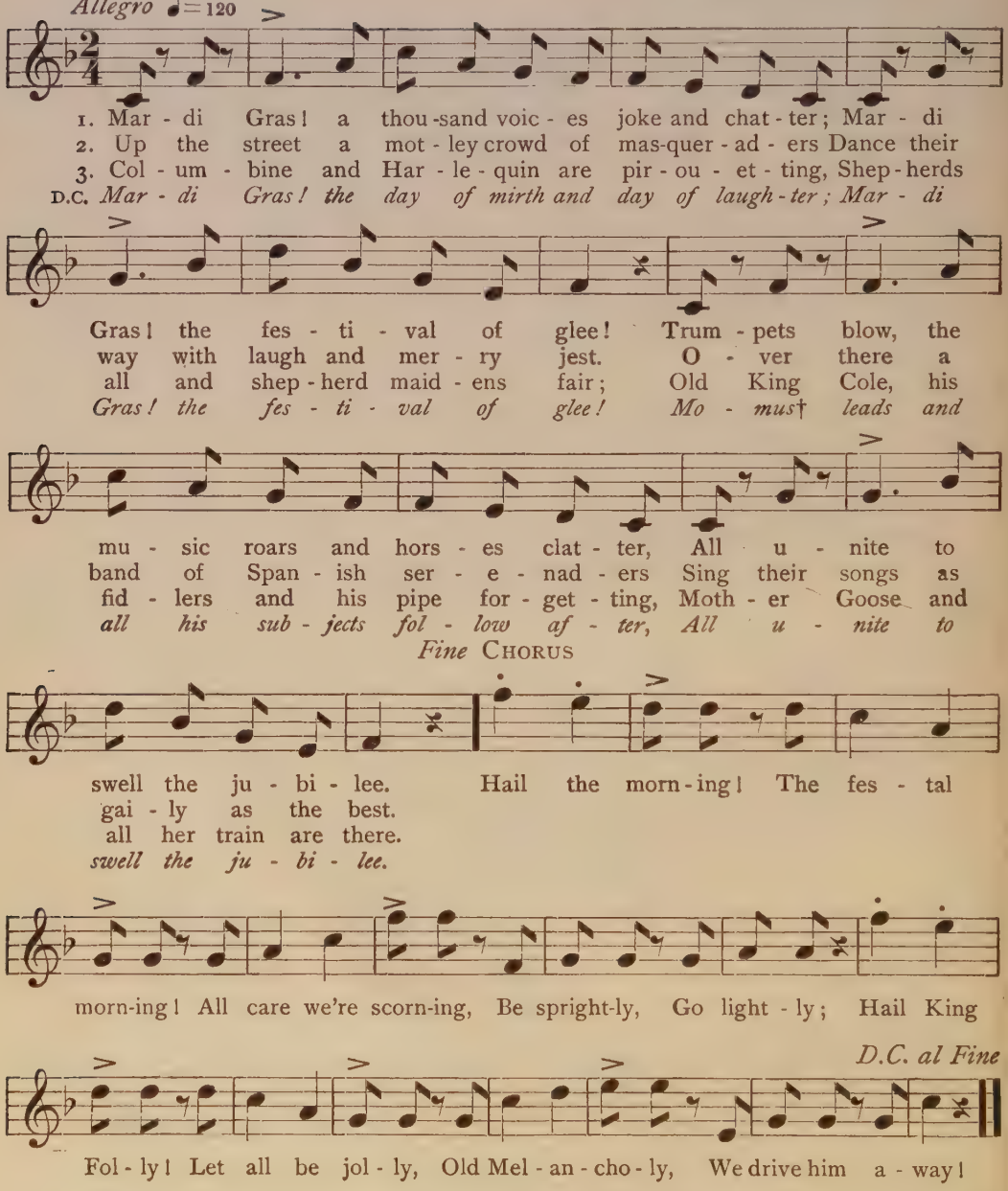
I ♩ = 84


When spring re-turns a - gain, And her sweet for - est flow'rs ap - pear,
II
Her faith - ful her - ald's strain Thro' the lim - pid air we hear;
III
O hark! Cuck-oo! Cuck - oo!

# Mardi Gras*

JOHN WESTON — LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK

*Allegro* ♩= 120


1. Mar - di Gras! a thou-sand voic - es joke and chat - ter; Mar - di
2. Up the street a mot - ley crowd of mas-quer - ad - ers Dance their
3. Col - um - bine and Har - le - quin are pir - ou - et - ting, Shep - herds
D.C. Mar - di Gras! the day of mirth and day of laugh - ter; Mar - di
Gras! the fes - ti - val of glee! Trum - pets blow, the
way with laugh and mer - ry jest. O - ver there a
all and shep - herd maid - ens fair; Old King Cole, his
Gras! the fes - ti - val of glee! Mo - mus† leads and
mu - sic roars and hors - es clat - ter, All u - nite to
band of Span - ish ser - e - nad - ers Sing their songs as
fid - lers and his pipe for - get - ting, Moth - er Goose and
all his sub - jects fol - low af - ter, All u - nite to
Fine CHORUS
swell the ju - bi - lee. Hail the morn - ing! The fes - tal
gai - ly as the best.
all her train are there.
swell the ju - bi - lee.
morn-ing! All care we're scorn-ing, Be spright-ly, Go light - ly; Hail King
D.C. al Fine
Fol - ly! Let all be jol - ly, Old Mel - an - cho - ly, We drive him a - way!

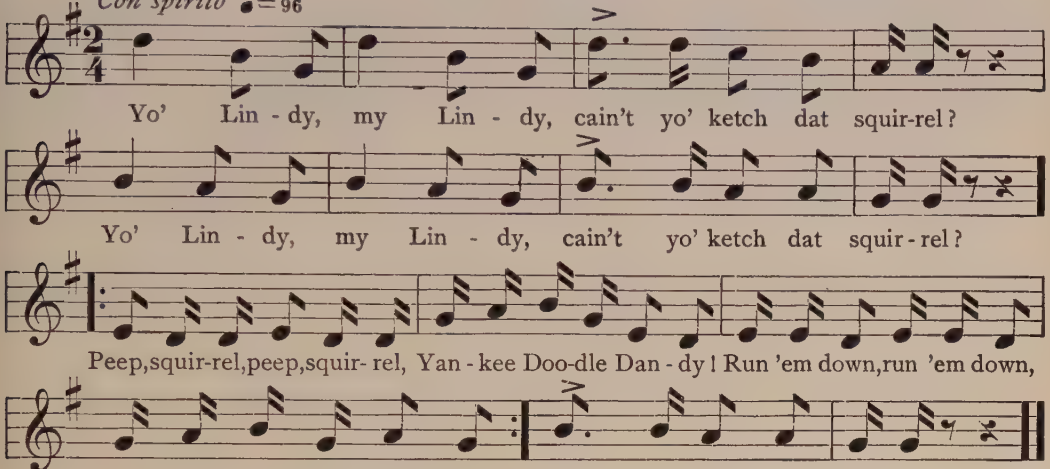
* *Pronounced Mär-de Gräh; the festival of Shrove Tuesday, celebrated in some cities by a carnival of masquerade and merry-making.*

† *Momus: Here used as King of Folly.*

## Peep, Squirrel!

Traditional — Southern Game Song

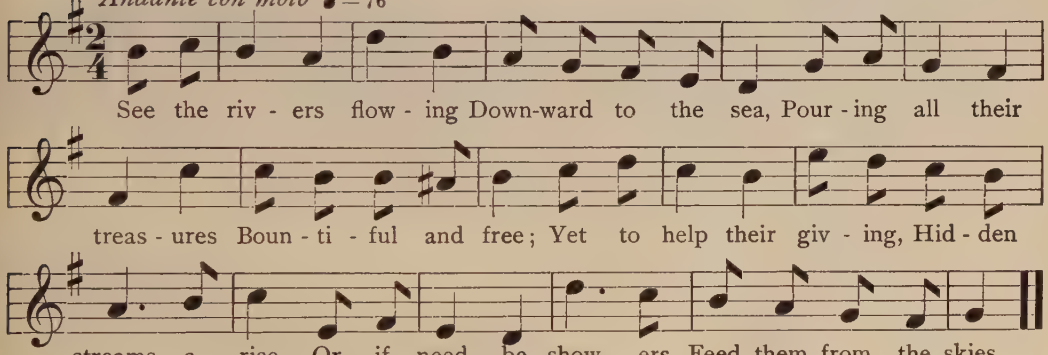
*Con spirito* ♩= 96


Yo' Lin - dy, my Lin - dy, cain't yo' ketch dat squir-rel?
Yo' Lin - dy, my Lin - dy, cain't yo' ketch dat squir - rel?
Peep,squir-rel,peep,squir- rel, Yan - kee Doo-dle Dan - dy! Run 'em down,run 'em down,
Yan - kee Doo - dle Dan - dy! Cain't yo' ketch dat squir - rel?

## Giving

Adelaide Anne Proctor — George Y. Hume

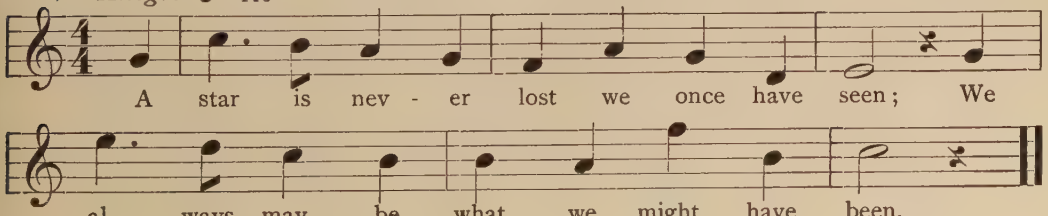
*Andante con moto* ♩= 76


See the riv - ers flow - ing Down-ward to the sea, Pour - ing all their
treas - ures Boun - ti - ful and free; Yet to help their giv - ing, Hid - den
streams a - rise, Or if need be, show - ers Feed them from the skies.

## A Star is Never Lost

Elizabeth Barrett Browning — Charles Harvey

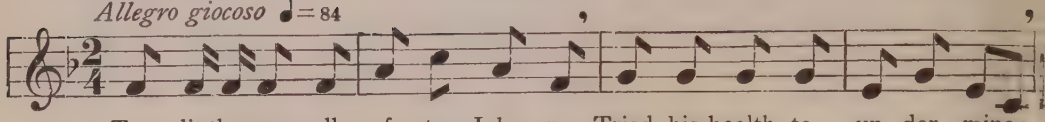
*Allegro* ♩= 116



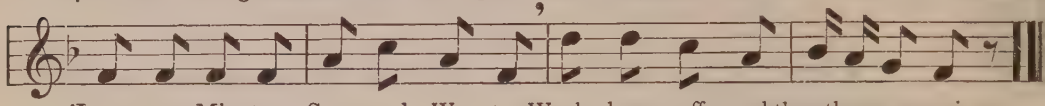
# Ten Little Germs

DAVID STEVENS (Health Song) Old Tune (adapted)

*Allegro giocoso* ♩= 84



1. Ten lit-tle germs, all af - ter John - ny, Tried his health to un - der - mine;
2. Nine lit-tle germs tried all the hard - er, In Jack's teeth one laid in wait;
3. Eight lit-tle germs that liked the dark - ness, Could not bear the light of heav'n;
4. Seven lit-tle germs hid in the par - lor, They were full of craft - y tricks;



'Long came Mis - ter Soap and Wa - ter, Washed one off and then there were nine.
'Long came Mis - ter Ac - tive Tooth-brush, Drove him off and then there were eight.
John - ny let the bright sun en - ter, Fresh air, too, and then there were seven.
Ma - ry used a dust - less dust - er, Smoth-ered one and then there were six.

5 Six little germs sat on a tumbler,
There they thought they'd surely thrive;
Mary used some boiling water,
One got caught and then there were five.

6 Five little germs were getting worried,
So they settled on the floor;
Mary mopped instead of sweeping,
One succumbed and then there were four.

7 Four little germs engaged a house-fly
Just to take them in to tea;
Johnny killed the fly, one microbe
Perished also, then there were three.

8 Three little germs went to the basket,
Found a peach all fair to view;
Rested there — but Johnny peeled it,
One was lost, then there were two.

9 Two little germs saw John and Mary
Put an end to all the fun;
They would not drink doubtful water,
One gave up and then there was one.

10 One little germ—and what could he do?
So he died in self-defence,
Fighting soap and antiseptics,
Sun and air and common-sense.

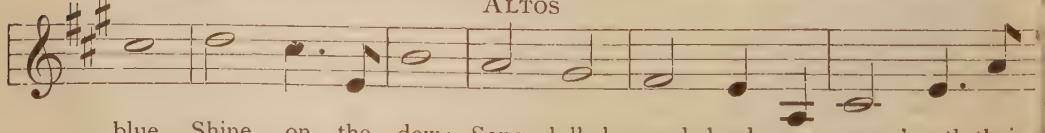
# Starlight

DON MAITLAND ANTON RUBINSTEIN in *Kamennoi-Ostrov*

ALTOS *Lento* ♩= 66 SOPRANOS

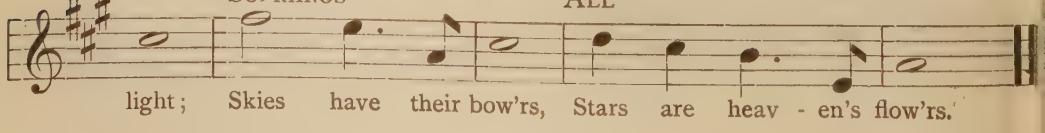
Star - rays gleam o'er the earth's fra - grant night, Smile from the

ALTOS



blue, Shine on the dew; Song - lulled wood - lands re - pose 'neath their

SOPRANOS ALL

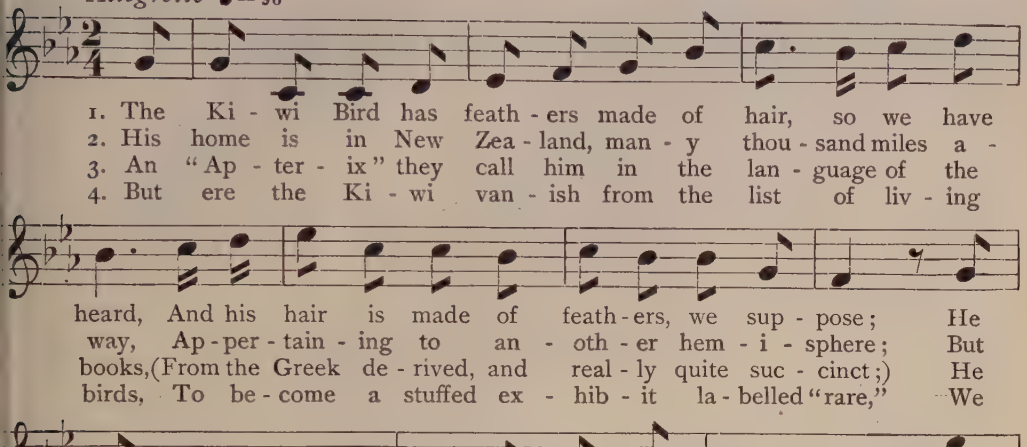


light; Skies have their bow'rs, Stars are heav - en's flow'rs.

# Natural History

DAVID STEVENS (The Kiwi)* ARTHUR DEAN MULFORD

*Allegretto* ♩= 96

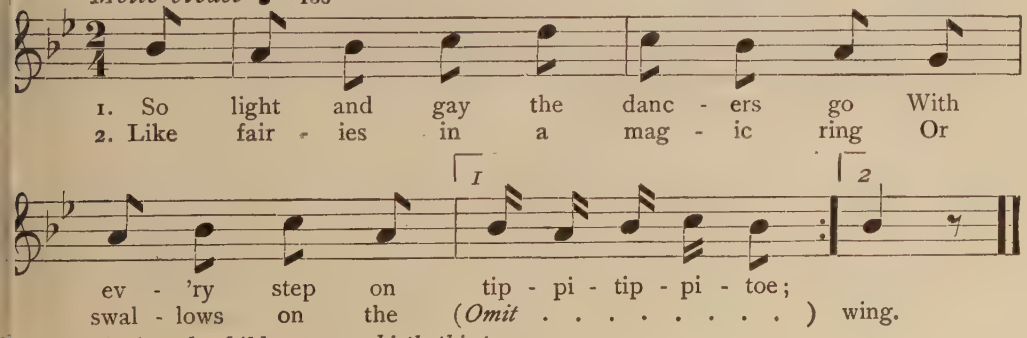

1. The Ki - wi Bird has feath - ers made of hair, so we have
2. His home is in New Zea - land, man - y thou - sand miles a -
3. An "Ap - ter - ix" they call him in the lan - guage of the
4. But ere the Ki - wi van - ish from the list of liv - ing
heard, And his hair is made of feath - ers, we sup - pose; He
way, Ap - per - tain - ing to an - oth - er hem - i - sphere; But
books,(From the Greek de - rived, and real - ly quite suc - cinct;) He
birds, To be - come a stuffed ex - hib - it la - belled "rare," We
has no wings to fly with, so he's real - ly not a
if you asked the Ki - wi Bird he prob - a - bly would
has no spec - ial rea - son to be vain a - bout his
hope some wise pro - fes - sor will, in plain and sim - ple
bird, For birds have wings, as ev - 'ry - bod - y knows.
say: "It's not so ver - y far, in fact it's *here!*"
looks, And like the Do - do, soon will be ex - tinct.
words, De - scribe how Mis - sis Ki - wi does her hair.

* *Pronounced Kee-wee.*

# On Tiptoe

HENRY SNOW Provençal Folk Tune
Used in BIZET'S *L'Arlésienne*

*Molto vivace* ♩= 138


1. So light and gay the danc - ers go With
2. Like fair - ies in a mag - ic ring Or
1
2
ev - 'ry step on tip - pi - tip - pi - toe;
swal - lows on the (*Omit* . . . . . ) wing.

*After singing, the children may whistle this tune.*

## Papageno *

FELIX GODDARD — MOZART in *The Magic Flute*

*Allegretto (Count two)* ♩= 80

1. Pa - pa - ge - no, the bird-man, had a Pan-pipe he played; Thro' the
2. Pa - pa - ge - no would lin - ger by the hill - side and dell, While he

fields in the sun - light, this blithe mu - si - cian strayed; In the
rang 'mid the ech - oes a strange en - chant - ed bell; In the

by - ways he'd wan - der and show his sing - ing birds, And the
mu - sic was mag - ic that made the peo - ple dance; Where the

*rit.* *a tempo*

folk al - ways loved . so his bright and kind - ly words.
sound of his bell . . woke Dark e - vil had no chance.

* *Papageno, a character in "The Magic Flute."*

## Good Exercise*

CHARLES H. FAIRFAX — (Three-part Canon) — Polish Folk Tune (extended)

I *Allegro* ♩= 92

1. Mi - nor mu - sic soft and plain-tive! Hear the ech - o so - ber,
2. Now in ma - jor, hear the mu - sic! Trip it all to - geth - er!

II

Like the mournful breeze of au - tumn moan - ing in Oc - to - ber;
Gay as for - est leaves are danc - ing thro' the sum - mer weath - er;

III

Sad the tune as rain in June.
Health and joy for girl and boy!

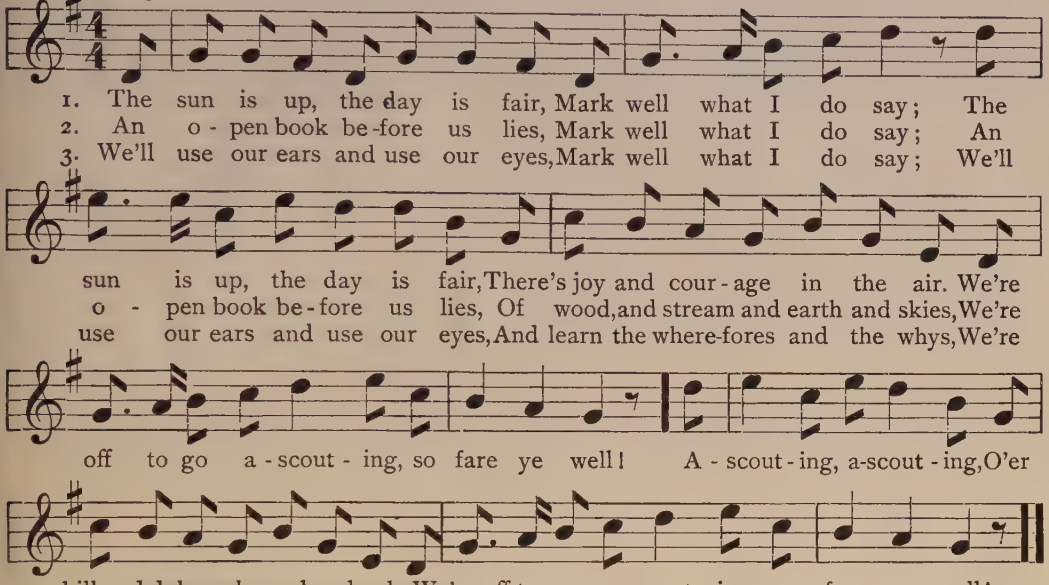
* *Sing the 2d stanza in E major, signature of four sharps.*

# A-Scouting

SIDNEY ROWE

English Tune: *A-Roving*

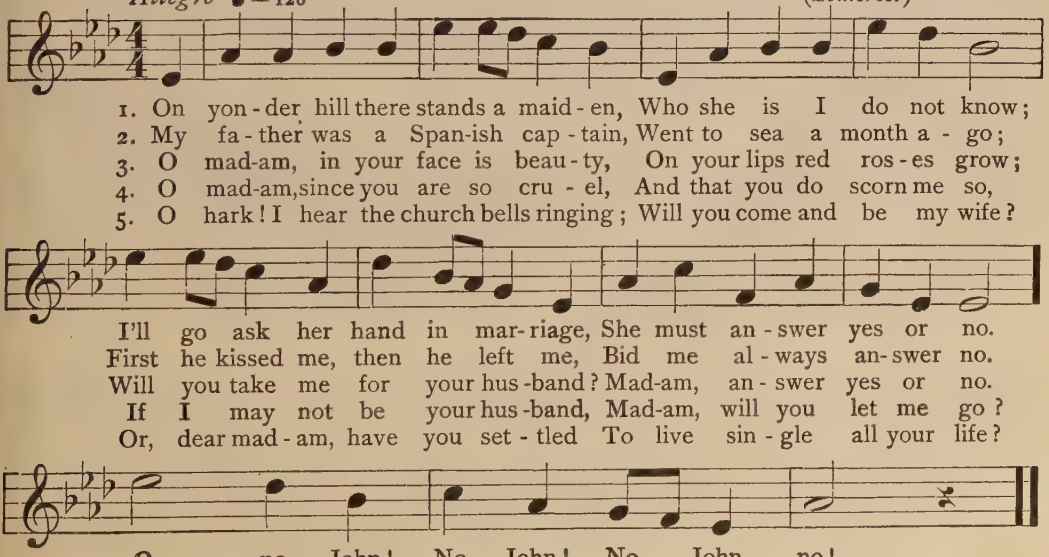
*Allegretto* ♩ = 100


1. The sun is up, the day is fair, Mark well what I do say; The
2. An o - pen book be-fore us lies, Mark well what I do say; An
3. We'll use our ears and use our eyes, Mark well what I do say; We'll
sun is up, the day is fair, There's joy and cour - age in the air. We're
o - pen book be - fore us lies, Of wood, and stream and earth and skies, We're
use our ears and use our eyes, And learn the where-fores and the whys, We're
off to go a - scout - ing, so fare ye well! A - scout - ing, a-scout - ing, O'er
hill and dale and mead and vale, We're off to go a - scout - ing, so fare ye well!

# O No, John!

Old English Folk Song
(*Somerset*)

*Allegro* ♩ = 126

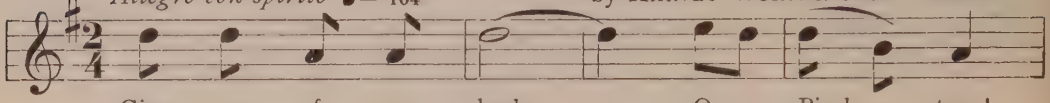

1. On yon - der hill there stands a maid - en, Who she is I do not know;
2. My fa - ther was a Span-ish cap - tain, Went to sea a month a - go;
3. O mad-am, in your face is beau - ty, On your lips red ros - es grow;
4. O mad-am, since you are so cru - el, And that you do scorn me so,
5. O hark! I hear the church bells ringing; Will you come and be my wife?
I'll go ask her hand in mar - riage, She must an - swer yes or no.
First he kissed me, then he left me, Bid me al - ways an - swer no.
Will you take me for your hus - band? Mad-am, an - swer yes or no.
If I may not be your hus - band, Mad-am, will you let me go?
Or, dear mad - am, have you set - tled To live sin - gle all your life?
O no, John! No, John! No, John, no!

# Building the Canoe

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
in *Hiawatha*

Omaha Indian Tune
in *Music Pictures from Hiawatha*
by HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

*Allegro con spirito* ♩= 104



1. Give me of your bark, . . O . . Birch - tree!
2. I a light ca - noe . . . will . build . . me,
3. Give me of your boughs, . O . . Ce - dar!
4. Give me of your roots, . . O . . Tam - a - rack!
5. Give me of your balm, . . O . . Fir - tree!

Of your yel - low bark, O Birch - tree! . . Grow-ing by the
That shall float up - on the riv - er, . . Like a yel - low
Of your strong and pli - ant branch - es, . . My ca - noe to
Of your fi - brous roots, O Larch - tree! . . My ca - noe to
Of your bal - sam and your res - in, . . So to close the

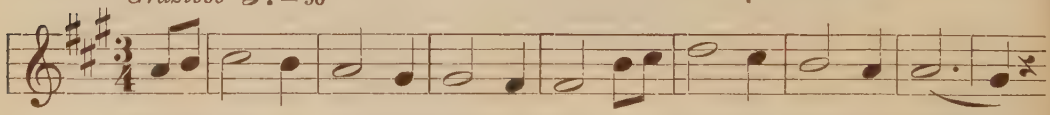
rush - ing riv - er, Tall and state - ly in the val - ley.
leaf in Au - tumn, Like a yel - low wa - ter - lil - y.
make more stead - y, Make more strong and firm be - neath me.
bind to - geth - er, That the wa - ter may not en - ter.
seams to - geth - er, That the riv - er may not wet me.

# Song of Nature

JAMES COWDRAN WALLACE

GIOACHINO ROSSINI

*Grazioso* ♩. = 50



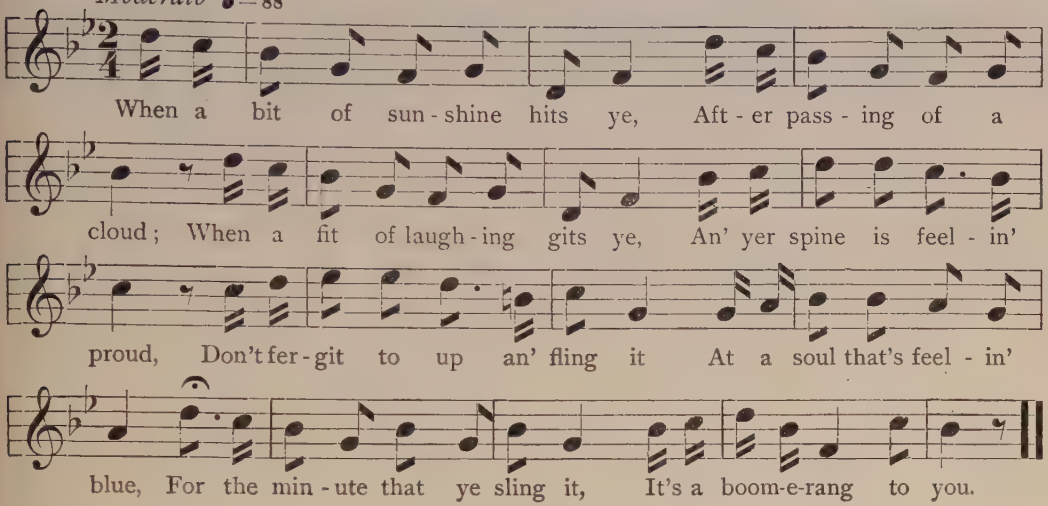
1. There's not a star whose twinkling light Il - lumes the dis - tant earth, .
2. There's not a cloud whose dews dis - till Up - on the parch-ing clod, .
3. There's not a place in earth's vast round, In o - cean deep, or air, . .
4. A - round, be-neath, be - low, a - bove, Wher-ev - er space ex - tends, .

And cheers the sol - emn gloom of night, But good - ness gave it birth.
And clothe with ver - dure vale and hill, That is not sent by God.
Where skill and wis - dom are not found; For God is ev - 'ry - where.
There Heav'n dis - plays its boundless love, And pow'r with good-ness blends.

# The Sunshine Boomerang

"Captain Jack" Crawford — David Harvey

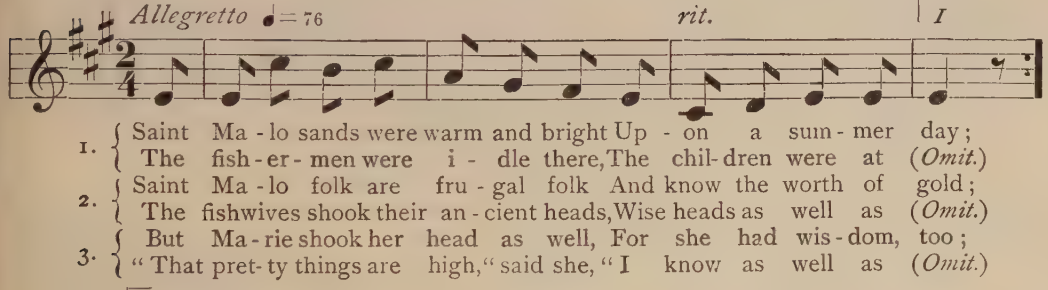
*Moderato* ♩= 88


When a bit of sun - shine hits ye, Aft - er pass - ing of a
cloud; When a fit of laugh - ing gits ye, An' yer spine is feel - in'
proud, Don't fer - git to up an' fling it At a soul that's feel - in'
blue, For the min - ute that ye sling it, It's a boom-e-rang to you.

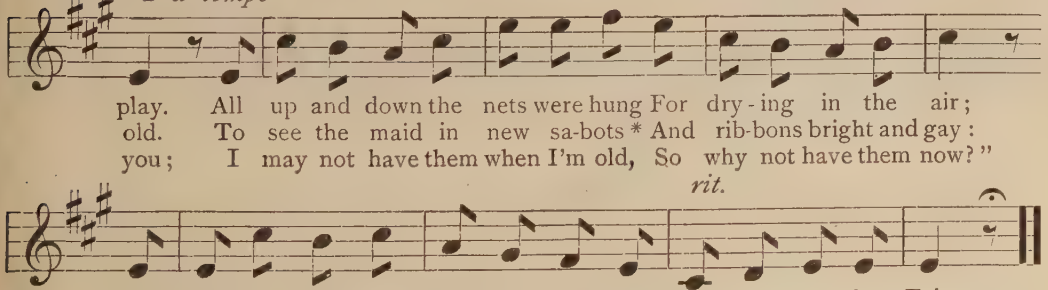
# Saint Malo Sands

English by Rosamond Brooks — French Folk Tune

*Allegretto* ♩= 76 *rit.* 1


1. Saint Ma - lo sands were warm and bright Up - on a sum - mer day;
The fish - er - men were i - dle there, The chil - dren were at (*Omit.*)
2. Saint Ma - lo folk are fru - gal folk And know the worth of gold;
The fishwives shook their an - cient heads, Wise heads as well as (*Omit.*)
3. But Ma - rie shook her head as well, For she had wis - dom, too;
"That pret - ty things are high," said she, "I know as well as (*Omit.*)

2 *a tempo*


play. All up and down the nets were hung For dry - ing in the air;
old. To see the maid in new sa-bots * And rib-bons bright and gay:
you; I may not have them when I'm old, So why not have them now?"

*rit.*

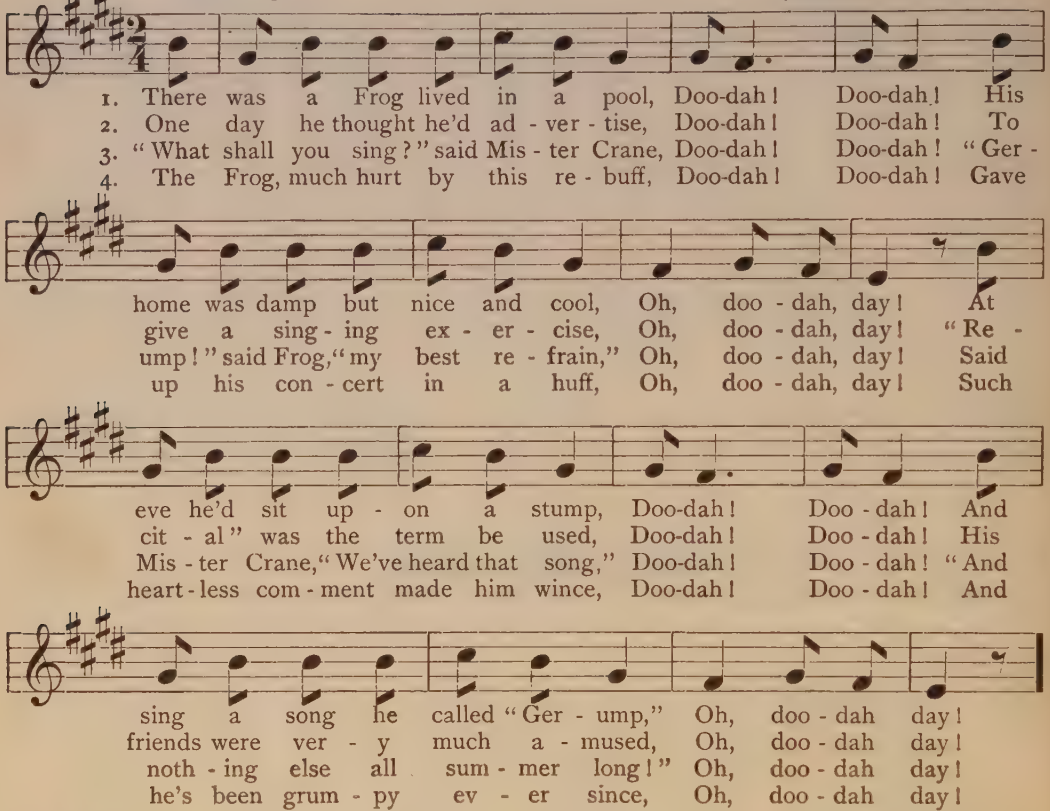

When pret - ty Ma - rie walked a - long, Just com - ing from the Fair.
"They cost too much," said they "and she will not get rich that way!"
And then she smiled her sweet - est smile And bowed her deep - est bow.

* *Sabots: wooden shoes; pronounced: sä-bō.*

# The Song of the Frog

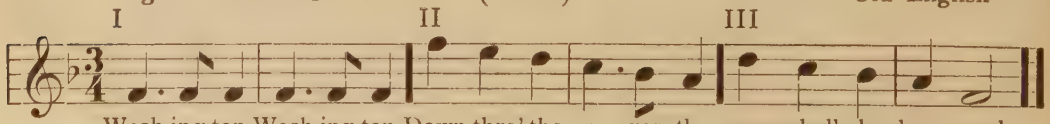
WILTON PERKINS — STEPHEN C. FOSTER (*Camptown Races*)

*Giocoso* ♩= 100


1. There was a Frog lived in a pool, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! His
2. One day he thought he'd ad - ver - tise, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! To
3. "What shall you sing?" said Mis - ter Crane, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! "Ger -
4. The Frog, much hurt by this re - buff, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! Gave
home was damp but nice and cool, Oh, doo - dah, day! At
give a sing - ing ex - er - cise, Oh, doo - dah, day! "Re -
ump!" said Frog, "my best re - frain," Oh, doo - dah, day! Said
up his con - cert in a huff, Oh, doo - dah, day! Such
eve he'd sit up - on a stump, Doo-dah! Doo - dah! And
cit - al" was the term be used, Doo-dah! Doo - dah! His
Mis - ter Crane, "We've heard that song," Doo-dah! Doo - dah! "And
heart - less com - ment made him wince, Doo-dah! Doo - dah! And
sing a song he called "Ger - ump," Oh, doo - dah day!
friends were ver - y much a - mused, Oh, doo - dah day!
noth - ing else all sum - mer long!" Oh, doo - dah day!
he's been grum - py ev - er since, Oh, doo - dah day!
Sing hil - lo, hi - o! It hap-pened long a - go; But it's
mere or less Of a doubt - ful guess, May - be it is - n't so.

# Washington

*Allegro moderato* ♩= 132 (Round) Old English



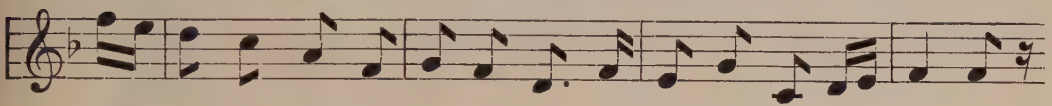
# Daniel Boone

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

Tune: *The Girl I Left Behind Me*

*Allegro* ♩= 92

1. Old Dan - iel Boone, the pi - o - neer, He left a rep - u - ta - tion
2. Old Dan - iel knew his way a - bout In re - gions all un - chart - ed,
3. Old Dan - iel Boone, the pi - o - neer, For eight - y years and o - ver



That ev - 'ry one must still re - vere, No mat - ter what his sta - tion.
He al - ways knew the best way out And fin - ished what he start - ed.
He hunt - ed beav - er, bear and deer, A fear - less fight - ing rov - er.

*rit.*

When Dan - iel was a boy at home, At farm - ing you'd not find him,
The tribes pur - sued him night and day, To run him down and bind him,
He knew his trade with - out a doubt, No craft - y foe could bind him,

*a tempo*

A - hunt - ing in the field he'd roam And leave the plough be - hind him.
But Dan - iel al - ways got a - way And left no trail be - hind him.
He lived and died a mas - ter scout And left his trail be - hind him.

# The Tow-path

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

French Folk Tune

*Moderato* ♩= 80

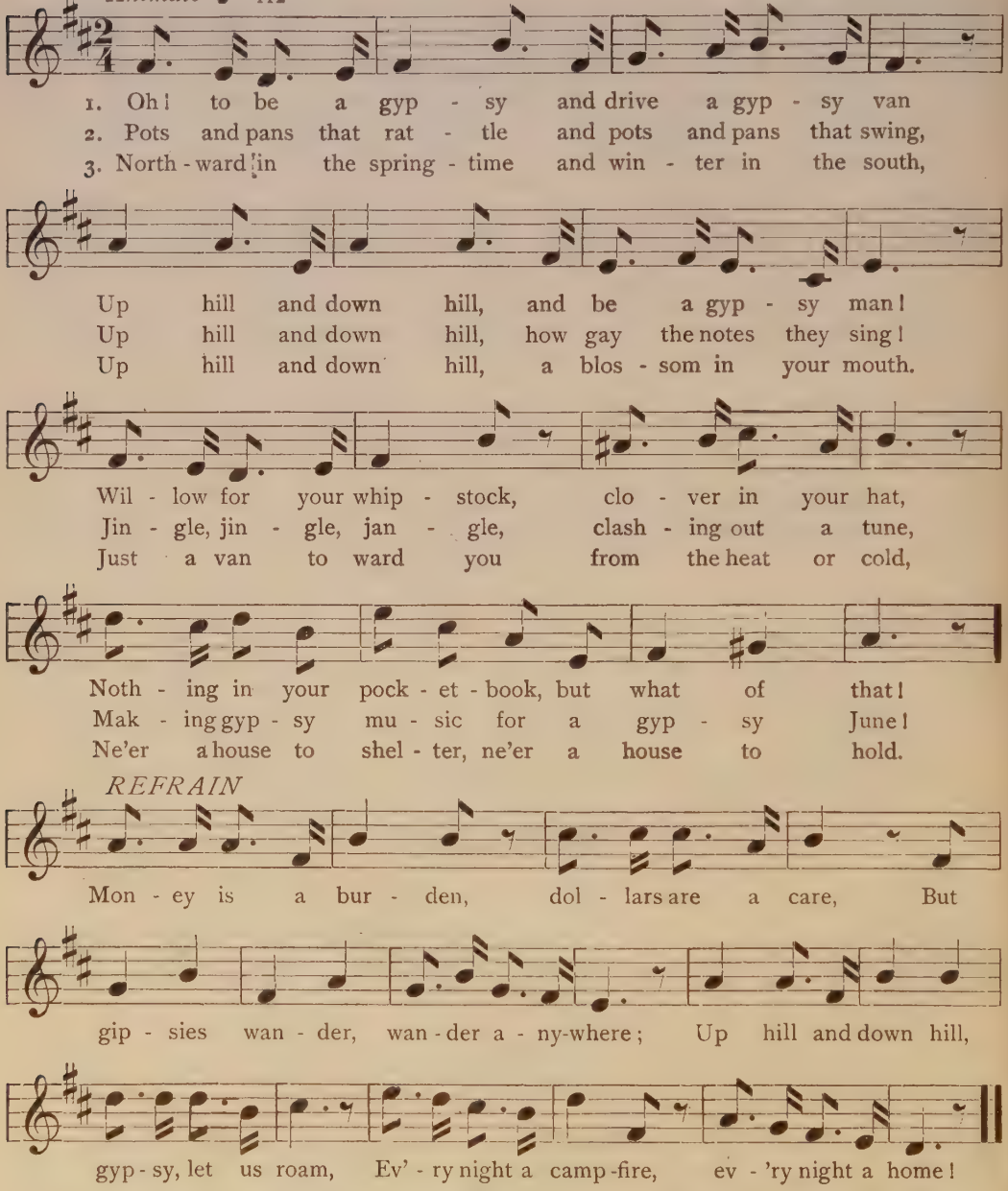
1. { On the tow - path by the riv - er All the sights I see.
   { Past the for - est town and mead - ow, That's the place for me!
2. { Where the pop - lars and the wil - lows And the rush - es sing,
   { Where the wind - mill sails are turn - ing With a la - zy swing,

Where the shal - low weir is foam - ing With a laugh of glee.
And at sun - down comes the vil - lage Where the bells klang - kling.

# Oh, to be a Gypsy!

DOUGLAS MALLOCH* HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

*Animato* ♩= 112


1. Oh! to be a gyp - sy and drive a gyp - sy van
2. Pots and pans that rat - tle and pots and pans that swing,
3. North - ward in the spring - time and win - ter in the south,
Up hill and down hill, and be a gyp - sy man!
Up hill and down hill, how gay the notes they sing!
Up hill and down hill, a blos - som in your mouth.
Wil - low for your whip - stock, clo - ver in your hat,
Jin - gle, jin - gle, jan - gle, clash - ing out a tune,
Just a van to ward you from the heat or cold,
Noth - ing in your pock - et - book, but what of that!
Mak - ing gyp - sy mu - sic for a gyp - sy June!
Ne'er a house to shel - ter, ne'er a house to hold.
REFRAIN
Mon - ey is a bur - den, dol - lars are a care, But
gip - sies wan - der, wan - der a - ny-where; Up hill and down hill,
gyp - sy, let us roam, Ev' - ry night a camp-fire, ev - 'ry night a home!

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# Columbus

DAVID STEVENS

FRANCIS AMES

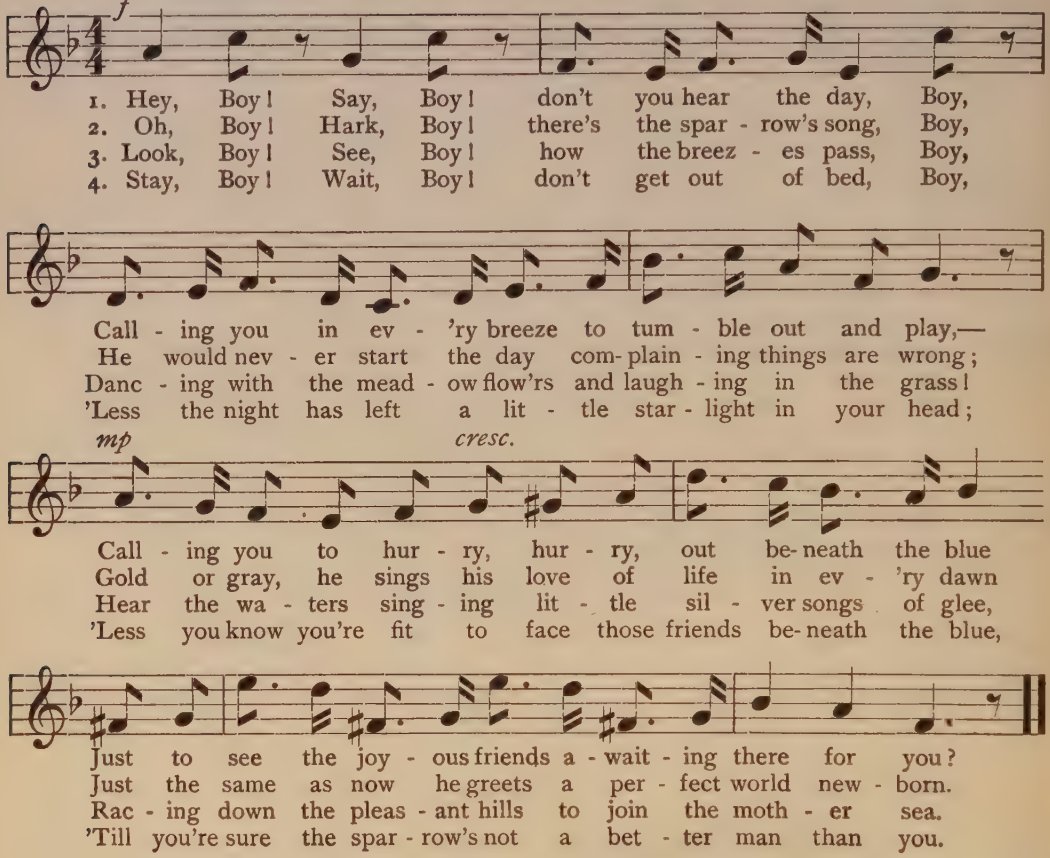
*Declamando* ♩= 100

1. Know ye the tale of I - tal - ia's gal - lant mar - i - ner,
2. Fear smote the men and they spoke the great ad - ven - tur - er:
3. High on the prow of his blown and bat-tered car - a - vel,
Sto - ry of a fear - less faith that went to seek and found?
"Cap - tain, bring the ships a - bout and east - ward let us veer;
Stood the stern and stead - y man with pur - pose in his eye;
Know ye the name that can nev - er fade from mem - o - ry,
Homes have we all, there are wives and sweet-hearts wait - ing there,
Lo! from the west o'er the ship there flew a for - est bird,
Name that stirs the heart of all the wide world round?
Cap - tain, bring the ships a - bout and home - ward steer!"
Bear - ing news to wea - ry hearts that land was nigh.
Forth fared the man with the stars a - bove to pi - lot him,
"Hold" cried the chief, "Has your faith in God de - sert - ed you?
Loud sang the throats that had late - ly ut - tered mu - ti - ny,
Sail - ing o'er un-chart - ed seas, up - on a doubt - ful quest; And
Think you He will bring to naught the ills we've un - der - gone? Oh,
Ea - ger now to fin - ish what Co - lum - bus had be - gun. Then
naught stayed his will or could ev - er daunt or hin - der him, He
there, 'neath the blue of the heav - ens to the west of us, The
"Land, ho!" and there lay the isle he called San Sal - va - dor, That
walked the deck un - shak-en with his eyes turned west!
land we seek is wait-ing you; e - nough! Sail On!"
cour - age, self - re - li-ance and his faith had won!

# Hey, Boy!

FREDERIC MANLEY — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

*Con spirito* ♩ = 116


f
1. Hey, Boy! Say, Boy! don't you hear the day, Boy,
2. Oh, Boy! Hark, Boy! there's the spar - row's song, Boy,
3. Look, Boy! See, Boy! how the breez - es pass, Boy,
4. Stay, Boy! Wait, Boy! don't get out of bed, Boy,
Call - ing you in ev - 'ry breeze to tum - ble out and play,—
He would nev - er start the day com- plain - ing things are wrong;
Danc - ing with the mead - ow flow'rs and laugh - ing in the grass!
'Less the night has left a lit - tle star - light in your head;
mp
cresc.
Call - ing you to hur - ry, hur - ry, out be- neath the blue
Gold or gray, he sings his love of life in ev - 'ry dawn
Hear the wa - ters sing - ing lit - tle sil - ver songs of glee,
'Less you know you're fit to face those friends be- neath the blue,
Just to see the joy - ous friends a - wait - ing there for you?
Just the same as now he greets a per - fect world new - born.
Rac - ing down the pleas - ant hills to join the moth - er sea.
'Till you're sure the spar - row's not a bet - ter man than you.

# Sunset

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

*Andante* ♩ = 80

mp
1. Rose and az - ure sky, Flecked with clouds of gold; .
2. Now the cres - cent moon, Fair as youth is fair, . .
rall.
West - ward sinks the sun, . For the day is old. . .
Pal - est sil - ver shows In the am - bient air. . .

# Maypole Dance

KATHARINE WHITMORE — Swedish Folk Tune

*Allegro giocoso* ♩= 88

Sing with a hi and a ho and a hey - day,
Dance to the tune of the dawn of a May - day,
D.C. Sing with a hi and a ho and a hey - day,
Fine
Shout to the ech - o fa - la - la, la! 1. Curt - sey now, and
Fling to the sky a mer - ry hur - rah! 2. While the joy - ful
Shout to the ech - o fa - la - la, la!
D.C. al fine
bow to the May-Queen, There she stands, as fair as a fay - queen;
throng is pa - rad - ing, Round the May - pole gay rib-bons braid - ing,

# Good Advice

OLIVER ORDEN — Vermont Folk Tune

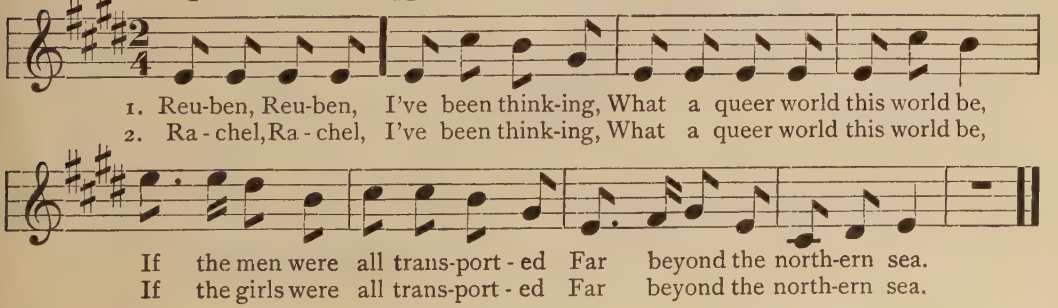
*Allegretto* ♩= 112


1. Cock - a - doo - dle - do! That's e - nough from
2. Cock - a - doo - dle - don't! Time for break - fast
3
you! Why do you crow ev - 'ry night When the moon shines bright?
won't Come an - y soon - er, you know, Just be - cause you crow.

# Reuben and Rachel

*Allegro* ♩= 96 (Canon) — American Folk Tune

I II

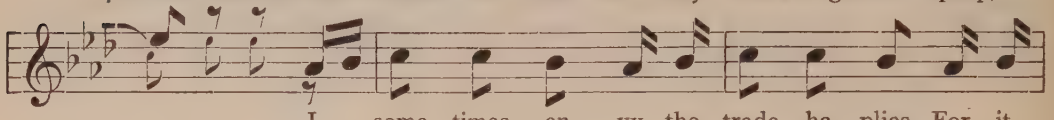

1. Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a queer world this world be,
2. Ra - chel, Ra - chel, I've been think-ing, What a queer world this world be,
If the men were all trans-port - ed Far beyond the north-ern sea.
If the girls were all trans-port - ed Far beyond the north-ern sea.

# Second Thoughts

DAVID STEVENS

*Allegro moderato* ♩ = 84

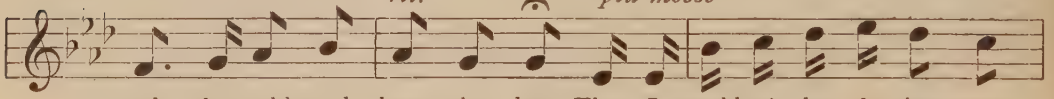
1. When the ice - man rings the bell and cries: "An - y ice to - day?"
2. When the rag - man walks our al - ley dim, With his cart and bags,
3. When the p'lice-man saun - ters up our street On a sum-mer's night,
4. When the milk - man comes be - fore the day Has be - gun to peep,



I . some - times en - vy the trade he plies, For it
I . some - times wish I could call like him: "An - y
I . some - times think I would like that best When the
I . al - ways wish he would stay a - way, He dis -

seems like play; . . But when he tracks the kitch - en floor, And
bot - tles! rags!". . But if I called at our own flat, I'd
moon shines bright, . . But still he has, his watch to keep, And
turbs my sleep; . . But still, of all, his lot's the worst, Be -

*rit.* *più mosso*



cook, she scolds and slams the door, Then I would-n't be the ice - man,
get my sis - ter's last year's hat, So I would-n't be the rag - man,
nev - er gets a wink of sleep, So I would-n't be the p'lice-man,
cause some-one dis - turbed him first, So I would-n't be the milk - man,

Would-n't be the ice - man, Would-n't be the ice - man, no!
Would-n't be the rag - man, Would-n't be the rag - man, no!
Would-n't be the p'lice - man, Would-n't be the p'lice- man, no!
Would-n't be the milk - man, Would-n't be the milk - man, no!

** Small notes to be whistled or sung.*

# Supplication

From the original

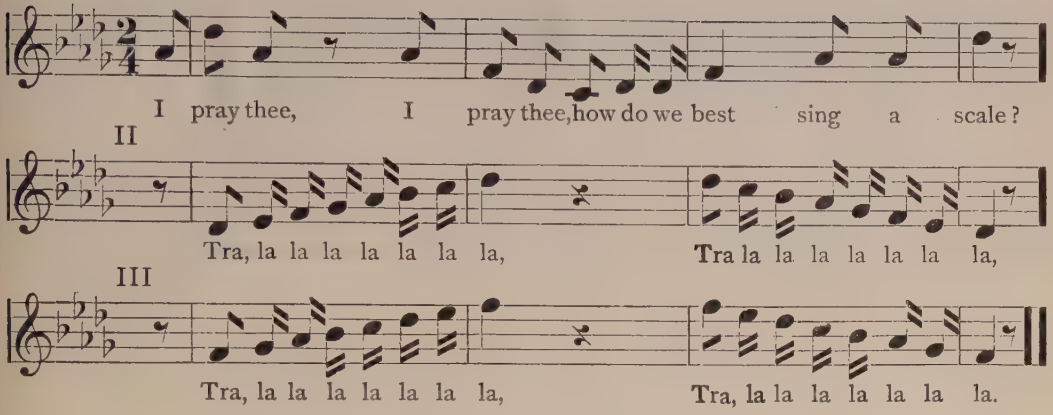
Ancient Hebrew Tune

*Moderato* ♩ = 116

Je - ho - vah, Al-might - y Cre - a - tor, We pray for Thy grace morn and eve!

## Up and Down

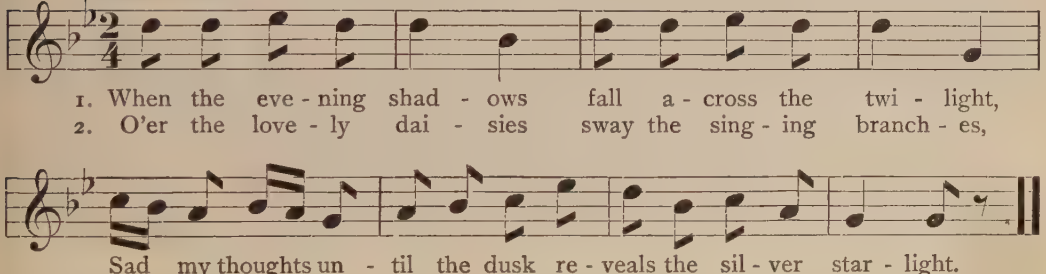
*Allegro moderato* ♩= 72 (Round) BEETHOVEN


I
I pray thee, I pray thee, how do we best sing a scale?
II
Tra, la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la,
III
Tra, la la la la la la la, Tra, la la la la la la la.

## A Garden of Dreams

M. TERESA ARMITAGE Lithuanian Folk Tune

*Moderato* ♩= 66 G minor*

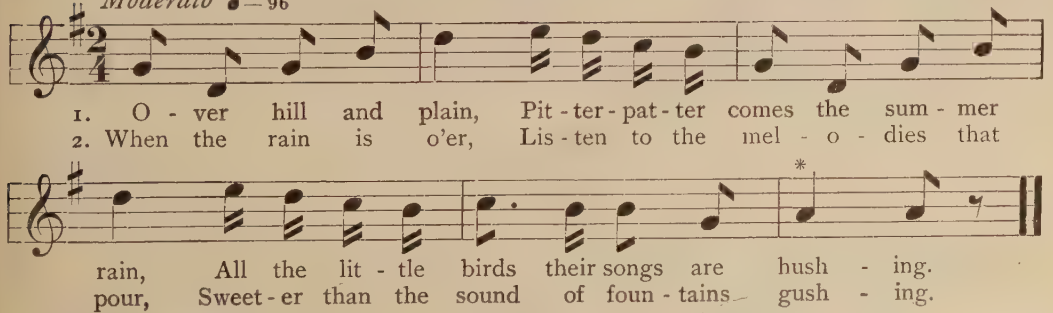

1. When the eve - ning shad - ows fall a - cross the twi - light,
2. O'er the love - ly dai - sies sway the sing - ing branch - es,
Sad my thoughts un - til the dusk re - veals the sil - ver star - light.
In this mys - tic witch-ing hour the world ap-pears en - chant - ed.

* *It will be profitable study to sing the second stanza in G major; the staff degrees will be identical.*

## After the Rain

English text by STUART PAUL Bulgarian Folk Tune

*Moderato* ♩= 96


1. O - ver hill and plain, Pit - ter - pat - ter comes the sum - mer
2. When the rain is o'er, Lis - ten to the mel - o - dies that
rain, All the lit - tle birds their songs are hush - ing.
pour, Sweet - er than the sound of foun - tains gush - ing.

* *Note the ending on the supertonic, characteristic of many Slavic Folk Songs.*

# The Arkansaw Traveler

DAVID STEVENS — Old American Reel Tune

*Lively* ♩= 84

1. Oh, once up - on a time in Ar - kan - saw, An
2. A trav - el - er was rid - ing by that day, And
3. The trav - el - er re - plied, "That's all quite true, But

old man sat in his lit - tle cab - in door; And
stopped to hear him a - prac - tis - ing a - way; The
this, I think, is the thing for you to do: Get

fid - dled at a tune that he liked to hear, A jol - ly old reel that he
cab - in was a - float and his feet were wet, But still the old man did - n't
bus - y on a day that is fair and bright, Then patch the old roof till it's

played by ear. It was rain - ing hard, but the fid - dler did - n't care, He
seem to fret, So the stran - ger said, "Now the way it looks to me, You'd
good and tight." But the old man kept on a - play - ing at his reel, And

sawed a - way at the pop - u - lar air, Tho' his roof - tree leaked like a
bet - ter mend your . roof," said he; But the old man said, as he
tapped the ground with his leath - er - y heel; "Get a - long," said he, "for you

wa - ter - fall, That did - n't seem to both - er the man at all.
played a - way, "I could - n't mend it now, it's a rain - y day."
give me pain; My cab - in does - n't leak when it does - n't rain."

*The story here told is the tradition associated with this old tune.*

# Melody

(From *Rigoletto*) — GIUSEPPE VERDI

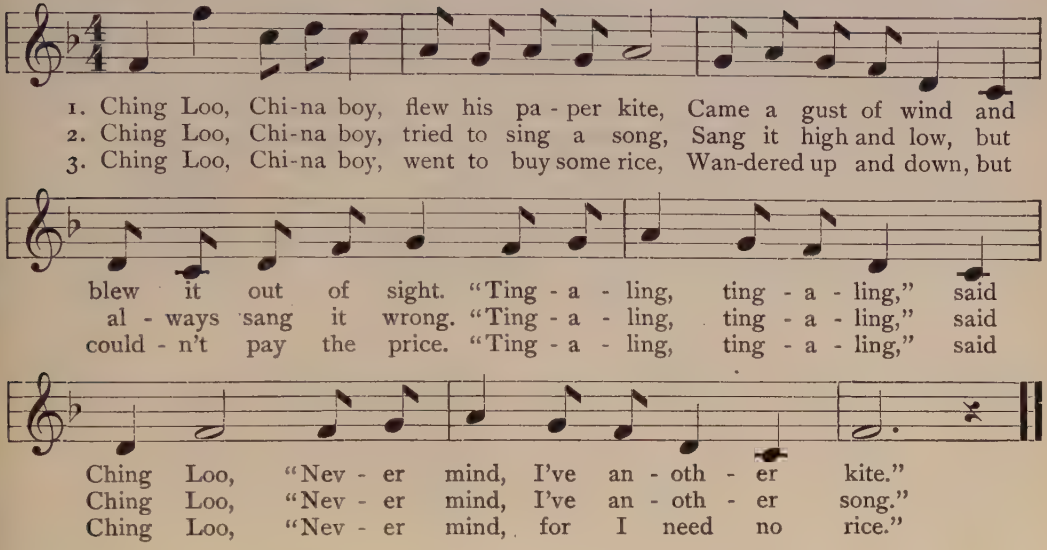
*Allegro moderato* ♩= 76

# Never Mind!

THORNTON STANLEY

Chinese Folk Tune

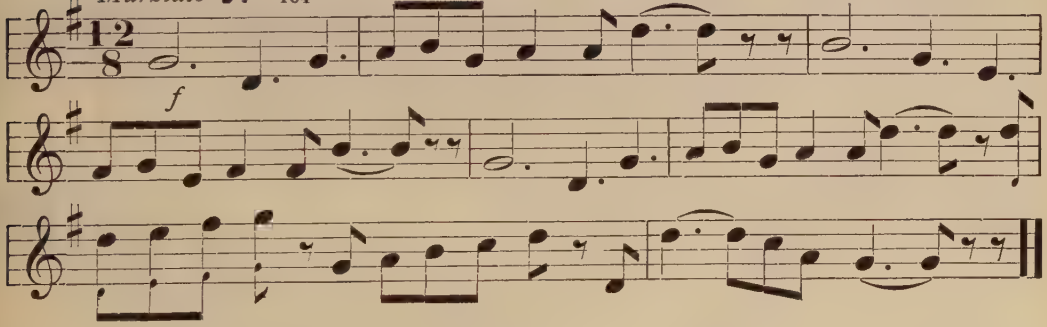
*Moderato* ♩ = 120


1. Ching Loo, Chi-na boy, flew his pa - per kite, Came a gust of wind and
2. Ching Loo, Chi-na boy, tried to sing a song, Sang it high and low, but
3. Ching Loo, Chi-na boy, went to buy some rice, Wan-dered up and down, but
blew it out of sight. "Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling," said
al - ways sang it wrong. "Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling," said
could - n't pay the price. "Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling," said
Ching Loo, "Nev - er mind, I've an - oth - er kite."
Ching Loo, "Nev - er mind, I've an - oth - er song."
Ching Loo, "Nev - er mind, for I need no rice."

# Soldiers' Chorus

CHARLES GOUNOD
in *Faust*

*Marziale* ♩. = 104




# Faith

VICTOR N. PIERPONT

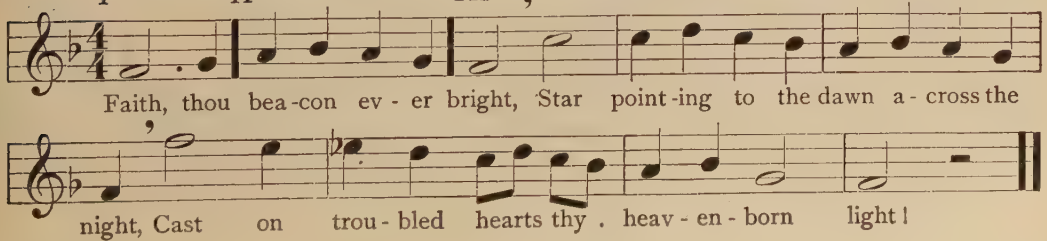
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

*Moderato* ♩ = 100

( Round in Three Parts )

( abridged )

I II III

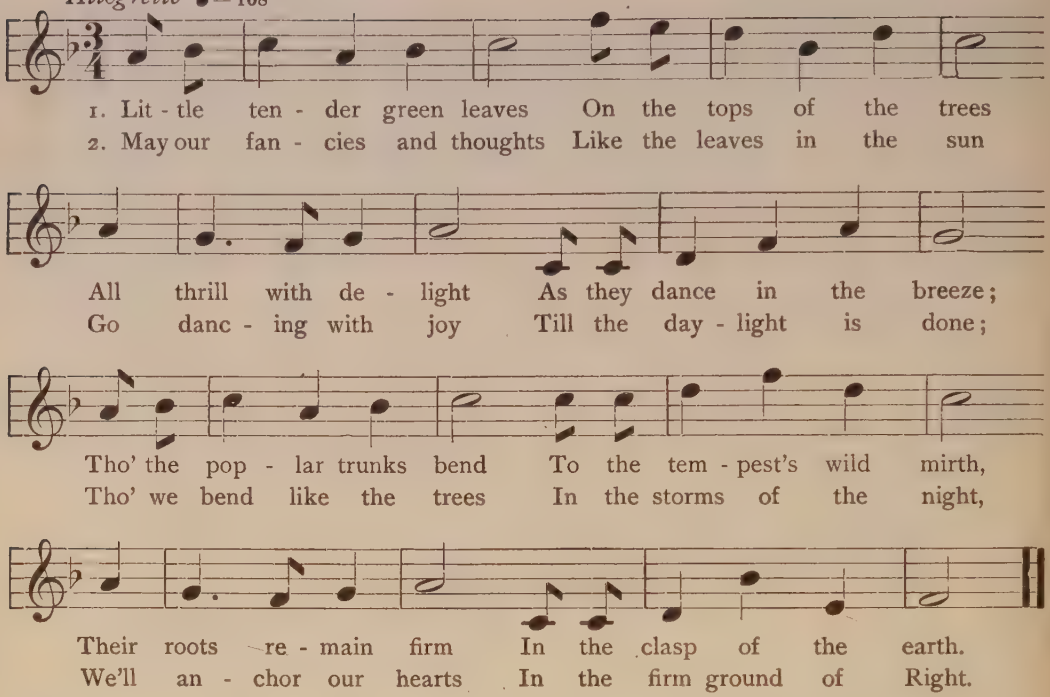


# Joy and Steadfastness

BERTHA REMICK

BERTHA REMICK

*Allegretto* ♩= 108


1. Lit - tle ten - der green leaves On the tops of the trees
2. May our fan - cies and thoughts Like the leaves in the sun
All thrill with de - light As they dance in the breeze;
Go danc - ing with joy Till the day - light is done;
Tho' the pop - lar trunks bend To the tem - pest's wild mirth,
Tho' we bend like the trees In the storms of the night,
Their roots re - main firm In the clasp of the earth.
We'll an - chor our hearts In the firm ground of Right.

# The Bear Went Over the Mountain

College Jingle

Ancient Tune

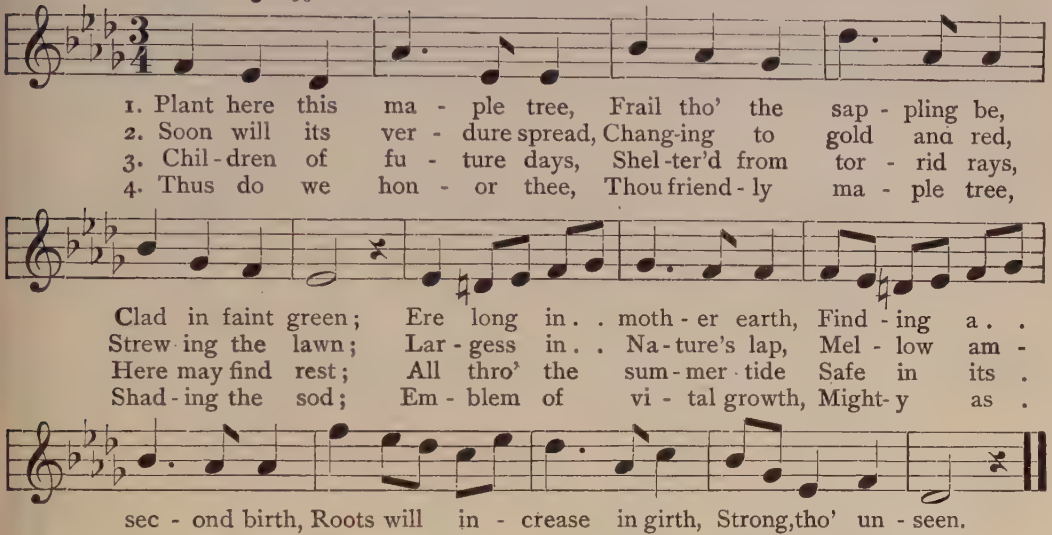
*Allegro* ♩. = 92

1. The bear went o - ver the moun - tain, The bear went o - ver the
2. Was the oth - er side of the moun - tain, The oth - er side of the
moun - tain, The bear went o - ver the moun - tain, To
moun - tain, The oth - er side of the moun - tain, Was
Fine
D.C.
see what he could see! . And all that he could see . .
all that he could see! .

# The Maple Tree

VICTOR N. PIERPONT (Arbor Day Song*) JAMES F. CALDWELL

*Moderato* ♩ = 96

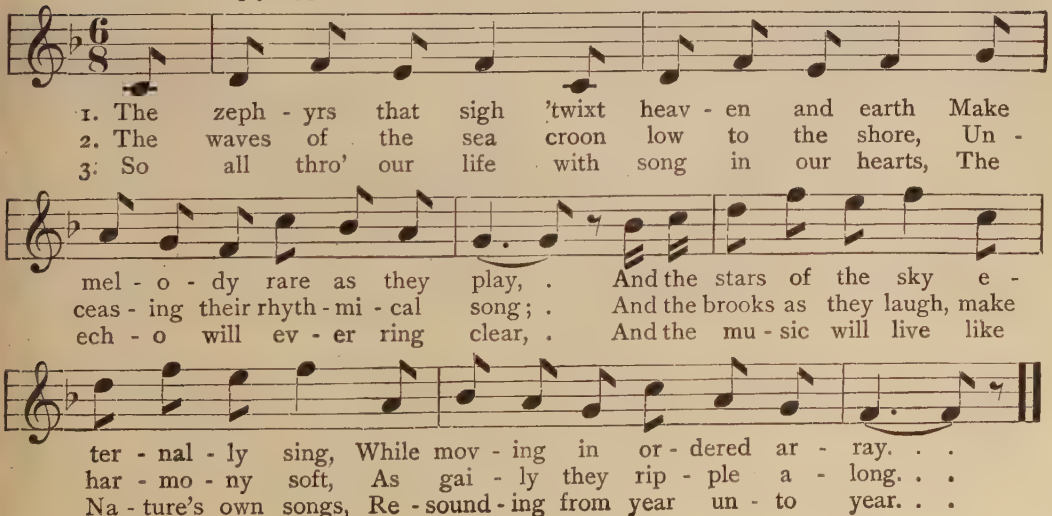

1. Plant here this ma - ple tree, Frail tho' the sap - pling be,
2. Soon will its ver - dure spread, Chang-ing to gold and red,
3. Chil - dren of fu - ture days, Shel-ter'd from tor - rid rays,
4. Thus do we hon - or thee, Thou friend - ly ma - ple tree,
Clad in faint green; Ere long in . . moth - er earth, Find - ing a . .
Strew-ing the lawn; Lar - gess in . . Na - ture's lap, Mel - low am -
Here may find rest; All thro' the sum - mer - tide Safe in its .
Shad - ing the sod; Em - blem of vi - tal growth, Might - y as .
sec - ond birth, Roots will in - crease in girth, Strong, tho' un - seen.
bro - sial sap Flows when the wood - men tap Ere spring-time's dawn.
branch - es wide, Blue - bird and thrush will bide, Songs in each nest.
Free - dom's oath, Breath-ing of love for both Coun - try and God.

* *In some schools poems relating to Arbor Day are sung to the tune of America. The foregoing verses may be sung to that tune if desired.*

# Nature's Music

BERTHA REMICK ASA T. HUNT

*Andantino* ♩. = 54


1. The zeph - yrs that sigh 'twixt heav - en and earth Make
2. The waves of the sea croon low to the shore, Un -
3. So all thro' our life with song in our hearts, The
mel - o - dy rare as they play, . And the stars of the sky e -
ceas - ing their rhyth - mi - cal song; . And the brooks as they laugh, make
ech - o will ev - er ring clear, . And the mu - sic will live like
ter - nal - ly sing, While mov - ing in or - dered ar - ray. . .
har - mo - ny soft, As gai - ly they rip - ple a - long. . .
Na - ture's own songs, Re - sound - ing from year un - to year. . .

# My Star

M. Teresa Armitage — Roumanian Folk Tune

*Allegretto* ♩. = 63

1. When night is calm and dark and clear And si - lence reigns a - far and near, I see a dis - tant gleam ap-pear A love - ly sil - ver star. . She trav - els thro' the night on high, A - cross the end - less, cloud-less sky, And smiles on me with shin-ing eye To cheer me from a - far. .

2. She gleams a- bove the moun-tain-chain, On hill and dale and boundless plain, Thro' weal and woe, in joy and pain, Her gen - tle smile I meet. . And when the mist has filled the air, When clouds have hid her beau - ty rare, I know she still is shin-ing there, My star se - rene and pure! .

Refrain ♩ = 112

With ten - der - ness all glow - ing Her beams to earth are flow-ing; A ti - ny shim-m'ring sil - ver bar Brings close to me, my star!

# Where is John?

(Three-Part Round)

Abel Horne — Friedrich Smetana* (a fragment)

I ♩ = 116

Where is John? The old white hen has left her pen, Oh, where is

II

III

John? The cows are in the corn a - gain, Oh, John! . . . . .

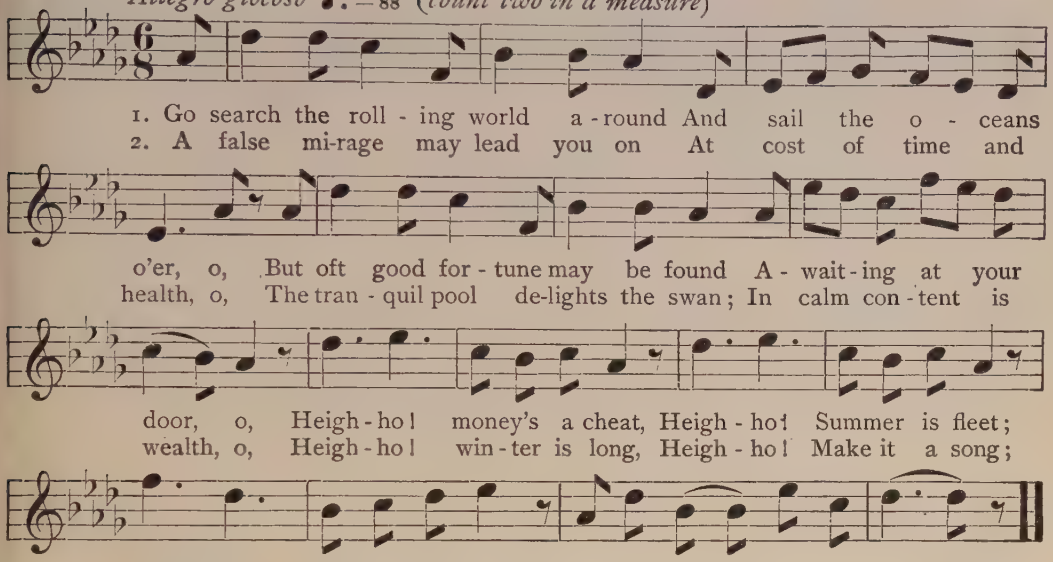
* *A noted Bohemian composer.*

# Smile!

JAMES F. CALDWELL

CHARLES GOUNOD
In *The Mock Doctor*

*Allegro giocoso* ♩. = 88 (*count two in a measure*)

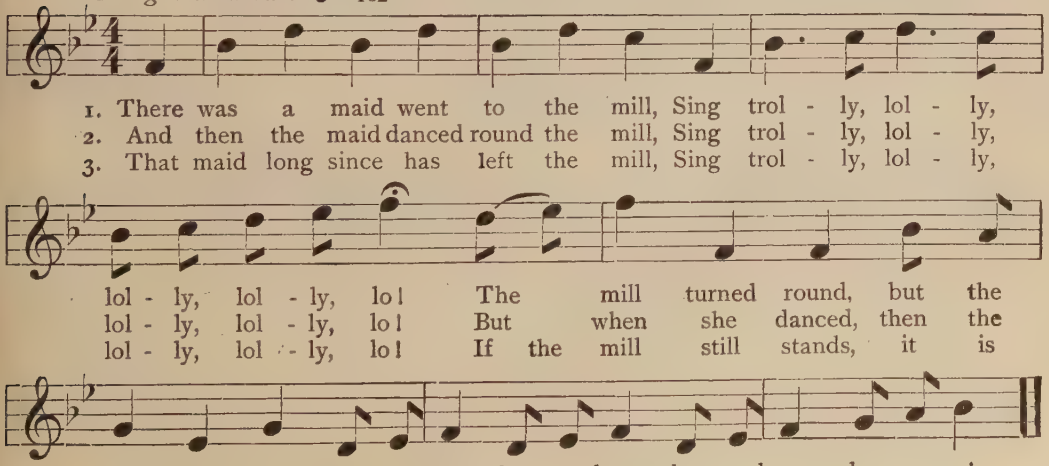

1. Go search the roll - ing world a - round And sail the o - ceans
2. A false mi-rage may lead you on At cost of time and
o'er, o, But oft good for - tune may be found A - wait - ing at your
health, o, The tran - quil pool de-lights the swan; In calm con - tent is
door, o, Heigh - ho! money's a cheat, Heigh - ho! Summer is fleet;
wealth, o, Heigh - ho! win - ter is long, Heigh - ho! Make it a song;
Joy, tho' of - ten de-nied, Ev - er stands . . at your side.
Plod, tho' wea - ry the mile, Greet the world . . with a smile!

# The Maid and the Mill

From *The Jovial Crew* (adapted)

Old English Tune

*Allegro moderato* ♩ = 152

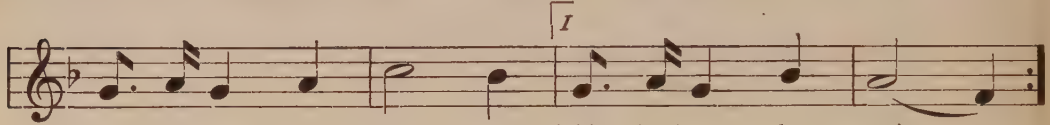

1. There was a maid went to the mill, Sing trol - ly, lol - ly,
2. And then the maid danced round the mill, Sing trol - ly, lol - ly,
3. That maid long since has left the mill, Sing trol - ly, lol - ly,
lol - ly, lol - ly, lo! The mill turned round, but the
lol - ly, lol - ly, lo! But when she danced, then the
lol - ly, lol - ly, lo! If the mill still stands, it is
maid stood still, Sing - ing ho, der - ry-down, der - ry-down, der - ry - o!
mill stood still, Sing - ing ho, der - ry-down, der - ry-down, der - ry - o!
stand - ing still, Sing - ing ho, der - ry-down, der - ry-down, der - ry - o!

# Bluet

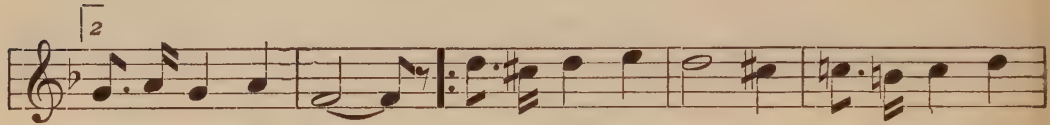
CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO — GIUSEPPE VERDI (In *La Traviata*)

*Grazioso* ♩= 116

1. Spread a-cross green sun - ny leas, in days of ver - nal beau - ty,
   White as snow fair blos-soms grow, with hearts of pal - est az - ure,
2. Far a-bove hang flee - cy clouds in la - zy mo - tion drift - ing,
   Win - ter seems to reign a - bove in all his i - cy glo - ry,



Lies a dain - ty car - pet laid by love - ly spring; . .
Prom - ise of the day when (*Omit* . . . . . .)
Like a loft - y peak with crown of end - less snow; . .
Yet the gen - tle sun - shine (*Omit* . . . . . .)



mead- ow-larks will sing. . Like a child a - wak - ing, When the day is
warms the earth be - low. . A - pril sun and show - er, Cloud and ten - der

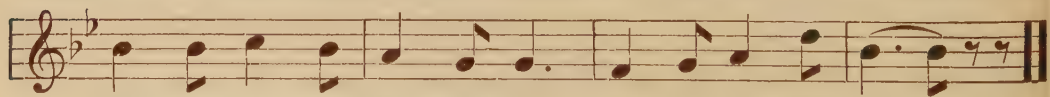
break - ing, Lit - tle blu - et tells us: Spring has come a - gain!
flow - er, All are friends that tell us: Spring has come a - gain!

# In Hawaii

CANON BROOKINGFORD — Hawaiian Folk Tune

*Moderato con grazia* ♪= 138

1. Down a - mid the green bam - boo Hum- ming-birds are dart - ing thro';
2. Lan - guid paint - ed liz - ards creep, On the sun - lit rock they'll sleep;
3. Where the flash - ing break- ers roar, Danc - ing maid - ens tread the shore;



Mak - ing mu - sic soft and low, Swift as thought they go. . .
Spi - cy breez - es tune the air O'er Ha - wa - ii fair. . .
O'er the moun - tains, o'er the plains Trop - ic beau - ty reigns. .

# Travel Song

STEPHEN FAY — Old English Folk Tune

*With spirit* ♩. = 100

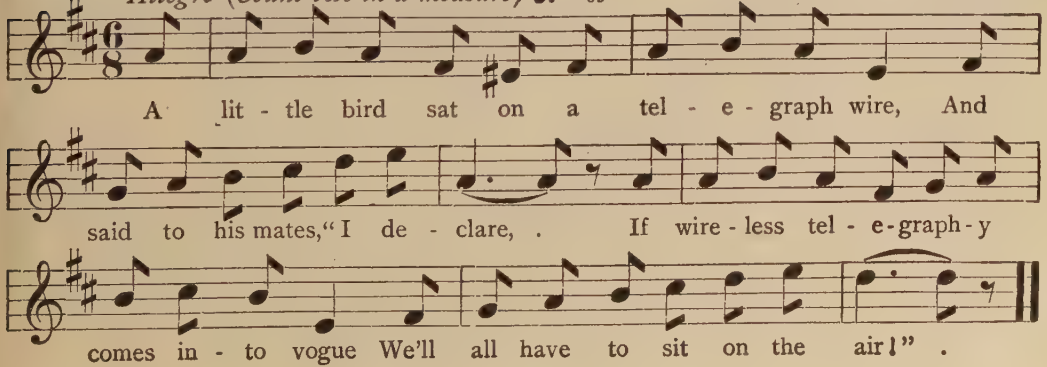
1. Yo - ho, we'll go a - sail - ing, A - sail - ing on the sea; . The
2. Yo - ho, we'll go a - sail - ing, To Na - ples and to Nice; . And
3. Yo - ho, we'll go a - sail - ing The Ca - rib-be - an Sea; . To
4. Yo - ho, we'll go a - sail - ing A - cross the Sev - en Seas; . We'll
skies are bright, The tide is right, The wind is blow - ing free. . We'll
then we'll go To Mon - a - co And off to an - cient Greece, And
Port au Prince And Fort - de-France, Where pi - rates used to be; . We'll
sail a - way To Jaff - na Bay To see the Cin - ga - lese; . We
sail to all the na - tions, And stop in ev - 'ry port, Oh, we're
then to Ar - gen - ti - na, And past Mag - gel - lan's Strait, Oh, then
hunt the hid - den treas - ure Of Teach and Cap - tain Kidd,* Oh, then
want to see the wild world From Yap to Yar-mouth-port, Oh, we're
off to go a - sail - ing, So heave the an - chor short! .
up the coast a - sail - ing, And thro' the Gold - en Gate. .
off we'll go a - sail - ing, To Lis - bon and Ma - drid. .
off to go a - sail - ing, So heave the an - chor short! .

* *Teach and Captain Kidd: famous sea rovers.*

# A Prophecy

Anon. — GEORGE Y. HUME

*Allegro (Count two in a measure)* ♩. = 69

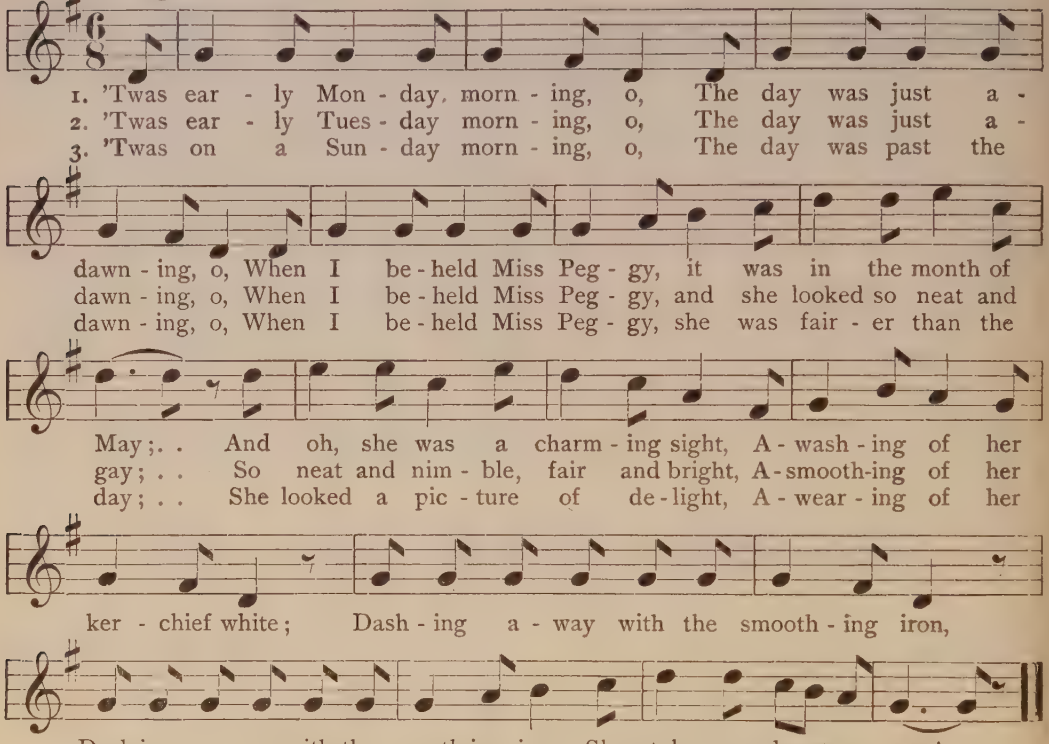

A lit - tle bird sat on a tel - e - graph wire, And
said to his mates, "I de - clare, . If wire - less tel - e - graph - y
comes in - to vogue We'll all have to sit on the air!" .

# Dashing Away with the Smoothing Iron

Text altered

English Folk Song
SOMERSET

*Allegro* ♩. = 104

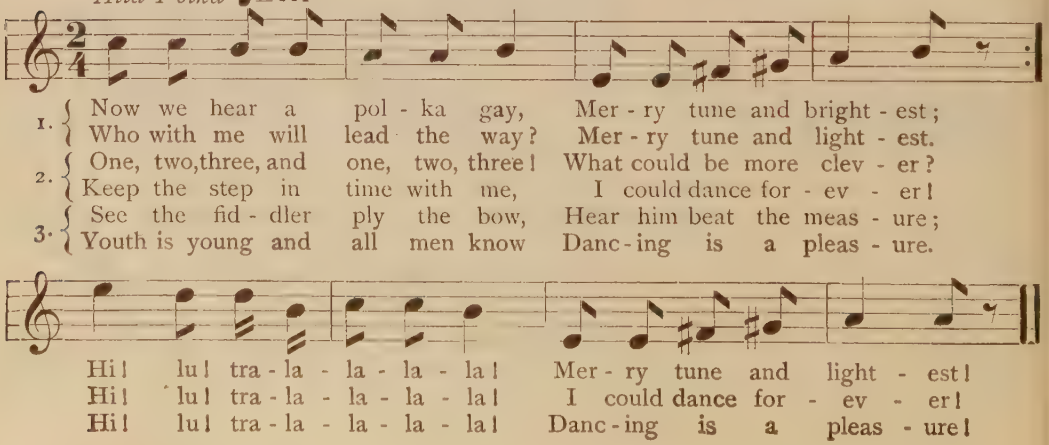

1. 'Twas ear - ly Mon - day morn - ing, o, The day was just a -
2. 'Twas ear - ly Tues - day morn - ing, o, The day was just a -
3. 'Twas on a Sun - day morn - ing, o, The day was past the
dawn - ing, o, When I be - held Miss Peg - gy, it was in the month of
dawn - ing, o, When I be - held Miss Peg - gy, and she looked so neat and
dawn - ing, o, When I be - held Miss Peg - gy, she was fair - er than the
May; . . And oh, she was a charm - ing sight, A - wash - ing of her
gay; . . So neat and nim - ble, fair and bright, A - smooth-ing of her
day; . . She looked a pic - ture of de - light, A - wear - ing of her
ker - chief white; Dash - ing a - way with the smooth - ing iron,
Dash-ing a - way with the smooth-ing iron She stole my heart a - way! .

# The Polka

SIDNEY ROWE

Finnish Folk Tune

*Alla Polka* ♩ = 104


1. Now we hear a pol - ka gay, Mer - ry tune and bright - est;
Who with me will lead the way? Mer - ry tune and light - est.
2. One, two, three, and one, two, three! What could be more clev - er?
Keep the step in time with me, I could dance for - ev - er!
3. See the fid - dler ply the bow, Hear him beat the meas - ure;
Youth is young and all men know Danc - ing is a pleas - ure.
Hi! lu! tra - la - la - la - la! Mer - ry tune and light - est!
Hi! lu! tra - la - la - la - la! I could dance for - ev - er!
Hi! lu! tra - la - la - la - la! Danc - ing is a pleas - ure!

## Springdawn

MAURICE TALBOT — HARVEY B. GAUL

*Grazioso* ♩. = 76

1. There's noth- ing in the world quite so dear, quite so dear As
2. You feel a gen - tle stir in the dell, in the dell; A -
morn - ing in the spring of the year, of the year, When Au -
far you hear the sound of a bell, of a bell; And the
ro - ra comes with face all a - light, all a - light, And the
ma - vis and the lark, how they sing! how they sing! Oh, there's
earth a- wakes a - gain, fair and bright, fair and bright.
noth - ing like the dawn in the spring, in the spring.

## Music Everywhere

DAVID STEVENS — French Folk Tune

*Allegretto* ♩ = 96

1. There's a ron - do in the wa - ter - fall, A car - ol in the
2. Oh, the thros - tle sings a can - zo - net, As lim - pid as the
3. Lit - tle crea - tures all make mel - o - dy, The crick - ets chirp their
4. There is mu - sic in the storm - y day As well as in the
trees; In the rain there is a mad - ri - gal, A bal - lad in the
rill; If you've heard it, can you e'er for - get The black-bird's love - ly
glees; There is mu - sic in the cuck-oo's cry, The hum- ming of the
fair; It is some-times sad and some-times gay, But al - ways sweet and
breeze, Oh, the world is full of mu - sic, You can hear it if you please.
trill! Oh, the world is full of mu - sic, You can hear it if you will.
bees, Oh, the world is full of mu - sic, You can hear it if you please.
rare, Oh, the world is full of mu - sic, There is mu - sic ev - 'ry - where!

# Under the Greenwood Tree

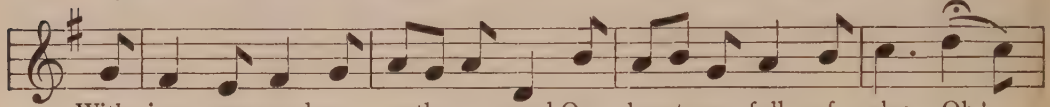
Traditional

Traditional; 17th Century

*Allegro moderato* ♩. = 96

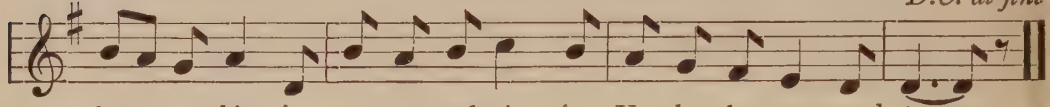
*Fine*

(D.C.) 1. In sum-mer-time when flow'rs do spring and birds sit on each tree, .
Let mourn-ful hearts say what they will, there's none so merry as we; .
2. Our mu-sic is a lit-tle pipe that can so sweet-ly play; .
We hire old Hal from Whit-sun-tide to lat-ter Lam-mas Day;*|.



With joy-ous sound we gath-er round, Our hearts are full of glee, Oh!
On high days and on hol-i-days To join our sport comes he, Oh!

*D.C. al fine*



how we skip it, ca-per and trip it, Un-der the green-wood tree.

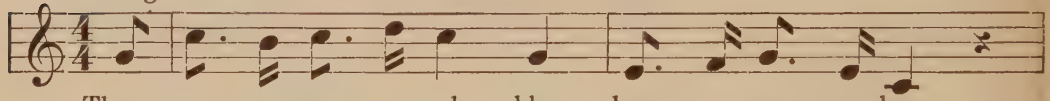
* *The first day of August. Originally the festival of the wheat harvest.*

# The Cobbler and the Crow

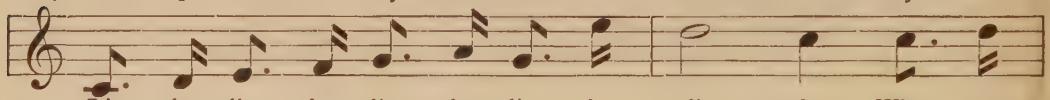
Old Song
Revised by Abel Horne

Old Tune

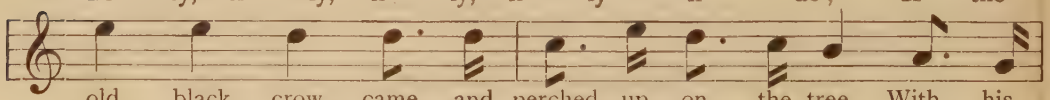
*Allegro* ♩ = 132



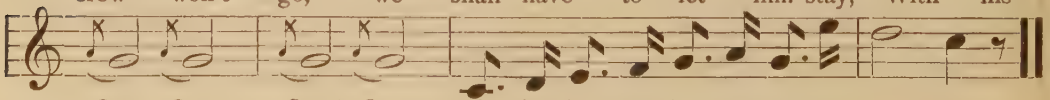
1. There was a mer-ry cob-bler, bus-y as a bee,
2. Now, wife, you go and drive yon dusk-y crow a-way,
3. The cob-bler's wife she tried to drive a-way the crow,
4. Then spoke the mer-ry cob-bler at the close of day:



Li-ly, li-ly, li-ly, li-ly li-do; When an
Li-ly, li-ly, li-ly. li-ly li-do; Or he'll
Li-ly, li-ly, li-ly, li-ly li-do; But the
Li-ly, li-ly, li-ly, li-ly li-do; If the



old black crow came and perched up-on the tree, With his
perch and croak till the end-ing of the day, With his
more she tried, why, the more he would-n't go, With his
crow won't go, we shall have to let him stay, With his



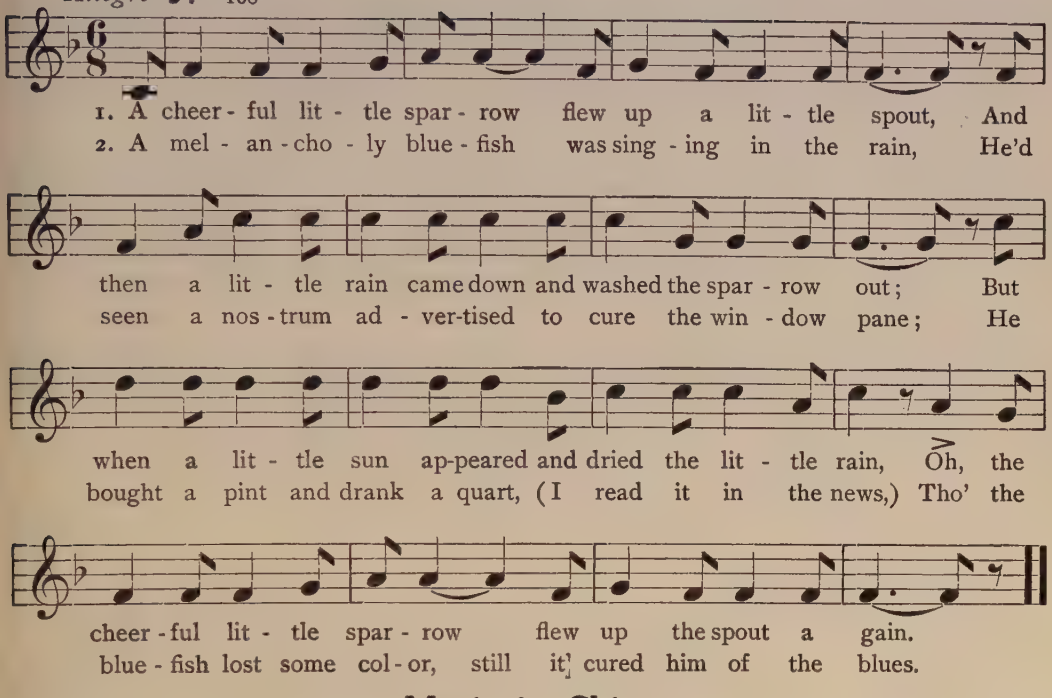
Qua! Qua! Qua! Qua! Li-ly, li-ly, li-ly, li-ly li-do.

# Nonsense Song

2nd Stanza
by Frank Edwards

College Tune

*Allegro* ♩. = 108

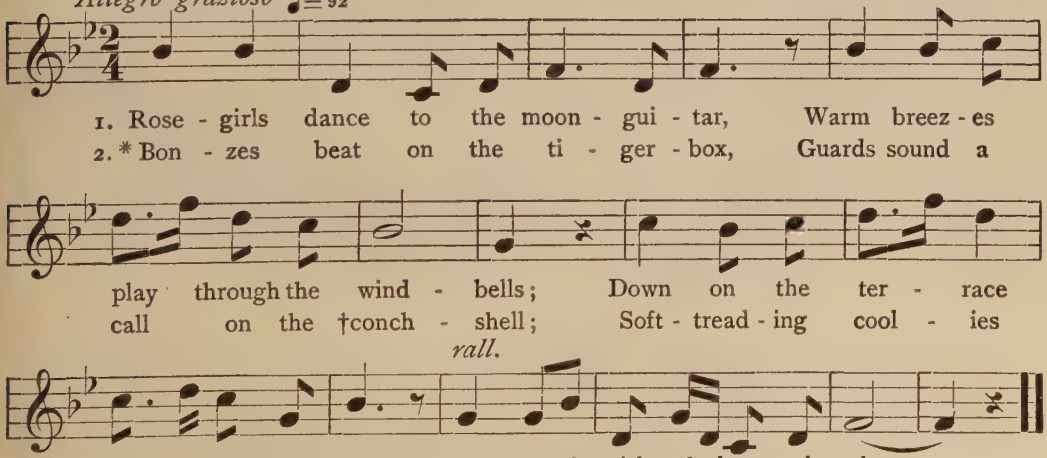

1. A cheer - ful lit - tle spar - row flew up a lit - tle spout, And
2. A mel - an - cho - ly blue - fish was sing - ing in the rain, He'd
then a lit - tle rain came down and washed the spar - row out; But
seen a nos - trum ad - ver-tised to cure the win - dow pane; He
when a lit - tle sun ap-peared and dried the lit - tle rain, Oh, the
bought a pint and drank a quart, (I read it in the news,) Tho' the
cheer - ful lit - tle spar - row flew up the spout a gain.
blue - fish lost some col - or, still it cured him of the blues.

# Music in China

Charles Harvey

Chinese Folk Tune

*Allegro grazioso* ♩ = 92

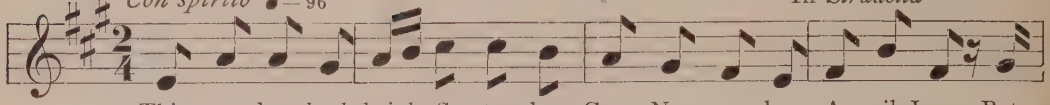

1. Rose - girls dance to the moon - gui - tar, Warm breez - es
2. * Bon - zes beat on the ti - ger - box, Guards sound a
play through the wind - bells; Down on the ter - race
call on the †conch - shell; Soft - tread - ing cool - ies
rall.
hang the chimes of stone, Deft hands twirl the bar - rel - drum.
bear the sing - ing-gourds, Lads blow flutes of green bam - boo.

*Bonze: a high dignitary.* † *Pronounce konk.*

# The Year's Arithmetic

KATHARINE WHITMORE — FRIEDRICH VON FLOTOW

*Con spirito* ♩ = 96 — In *Stradella*

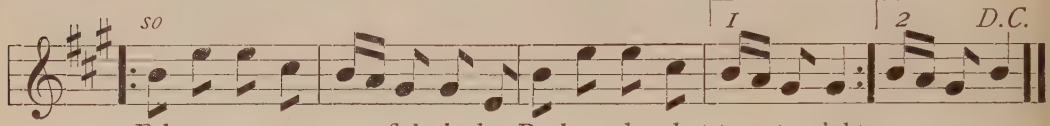


1. Thir - ty days hath bright Sep-tem-ber, Gray No - vem - ber, A - pril, June, But
D.C. 3. Rounds up - on the year's long lad- der Count three six - ty - six or five, And

*Fine*

sev - en months O pray re - mem - ber, Claim an add - ed night and noon.
glad - der be their hours or sad - der, Sweet from heav'n the months ar - rive.

*so*




2. Feb - ru - a - ry snowflake la-den, Reckons days but twen-ty -eight,
Leap Year tho' for ev-'ry maiden, Yields this month an (*Omit* . . .) ex - tra date.

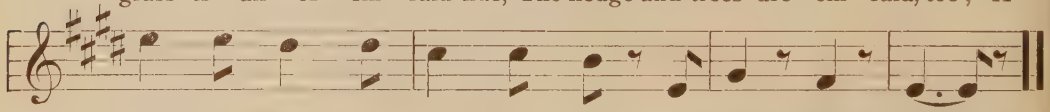
# In May

M. TERESA ARMITAGE — Holland Tune

*Allegro* ♩. = 104

1. A - way, lads, a - way, lads! 'Tis now the month of May; The
2. A - way, lads, a - way, lads! 'Tis now the month of May; The

sun is smil - ing in the sky, The clouds are float - ing swift - ly by, A -
grass is all of em - 'rald hue, The hedge and trees are em - 'rald, too; A -



way, a - way! We can - not stay, 'Tis May, bright May!
way, a - way! 'Tis time for play, In May, bright May!

# Sing

THOMAS MOORE — Welsh Folk Tune

*Allegro* (*Count two in a measure*) ♩. = 72

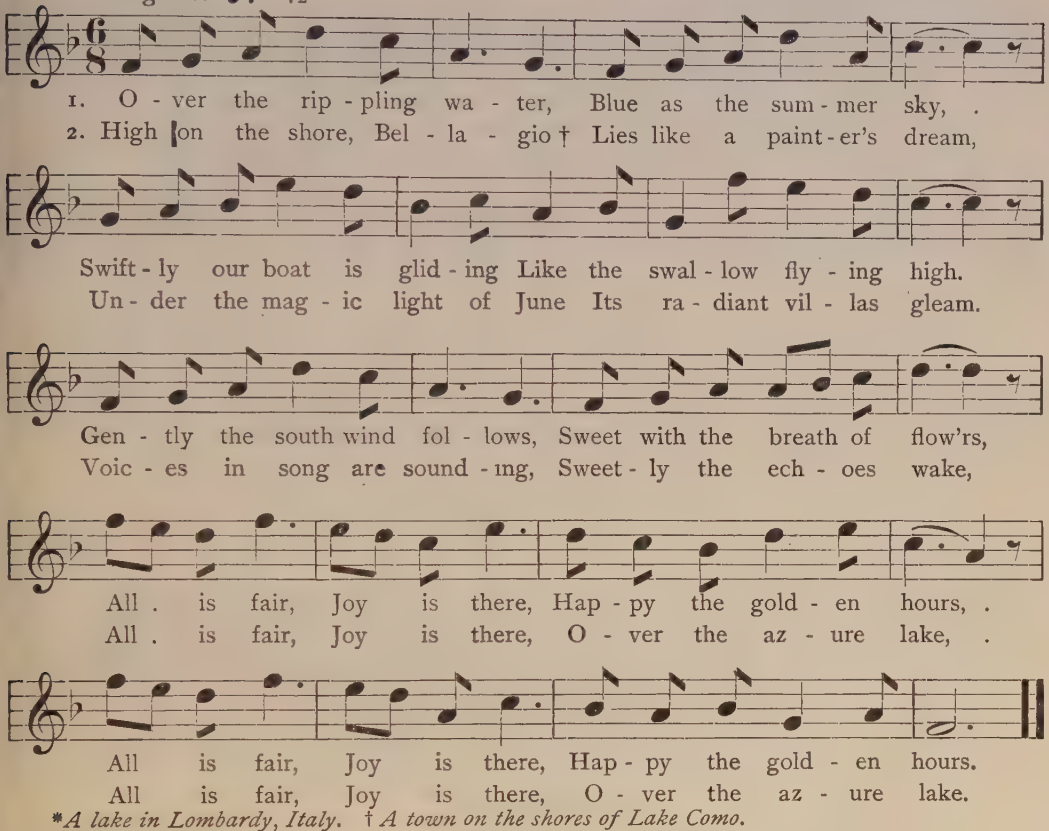
Sing, sing, mu - sic was giv - en To bright-en the gay and kin - dle the lov - ing.
Souls like plan - ets in heav - en By har - mo - ny's laws a - lone are kept mov - ing.

# On Lake Como *

MAURICE TALBOT

STANISLAO GALLO

*Allegretto* ♩. = 72


1. O - ver the rip - pling wa - ter, Blue as the sum - mer sky,
2. High on the shore, Bel - la - gio † Lies like a paint - er's dream,
Swift - ly our boat is glid - ing Like the swal - low fly - ing high.
Un - der the mag - ic light of June Its ra - diant vil - las gleam.
Gen - tly the south wind fol - lows, Sweet with the breath of flow'rs,
Voic - es in song are sound - ing, Sweet - ly the ech - oes wake,
All . is fair, Joy is there, Hap - py the gold - en hours, .
All . is fair, Joy is there, O - ver the az - ure lake, .
All is fair, Joy is there, Hap - py the gold - en hours.
All is fair, Joy is there, O - ver the az - ure lake.

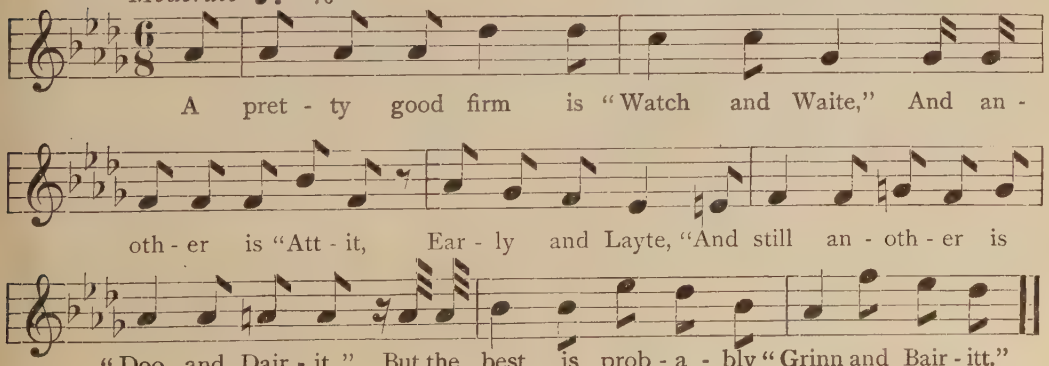
**A lake in Lombardy, Italy.* † *A town on the shores of Lake Como.*

# Firm Names

WALTER C. DOTY

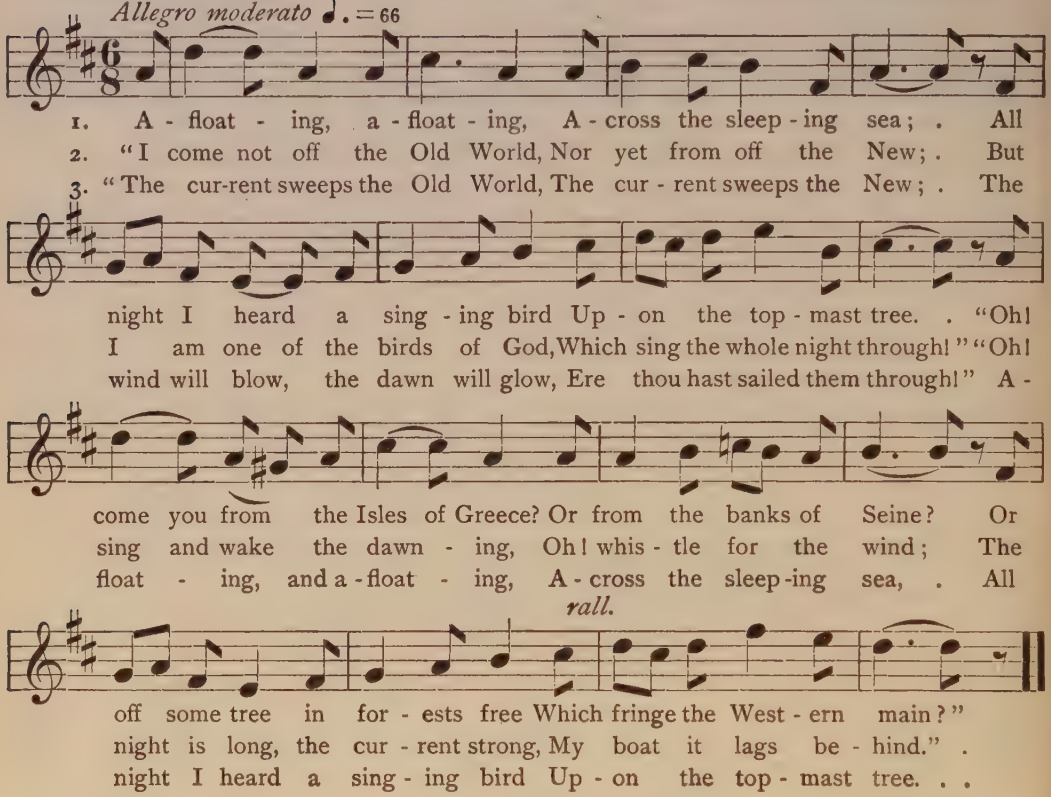
FOSTER B. MERRIAM

*Moderato* ♩. = 76


A pret - ty good firm is "Watch and Waite," And an -
oth - er is "Att - it, Ear - ly and Layte, "And still an - oth - er is
"Doo and Dair - it," But the best is prob - a - bly "Grinn and Bair - itt."

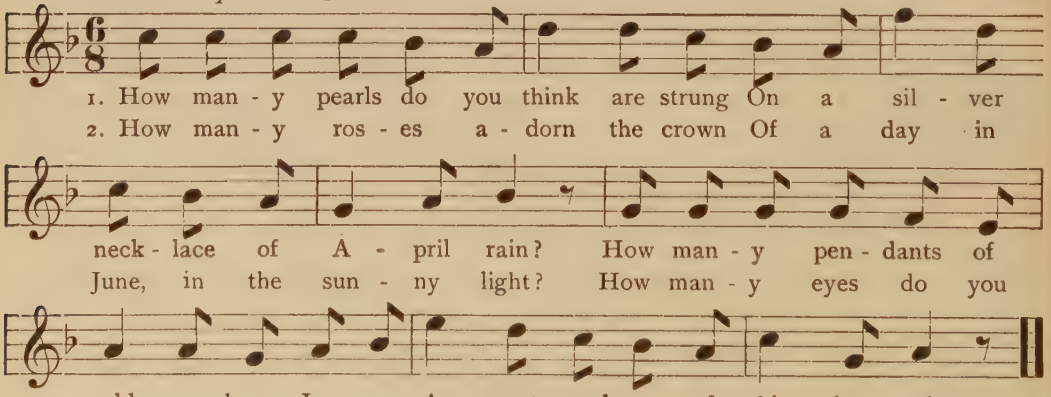
# The Singing Bird

CHARLES KINGSLEY — FREDERICK A. WINTHROP


Allegro moderato ♩. = 66
1. A - float - ing, a - float - ing, A - cross the sleep - ing sea; . All
2. "I come not off the Old World, Nor yet from off the New; . But
3. "The cur-rent sweeps the Old World, The cur - rent sweeps the New; . The
night I heard a sing - ing bird Up - on the top - mast tree. . "Oh!
I am one of the birds of God, Which sing the whole night through!" "Oh!
wind will blow, the dawn will glow, Ere thou hast sailed them through!" A -
come you from the Isles of Greece? Or from the banks of Seine? Or
sing and wake the dawn - ing, Oh! whis - tle for the wind; The
float - ing, and a - float - ing, A - cross the sleep - ing sea, . All
rall.
off some tree in for - ests free Which fringe the West - ern main?"
night is long, the cur - rent strong, My boat it lags be - hind." .
night I heard a sing - ing bird Up - on the top - mast tree. . .

# How Many?

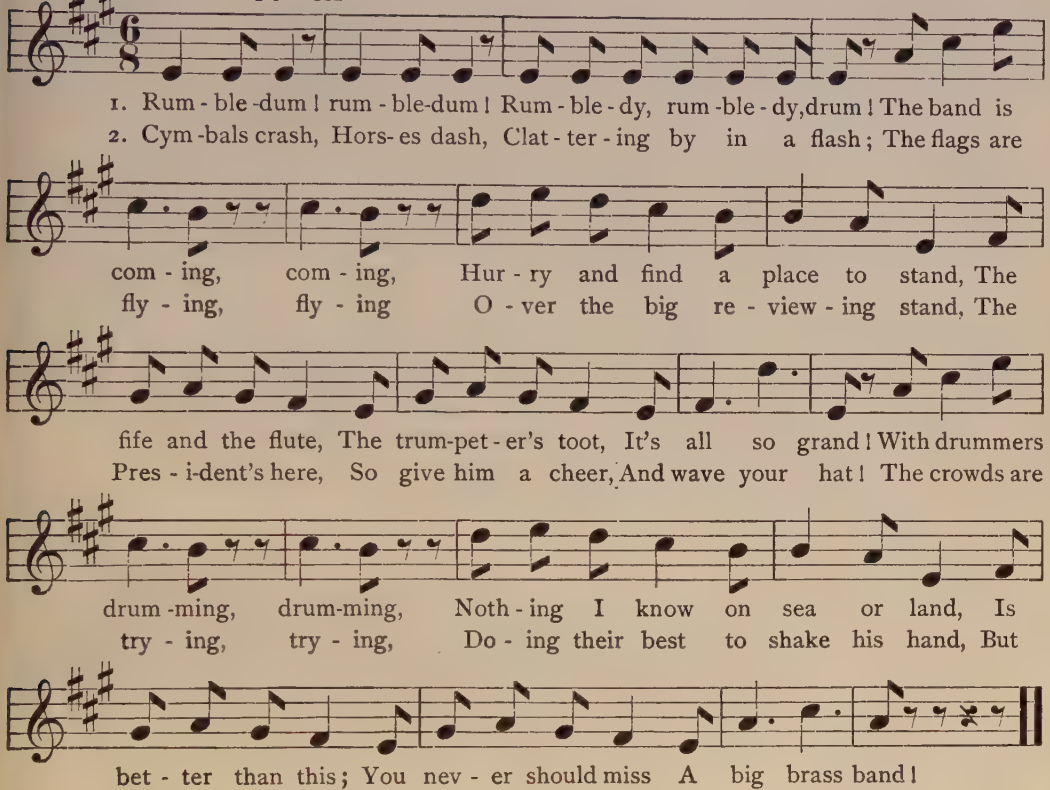
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS — FRANK EDWARDS


Moderato espressivo ♪ = 132
1. How man - y pearls do you think are strung On a sil - ver
2. How man - y ros - es a - dorn the crown Of a day in
neck - lace of A - pril rain? How man - y pen - dants of
June, in the sun - ny light? How man - y eyes do you
gold are hung In an Au - gust mead - ow of shin - ing grain?
think look down From the dusk - y blue of an Au - tumn night?

# The Parade

OLIVER ORDEN — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

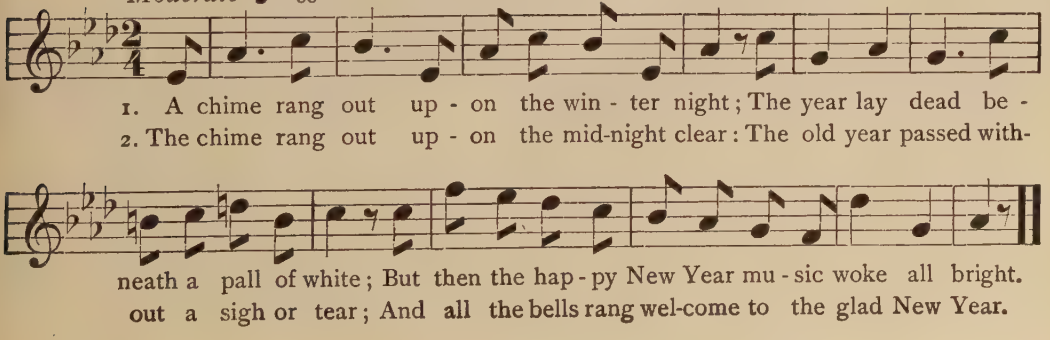
*Martial* ♩. = 112


1. Rum - ble -dum ! rum - ble-dum ! Rum - ble - dy, rum -ble - dy,drum ! The band is
2. Cym -bals crash, Hors- es dash, Clat - ter - ing by in a flash ; The flags are
com - ing, com - ing, Hur - ry and find a place to stand, The
fly - ing, fly - ing O - ver the big re - view - ing stand, The
fife and the flute, The trum-pet - er's toot, It's all so grand ! With drummers
Pres - i-dent's here, So give him a cheer, And wave your hat ! The crowds are
drum -ming, drum-ming, Noth - ing I know on sea or land, Is
try - ing, try - ing, Do - ing their best to shake his hand, But
bet - ter than this ; You nev - er should miss A big brass band !
on - ly a few Will ev - er get thro' A jam like that !

# Watch Night

GEORGE W. PENNINGTON — WALTER F. SCOLLARD

*Moderato* ♩ = 88


1. A chime rang out up - on the win - ter night ; The year lay dead be -
2. The chime rang out up - on the mid-night clear : The old year passed with-
neath a pall of white ; But then the hap - py New Year mu - sic woke all bright.
out a sigh or tear ; And all the bells rang wel-come to the glad New Year.

## The Sunshine Flower

FELIX GODDARD — ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

*Allegro mp* ♩ = 96

1. The love - ly yel - low gold - en - rod, When sum - mer's grow - ing
2. And when the weath - er's dull with rain, And pur - ple as - ters

old, Saves up the smil - ing sun - ny rays, That
pout, They see the glow of gold - en - rod, And

*rit.* *a tempo* *dim.*

gave her all her gold, . That gave her all her gold.
think the sun is out, . . They think the sun is out.

## A Sad Christmas

KATHERINE WHITMORE — CLARENCE BUTLER

♩. = 69

Once an old la - dy lived down on the Isth - mus, Near Pan - a -
No - bod - y knew what to give her for Christ - mas, So the poor

1 2

ma, where the croc - o - diles crawl;
thing had no (*Omit* . . . . . ) pres - ent at all!

## Paddy Doyle's Boots

*Allegretto* ♩ = 76 (Round) Sailor Chantey

I

'Way, oh, a - way, oh! We'll pay Pad - dy Doyle for his boots.

II

'Way, oh, a - way, oh! A dol - lar a - piece, if it suits.

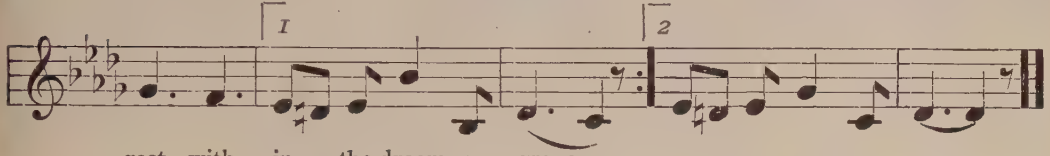
# Midsummer Night

FREDERICK A. WINTHROP

*Andante tranquillo* ♩. = 50

ROBERT SCHUMANN
in *Album for the Young*

1. Moon - light falls o'er qui - et hill and val - ley, Song - birds
   Shad - ows haunt the fra - grant jas - mine - al - ley, Ghost - like
2. Fire - flies light their lamps in se - cret plac - es, Star - eyes
   Dream - land mur - murs weave in ai - ry spac - es, Brooks and



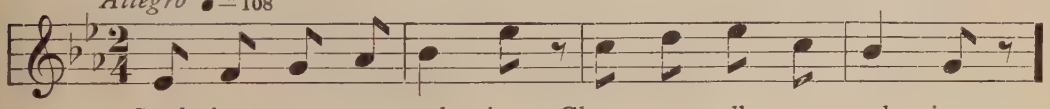
rest with - in the dream - y grove, .
va - pors (*Omit* . . . . . ) thro' the for - est rove. .
gleam, for they've a watch to keep; .
breez - es (*Omit* . . . . . ) lull the earth to sleep. .

# Dancing on the Green

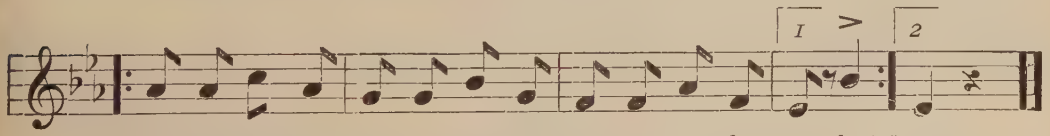
STUART B. HOPPIN

*Allegro* ♩ = 108

Russian Folk Tune



1. Steal - ing, yet re - veal - ing Glanc - es all ap - peal - ing,
2. Clouds or sun - ny weath - er, Hap - py hours to - geth - er,



‖: Youth and maid - en, Flow - er - lad - en, Dance up - on the green, ho! :‖ green.
‖: What care we for wind or snow When hearts are ev - er young, ho! :‖ young.

# In Happy Moments

W. V. WALLACE
in *Maritana*

*Moderato* ♩ = 88

# Song

RALPH SUYDAM (Canon in the fifth below) ASA T. HUNT

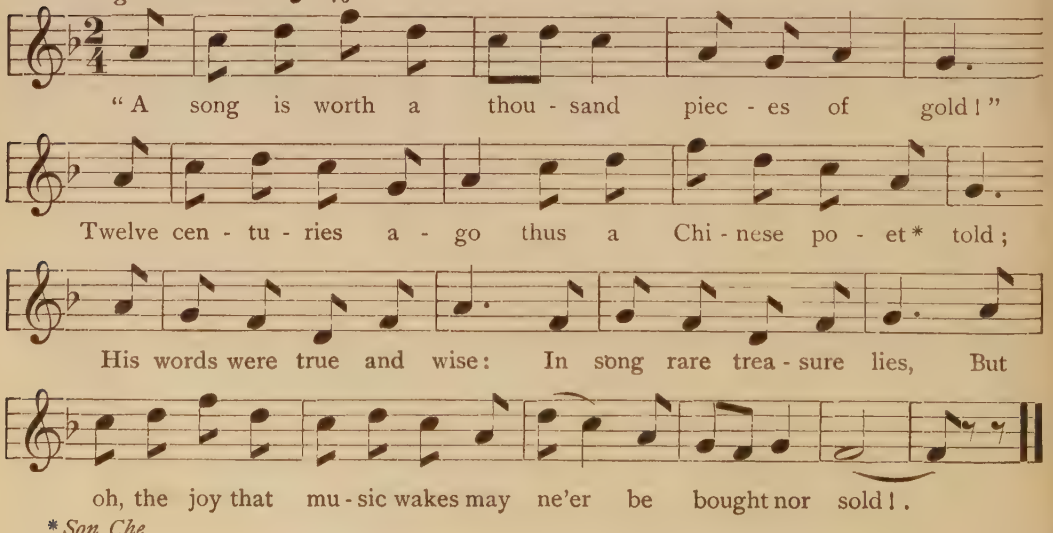
*Allegretto* ♩= 80

1. Song wakes the morn, Song lulls the eve,
2. Song light - ens work, Song leads our play,
1. Morn - ing, a song, Eve - ning, a
2. Work as a song, Play as a
Song brings a balm to hearts that grieve.
Song brings a new thrill each new day.
song; Balm to the hearts that grieve.
song; New thrill for each new day.

# The Worth of a Song

VICTOR N. PIERPONT From a Chinese Folk Tune

*Allegro moderato* ♩= 76

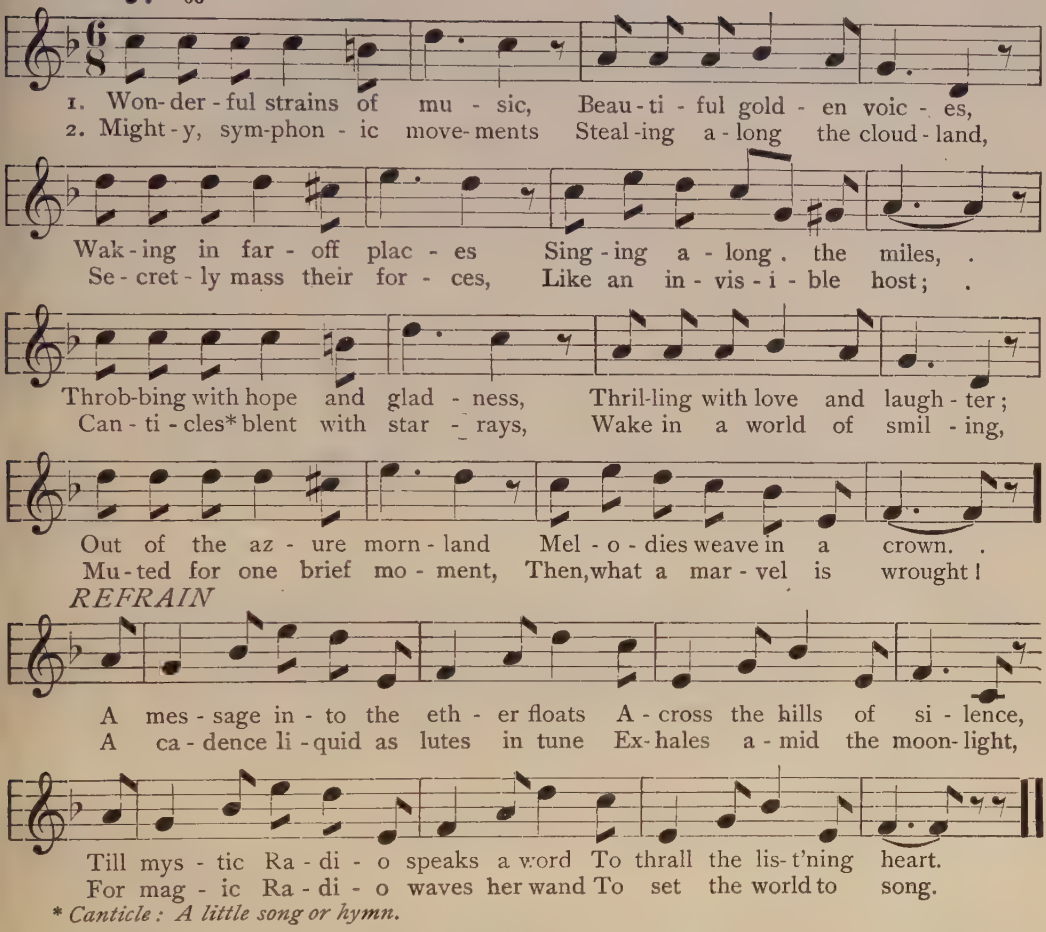

"A song is worth a thou - sand piec - es of gold!"
Twelve cen - tu - ries a - go thus a Chi - nese po - et* told;
His words were true and wise: In song rare trea - sure lies, But
oh, the joy that mu - sic wakes may ne'er be bought nor sold!.

* *Son Che*

# Radio

In *Prose Poems*
FELIX GODDARD

Venetian Folk Tune

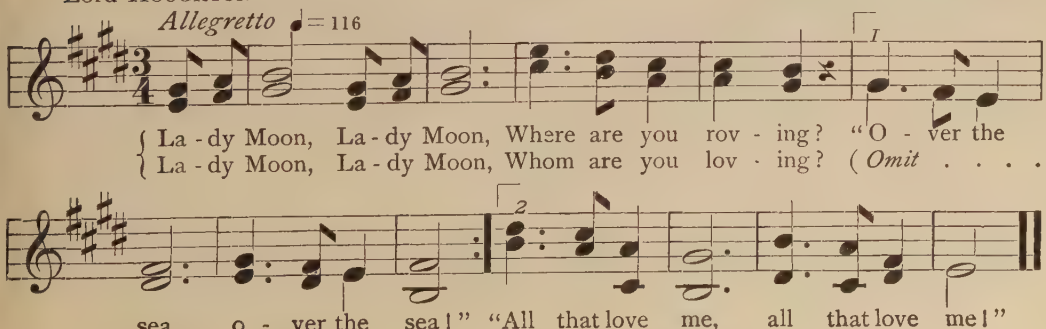

♩. = 60
1. Won-der-ful strains of mu-sic, Beau-ti-ful gold-en voic-es,
2. Might-y, sym-phon-ic move-ments Steal-ing a-long the cloud-land,
Wak-ing in far-off plac-es Sing-ing a-long the miles,
Se-cret-ly mass their for-ces, Like an in-vis-i-ble host;
Throb-bing with hope and glad-ness, Thril-ling with love and laugh-ter;
Can-ti-cles* blent with star-rays, Wake in a world of smil-ing,
Out of the az-ure morn-land Mel-o-dies weave in a crown.
Mu-ted for one brief mo-ment, Then, what a mar-vel is wrought!
REFRAIN
A mes-sage in-to the eth-er floats A-cross the hills of si-lence,
A ca-dence li-quid as lutes in tune Ex-hales a-mid the moon-light,
Till mys-tic Ra-di-o speaks a word To thrall the lis-t'ning heart.
For mag-ic Ra-di-o waves her wand To set the world to song.

* *Canticle: A little song or hymn.*

# The Moon

Lord HOUGHTON

Old English Tune

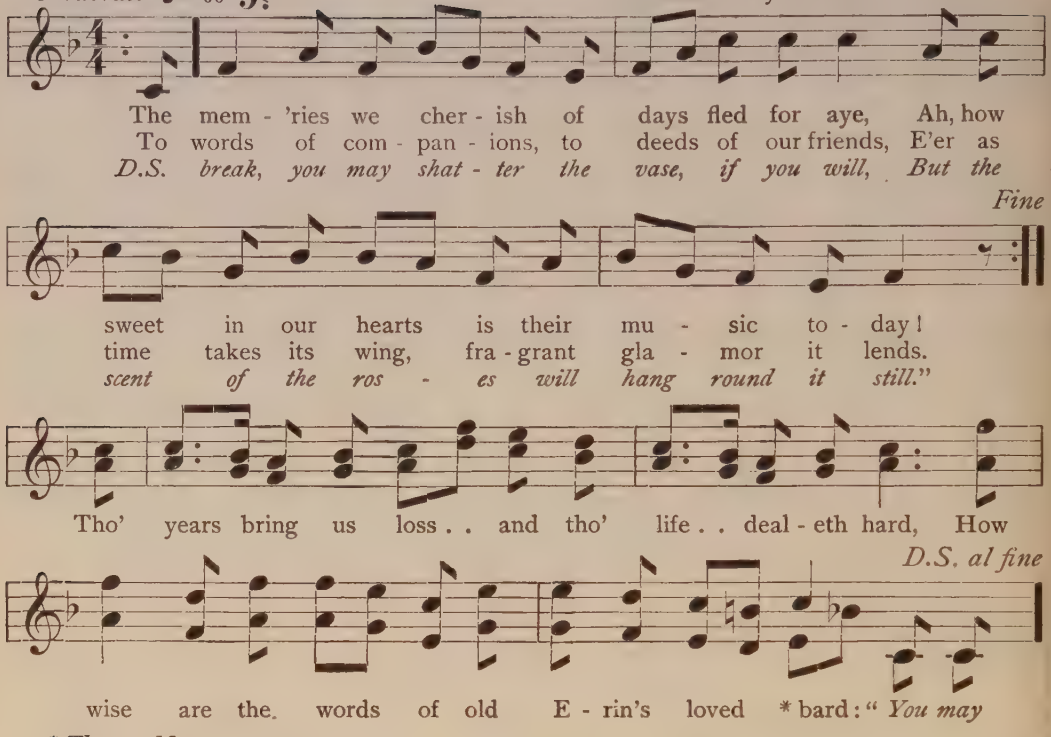

Allegretto ♩ = 116
1
2
La-dy Moon, La-dy Moon, Where are you rov-ing? "O-ver the
La-dy Moon, La-dy Moon, Whom are you lov-ing? (Omit . . . .
sea, o-ver the sea!" "All that love me, all that love me!"

# Memories

EMILY LOWELL

Old Irish Tune
Harmonized by GEORGE Y. HUME

*Moderato* ♩ = 66 *f*

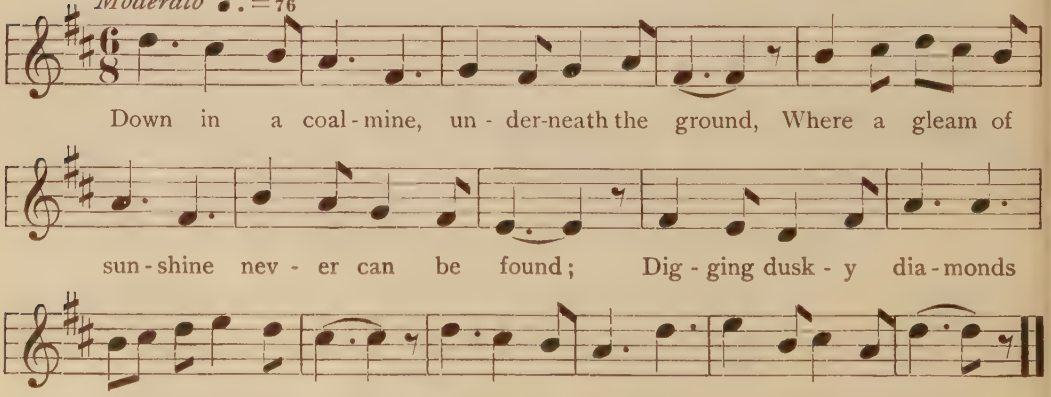

The mem - 'ries we cher - ish of days fled for aye, Ah, how
To words of com - pan - ions, to deeds of our friends, E'er as
D.S. break, you may shat - ter the vase, if you will, But the
Fine
sweet in our hearts is their mu - sic to - day!
time takes its wing, fra - grant gla - mor it lends.
scent of the ros - es will hang round it still."
Tho' years bring us loss . . and tho' life . . deal - eth hard, How
D.S. al fine
wise are the words of old E - rin's loved * bard: " You may

* *Thomas Moore.*

# Down in a Coal Mine

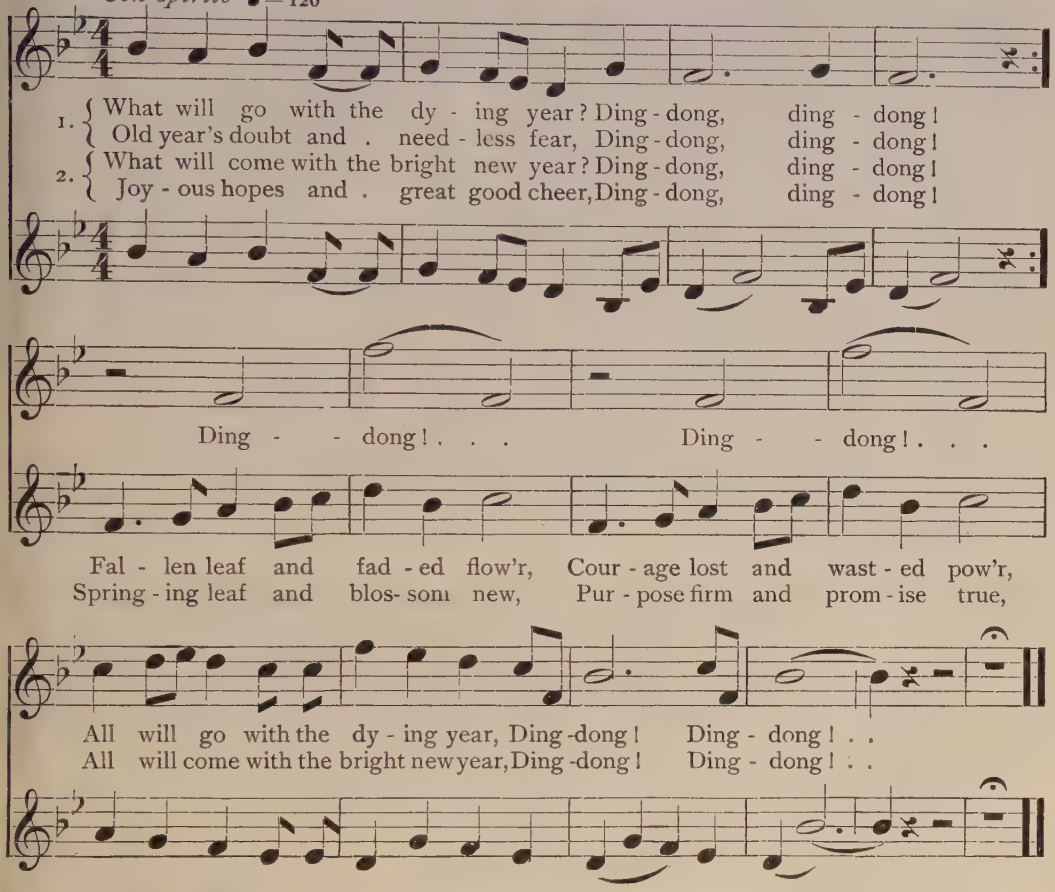
Old American Refrain

*Moderato* ♩. = 76


Down in a coal - mine, un - der-neath the ground, Where a gleam of
sun - shine nev - er can be found; Dig - ging dusk - y dia - monds
all the sea - son round, Down in a coal-mine, un - derneath the ground.

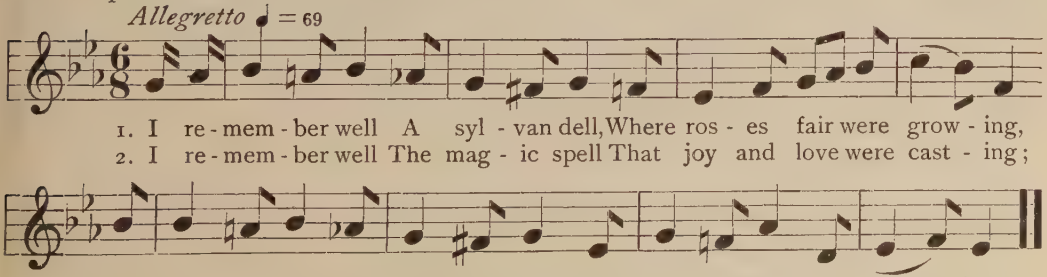
# New Year Song

DAVID STEVENS — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS


Con spirito ♩ = 120
1. What will go with the dy - ing year? Ding - dong, ding - dong!
Old year's doubt and . need - less fear, Ding - dong, ding - dong!
2. What will come with the bright new year? Ding - dong, ding - dong!
Joy - ous hopes and . great good cheer, Ding - dong, ding - dong!
Ding - - dong! . . . Ding - - dong! . . .
Fal - len leaf and fad - ed flow'r, Cour - age lost and wast - ed pow'r,
Spring - ing leaf and blos - som new, Pur - pose firm and prom - ise true,
All will go with the dy - ing year, Ding - dong! Ding - dong! . .
All will come with the bright new year, Ding - dong! Ding - dong! . .

# Memory's Flowers

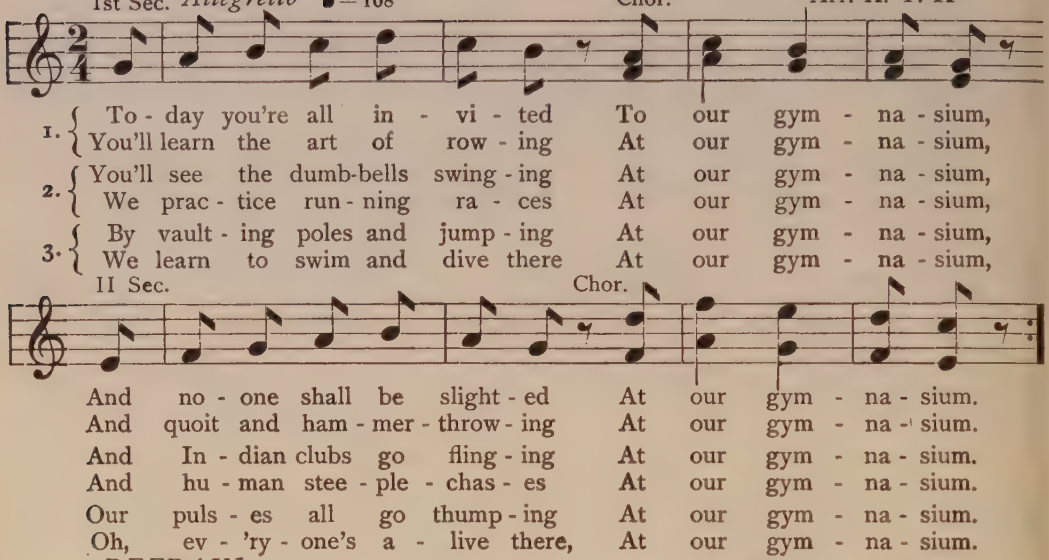
Adapted — GAETANO DONIZETTI


Allegretto ♩ = 69
1. I re - mem - ber well A syl - van dell, Where ros - es fair were grow - ing,
2. I re - mem - ber well The mag - ic spell That joy and love were cast - ing;
And per - fume sweet From zeph-yrs fleet That o'er the flow'rs were blow - ing.
Long dead those hours, But mem - ry's flow'rs Bring beau - ty ev - er - last - ing.

# At the "Gym"

RALPH SUYDAM — Spanish Folk Tune

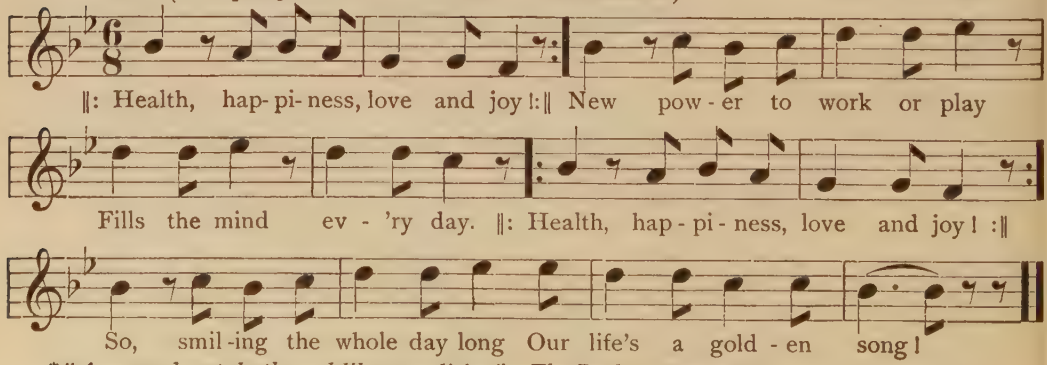
Arr. A. T. H


1st Sec. Allegretto ♩= 108
Chor.
1. To - day you're all in - vi - ted To our gym - na - sium,
You'll learn the art of row - ing At our gym - na - sium,
2. You'll see the dumb-bells swing - ing At our gym - na - sium,
We prac - tice run - ning ra - ces At our gym - na - sium,
3. By vault - ing poles and jump - ing At our gym - na - sium,
We learn to swim and dive there At our gym - na - sium,
II Sec.
Chor.
And no - one shall be slight - ed At our gym - na - sium.
And quoit and ham - mer - throw - ing At our gym - na - sium.
And In - dian clubs go fling - ing At our gym - na - sium.
And hu - man stee - ple - chas - es At our gym - na - sium.
Our puls - es all go thump - ing At our gym - na - sium.
Oh, ev - 'ry - one's a - live there, At our gym - na - sium.
REFRAIN
We run, we shout As soon as school is out,
And oh, what vim We'll show you the "gym."
Oh, hike a - long, comrades, hike a - long, now! Hike a - long, com-rades, hike a-long!

# Happy Thoughts*

CHARLES H. FAIRFAX — STEPHEN HELLER

*Presto* (*as rapidly as the words can be articulated*) — in a *Tarentelle*


‖: Health, hap - pi - ness, love and joy!:‖ New pow - er to work or play
Fills the mind ev - 'ry day. ‖: Health, hap - pi - ness, love and joy! :‖
So, smil - ing the whole day long Our life's a gold - en song!

*"*A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.*" *The Book of Proverbs 17 : 22.*

# The Blue Bell of Scotland

ANNIE McVICAR GRANT — MRS. JORDAN

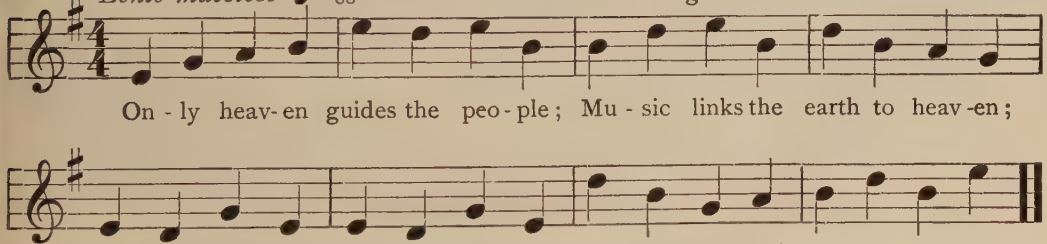
*Allegretto* ♩=144

1. Oh where, and oh where is your High-land lad - die gone?
2. Oh where, and oh where does your High-land lad - die dwell?
3. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die?
f
He's gone to fight the foe for King George up - on the
He dwells in mer - ry Scot - land at the Sign of the Blue
The bag - pipes should play o'er him and I'd lay me down and
dim.
p
throne, And it's oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home
Bell, And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.
cry, But it's oh! In my heart that I wish he may not die.

# Ancient Wisdom

From Confucius (K'ung-fu-tzu) B. C. 550 — Chinese Ritual Music *

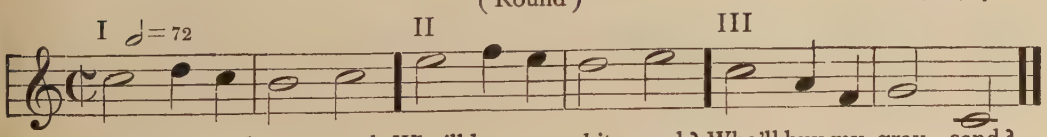
*Lento maestoso* ♩=88 — Sung at the Feast of Confucius


On - ly heav-en guides the peo - ple; Mu - sic links the earth to heav-en;
Kind-ly thoughts are deeds of beau - ty; Gifts be-stowed en - rich the giv - er.

* *Music is the essence of harmony existing between heaven, earth and man.*" (*Ancient Chinese.*)

# Who'll Buy?

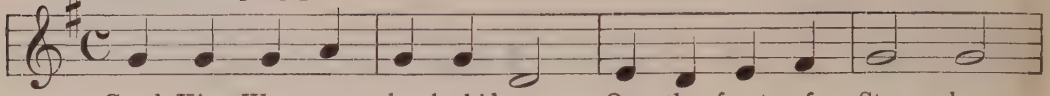
(Round) — Anon.



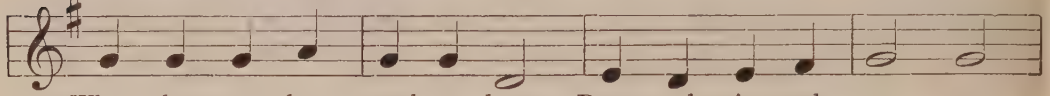
# Good King Wenceslas

Old English

*Moderato* ♩ = 132



1. Good King Wen - ces - las look'd out On the feast of Ste - phen,
2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing,
3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, Bring me pine - logs hith - er:
4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now, And the wind blows stron - ger:
5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint - ed;



When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep, and crisp and e - ven;
Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?"
Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them hith - er."
Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no lon - ger."
Heat was in the ver - y sod Which the saint had print - ed;

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was cru - el,
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain;
Page and mon - arch forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er
"Mark my foot - steps, my good page, Tread thou in them bold - ly:
There-fore, Chris - tian men be sure, Wealth or rank pos - sess - ing,

When a poor man came in sight, Gath-'ring win - ter fu - el.
Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain."
Thro' the rude wind's wild la - ment, And the bit - ter weath - er.
Thou shalt find the win - ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall your-selves find bless - ing.

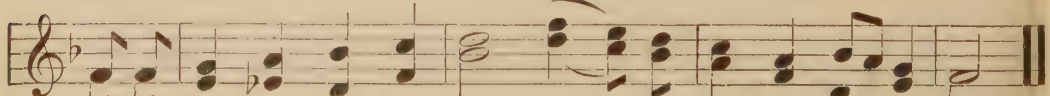
# Glory and Peace

GEORGE HERBERT

*Maestoso* ♩ = 92

GEORGE Y. HUME

King of Glo - ry, King of Peace, With the one make war to cease;

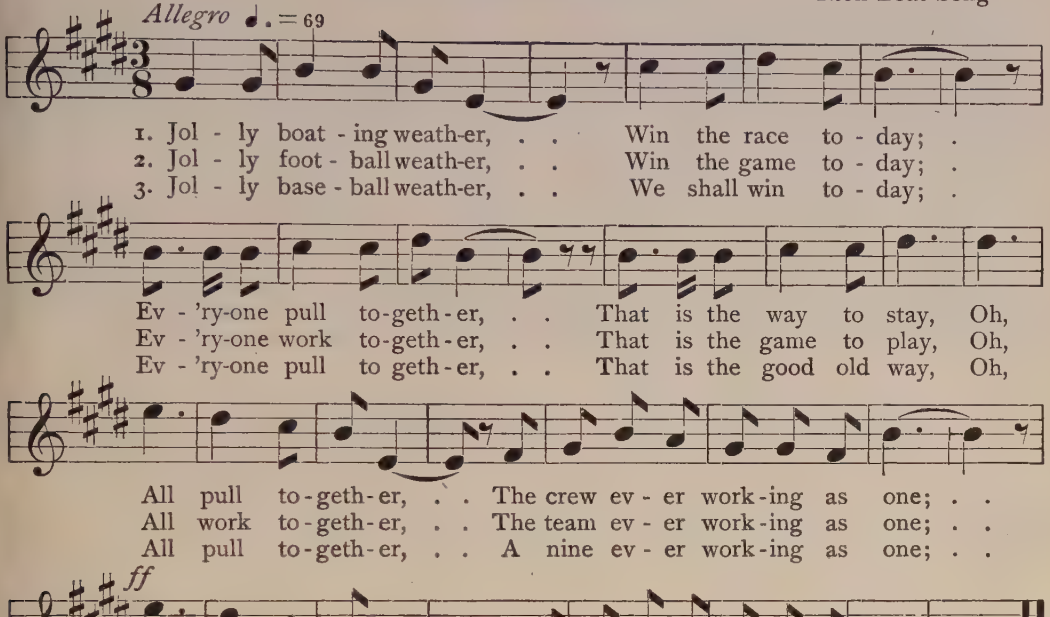


With the oth - er bless Thy sheep, Thee to love, in Thee to sleep.

# All Pull Together

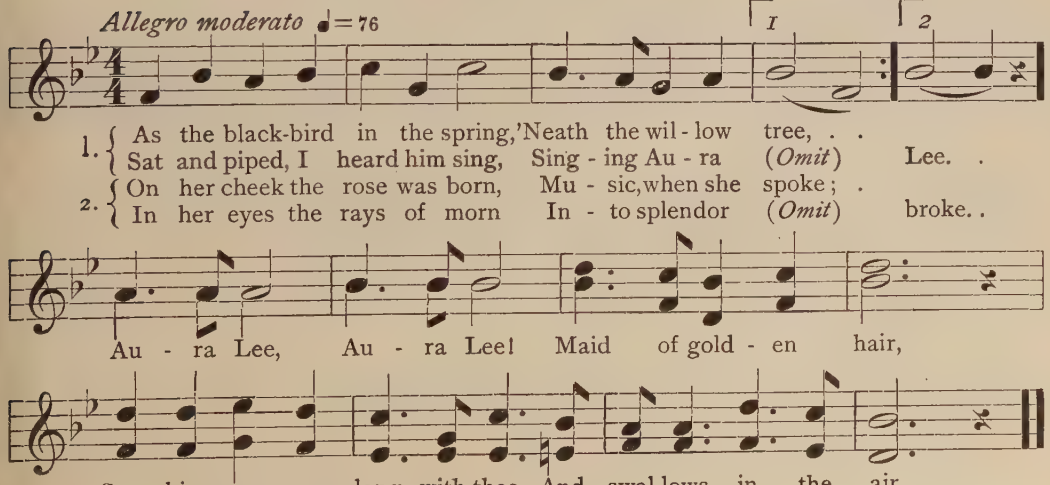
PAUL HASTINGS

Eton Boat Song


Allegro ♩. = 69
1. Jol - ly boat - ing weath-er, . . Win the race to - day; .
2. Jol - ly foot - ball weath-er, . . Win the game to - day; .
3. Jol - ly base - ball weath-er, . . We shall win to - day; .
Ev - 'ry-one pull to-geth-er, . . That is the way to stay, Oh,
Ev - 'ry-one work to-geth-er, . . That is the game to play, Oh,
Ev - 'ry-one pull to geth-er, . . That is the good old way, Oh,
All pull to-geth-er, . . The crew ev - er work-ing as one; . .
All work to-geth-er, . . The team ev - er work-ing as one; . .
All pull to-geth-er, . . A nine ev - er work-ing as one; . .
ff
All pull to-geth-er, . . When there's something that has to be done. .

# Aura Lee

Old English Song


Allegro moderato ♩ = 76
1
2
1. As the black-bird in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree, . .
Sat and piped, I heard him sing, Sing - ing Au - ra (Omit) Lee. .
2. On her cheek the rose was born, Mu - sic, when she spoke; .
In her eyes the rays of morn In - to splendor (Omit) broke. .
Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee! Maid of gold - en hair,
Sun - shine came a - long with thee, And swal-lows in the air.

# The Bold Soldier Boy

DAVID STEVENS — Old Irish Air (*The Bold Soger Boy*)

*Leggiero ben marcato* ♩ = 108

*1st* SEC. 1. 'Twas a morn - ing bright in May When the
*2nd* SEC. 1. All the sky was blue and fair, There was
*1st* SEC. 2. You could hear the march - ing feet Com - ing
*2nd* SEC. 2. And they waved their ker - chiefs gay On that

sol - diers marched a - way, All the
mu - sic in the air As the
brave - ly up the street, Ev - 'ry
sun - ny morn in May, While their

girls were out with rib - bons in their bon - nets so coy;
fife and drum were beat - ing out "My Bold So - ger Boy."
las - sie's glance was bright - er for the tear in her eye.
hearts flew off and left them for the lads march - ing by.

ALL

Oh, all the girls were there, 'Twas a sight be-yond com- pare, To

cheer the gal - lant sol - dier and fill his heart with joy;

1ST SECTION — 2ND SECTION *rall.*

'Twas Ma - ry Ann and Kate and Fan and pret - ty Peg Mol - loy,

ALL

*a tempo*

And they all were wav - ing ban - ners for the bold sol - dier boy.

*To obviate difficulty in breathing, it is suggested that this song be sung by two sections, as indicated.*

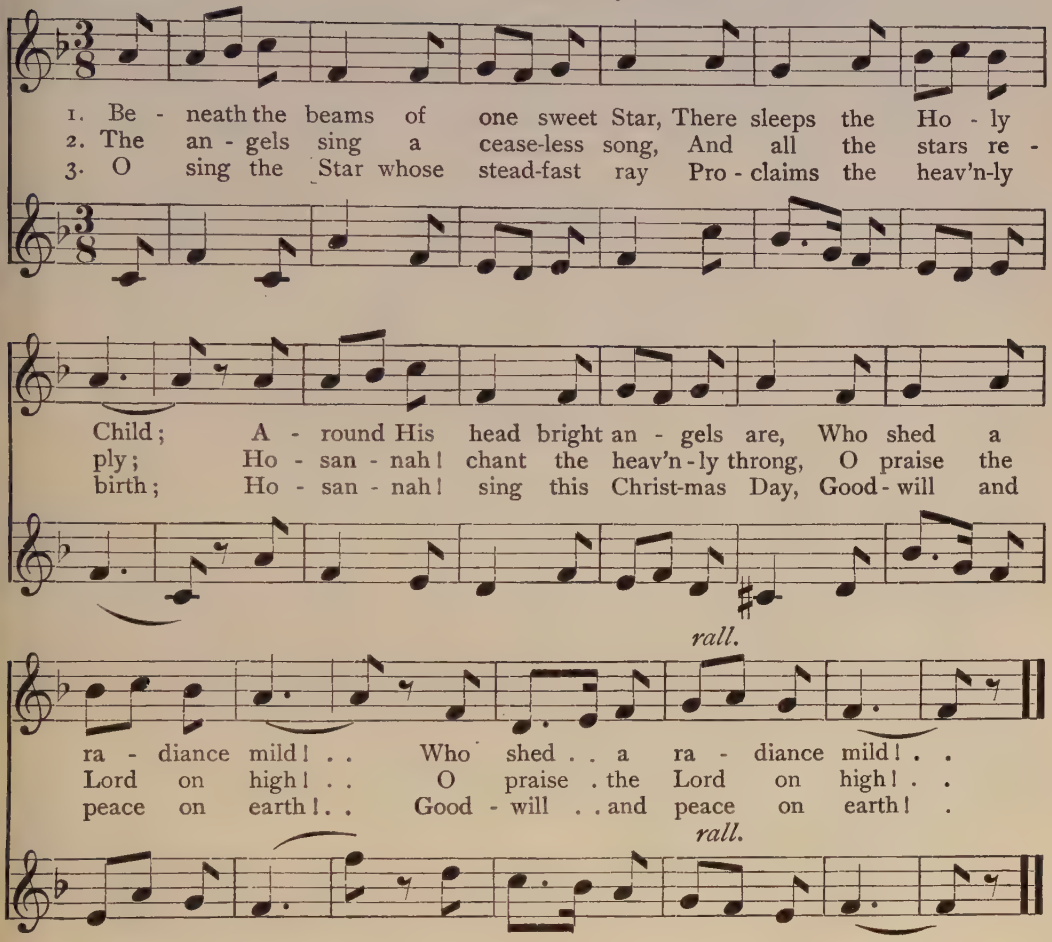
# The Star Carol

STEPHEN FAY

*Grazioso* ♩. = 52

Ancient Noël

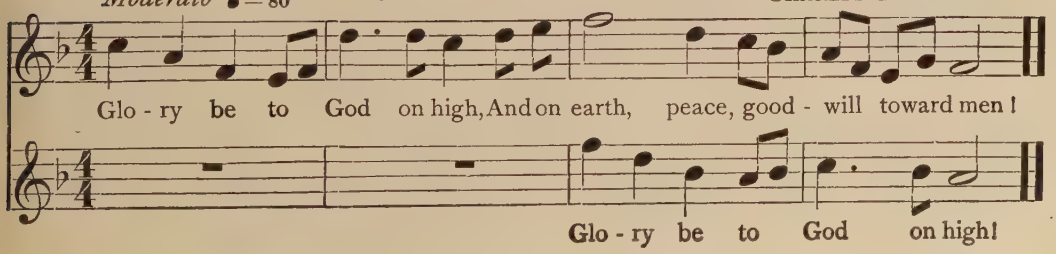
Counterpoint by HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS


1. Be - neath the beams of one sweet Star, There sleeps the Ho - ly
2. The an - gels sing a cease-less song, And all the stars re -
3. O sing the Star whose stead-fast ray Pro - claims the heav'n-ly
Child; A - round His head bright an - gels are, Who shed a
ply; Ho - san - nah! chant the heav'n-ly throng, O praise the
birth; Ho - san - nah! sing this Christ-mas Day, Good - will and
rall.
ra - diance mild! . . Who shed . . a ra - diance mild! . .
Lord on high! . . O praise . the Lord on high! . .
peace on earth! . . Good - will . . and peace on earth! .
rall.

# Gloria Patri

*Moderato* ♩ = 80

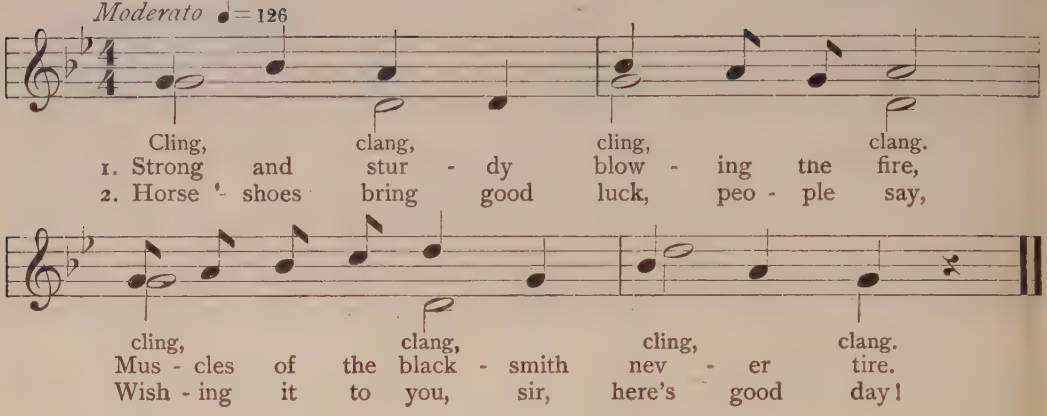
CHARLES ELLERTON



# The Blacksmith

MARIAN GREY — Holland Folk Tune

*Moderato* ♩ = 126


Cling, clang, cling, clang.
1. Strong and stur - dy blow - ing tne fire,
2. Horse - shoes bring good luck, peo - ple say,
cling, clang, cling, clang.
Mus - cles of the black - smith nev - er tire.
Wish - ing it to you, sir, here's good day!

# Riddles

MARGARET JOHNSON in *St. Nicholas* — GEO. W. PENNINGTON

*Moderato* ♩ = 88

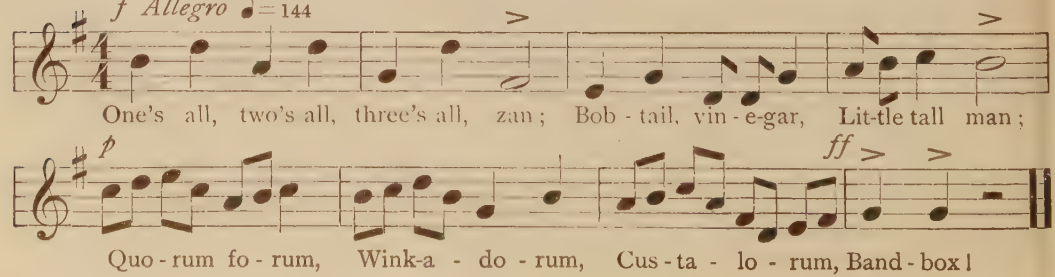
1. One, two, three! A bon - ny boat I see, A sil - ver boat, And
one, two, three! The rid - dle tell to me: The moon a - float Is the
2. One, two, three! A love - ly sight I see, A mir - ror near, Re -
one, two, three! Come guess what this may be: The stars of night Are the
1
2
all a - float Up - on a ros - y sea; Now,
bon - ny boat, The (*Omit.*) . . . . . sun - set is the sea.
flect - ing clear Two eyes, and just a - wake; Now,
eyes so bright, The (*Omit.*) . . . . . mir - ror is the lake.

V. N. P.

# Counting Out

Mother Goose — H. W. L.

*f Allegro* ♩ = 144

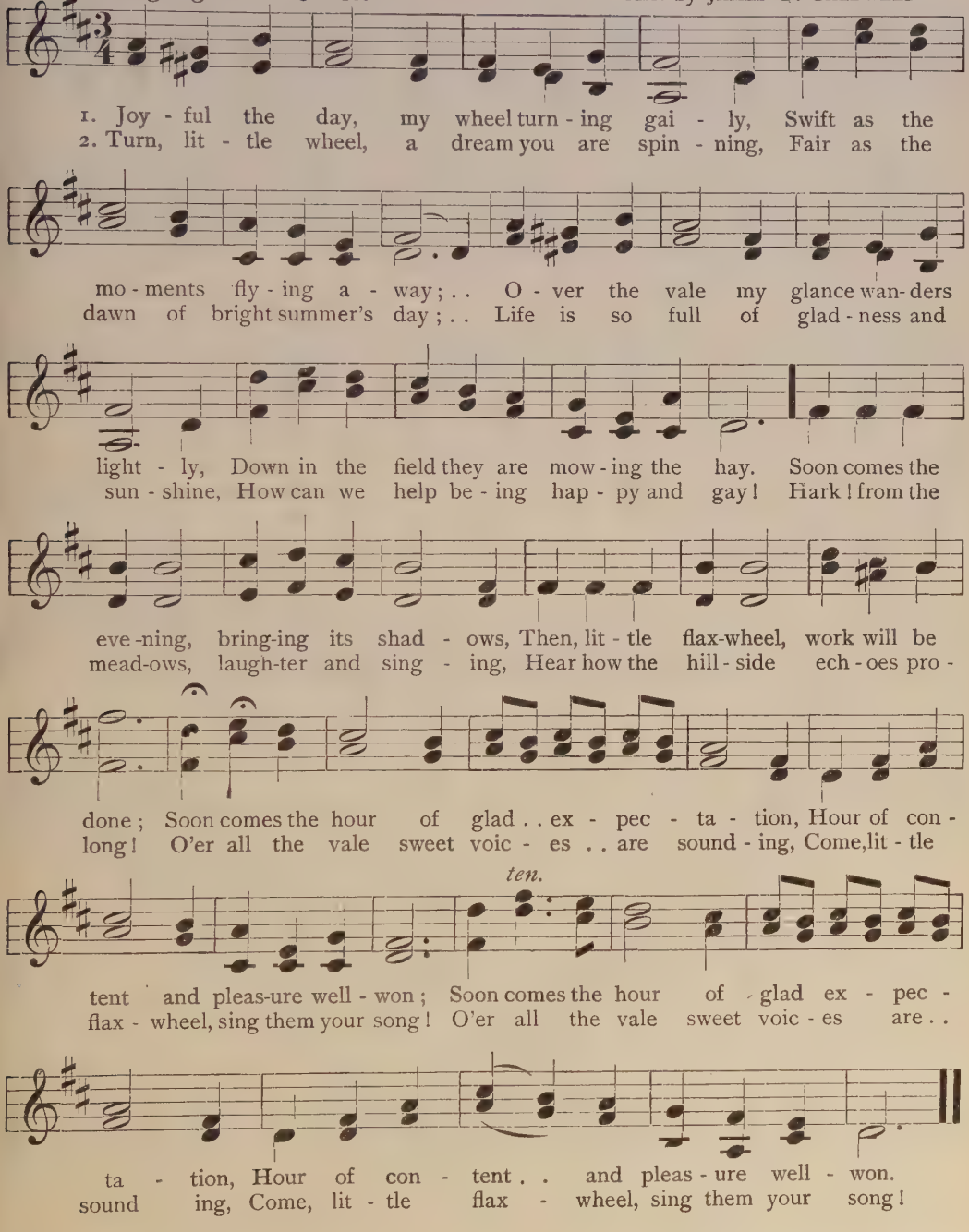


# The Flax-wheel

English by M. Teresa Armitage

Croatian Folk Tune
Arr. by James F. Caldwell

*Allegro grazioso* ♩ = 160


1. Joy - ful the day, my wheel turn - ing gai - ly, Swift as the
2. Turn, lit - tle wheel, a dream you are spin - ning, Fair as the
mo - ments fly - ing a - way; . . O - ver the vale my glance wan - ders
dawn of bright summer's day; . . Life is so full of glad - ness and
light - ly, Down in the field they are mow - ing the hay. Soon comes the
sun - shine, How can we help be - ing hap - py and gay! Hark! from the
eve - ning, bring-ing its shad - ows, Then, lit - tle flax-wheel, work will be
mead-ows, laugh-ter and sing - ing, Hear how the hill - side ech - oes pro -
done; Soon comes the hour of glad . . ex - pec - ta - tion, Hour of con -
long! O'er all the vale sweet voic - es . . are sound - ing, Come, lit - tle
ten.
tent and pleas-ure well - won; Soon comes the hour of glad ex - pec -
flax - wheel, sing them your song! O'er all the vale sweet voic - es are . .
ta - tion, Hour of con - tent . . and pleas - ure well - won.
sound ing, Come, lit - tle flax - wheel, sing them your song!

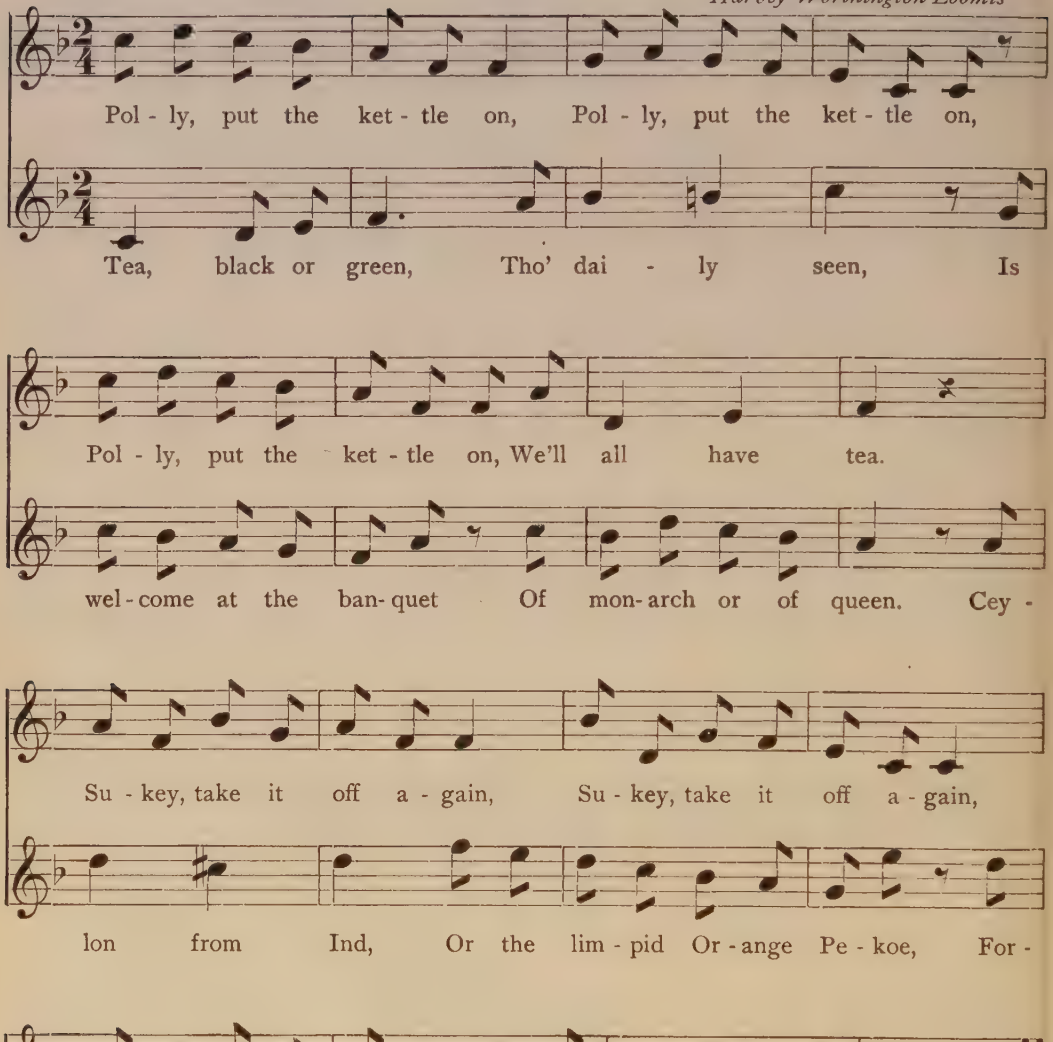
# Polly, Put the Kettle On

Old Rhyme

*Moderato* ♩=116

Old English Tune

*Counter-melody and text by Harvey Worthington Loomis*


Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on,
Tea, black or green, Tho' dai - ly seen, Is
Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, We'll all have tea.
wel - come at the ban - quet Of mon - arch or of queen. Cey -
Su - key, take it off a - gain, Su - key, take it off a - gain,
lon from Ind, Or the lim - pid Or - ange Pe - koe, For -
Su - key, take it off a - gain, They've all gone a - way.
mo - sa, (not too weak, O!) Grace an - y cui - sine.*

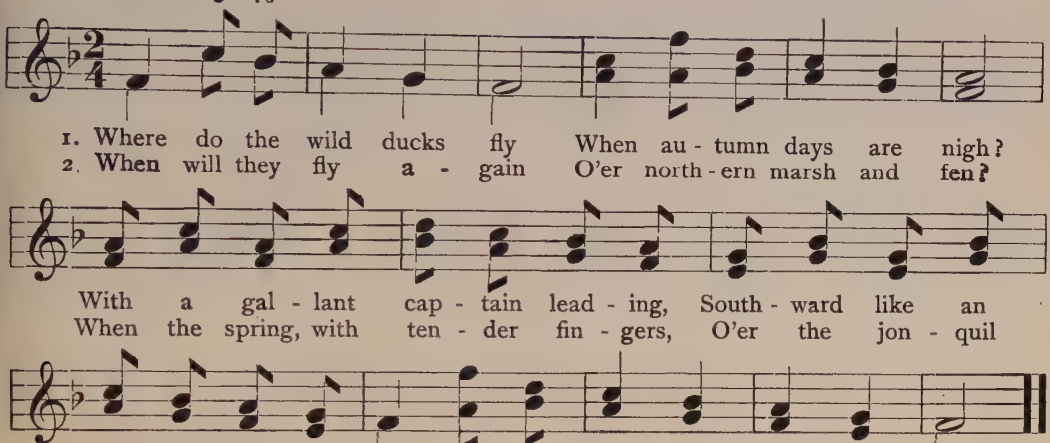
* *Quee-zeen*

# The Wild Ducks

THORNTON STANLEY

*Andante* ♩ = 76

Bohemian Folk Tune

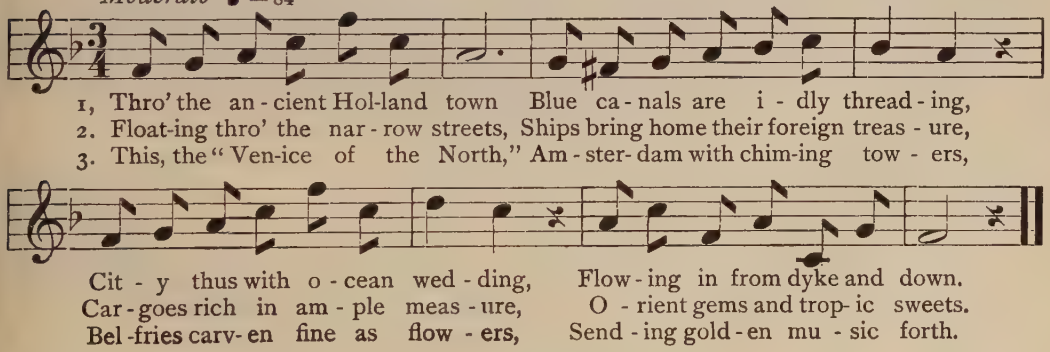

1. Where do the wild ducks fly When au - tumn days are nigh?
2. When will they fly a - gain O'er north - ern marsh and fen?
With a gal - lant cap - tain lead - ing, South - ward like an
When the spring, with ten - der fin - gers, O'er the jon - quil
ar - row speed - ing, Far, far a - way the wild ducks fly.
fond - ly lin - gers, Then will the wild ducks fly a - gain.

# Amsterdam

KATHARINE WHITMORE

*Moderato* ♩ = 84

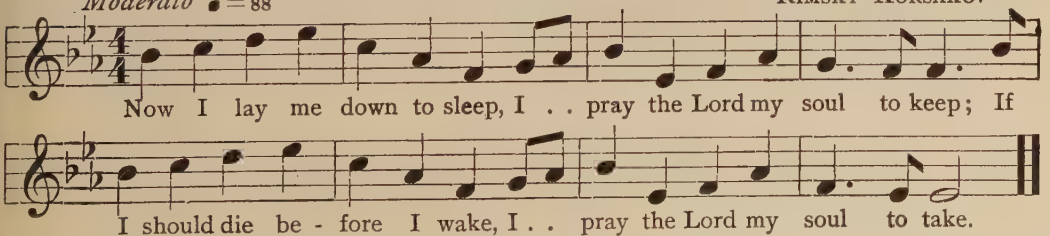
Holland Folk Tune


1, Thro' the an - cient Hol-land town Blue ca - nals are i - dly thread - ing,
2. Float-ing thro' the nar - row streets, Ships bring home their foreign treas - ure,
3. This, the "Ven-ice of the North," Am - ster- dam with chim-ing tow - ers,
Cit - y thus with o - cean wed - ding, Flow - ing in from dyke and down.
Car - goes rich in am - ple meas - ure, O - rient gems and trop- ic sweets.
Bel - fries carv- en fine as flow - ers, Send - ing gold - en mu - sic forth.

# Evening Prayer

*Moderato* ♩ = 88

RIMSKY–KORSAKOV

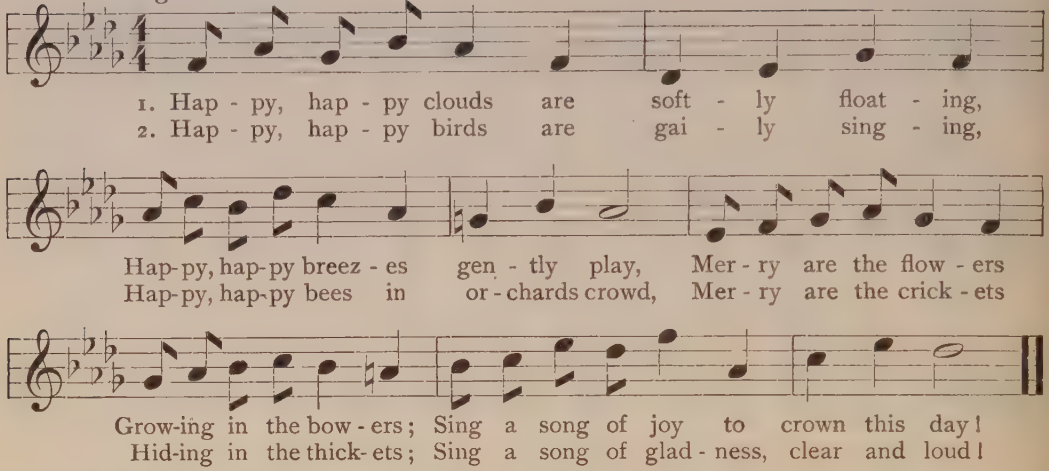


## A Happy Song

FREDERICK WINTHROP

ASA T. HUNT

*Allegretto* ♩= 126

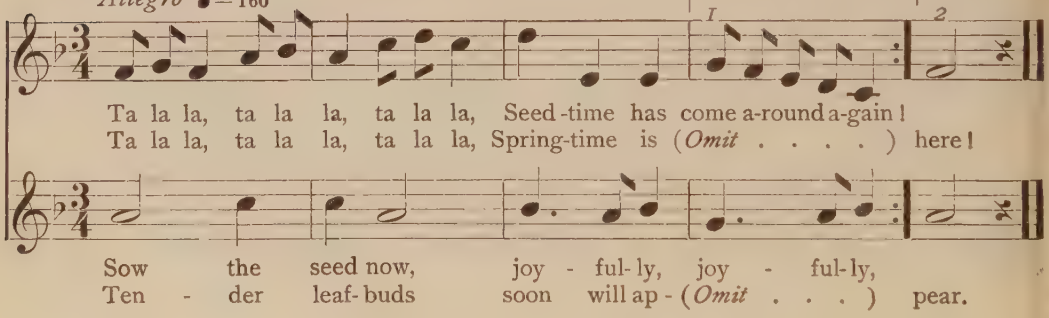

1. Hap - py, hap - py clouds are soft - ly float - ing,
2. Hap - py, hap - py birds are gai - ly sing - ing,
Hap-py, hap-py breez - es gen - tly play, Mer - ry are the flow - ers
Hap-py, hap-py bees in or - chards crowd, Mer - ry are the crick - ets
Grow-ing in the bow - ers; Sing a song of joy to crown this day!
Hid-ing in the thick- ets; Sing a song of glad - ness, clear and loud!

## The Sowers

Folk Tune from Čechy
(with counter-melody)

Action Song

*Allegro* ♩= 160


1
2
Ta la la, ta la la, ta la la, Seed-time has come a-round a-gain!
Ta la la, ta la la, ta la la, Spring-time is (*Omit* . . . . ) here!
Sow the seed now, joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly,
Ten - der leaf-buds soon will ap - (*Omit* . . . ) pear.

## Folk Dancers

ANTONIN DVOŘÁK
in *Slavic Dances*

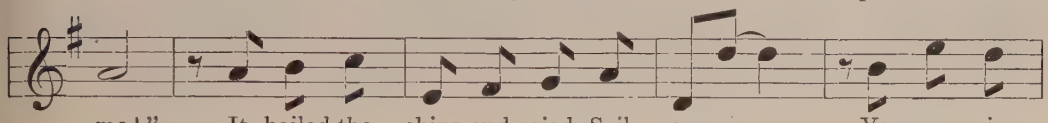
*Allegro giusto* ♩= 160

# Daybreak

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW — THEODORE DUBOIS

*Andante con moto* ♩ = 76

1. A wind came up out of the sea, And said: "O mists, make room for
2. And hur-ried land-ward far a-way, And cried: "A-wake! it is the
3. It touched the wood-bird's fold-ed wing, And said: "O bird, a-wake and
4. It shout-ed thro' the bel-fry tow'r: "A-wake, O bell! pro-claim the



me!" It hailed the ships and cried: Sail on, . . Ye mar-i-
day!" It said un-to the for-est: "Shout! . Hang all your
sing!" It whis-pered to the fields of corn: . "Bow down and
hour." * It crossed the church-yard with a sigh: . And said: "Not

ners, the night is gone! . . the night, the night is gone!" .
leaf-y ban-ners out! . . hang all your ban-ners out!" .
hail the com-ing morn, . . bow down and hail the morn!" .
yet, in qui-et lie, . . not yet, in qui-et lie." . .

** The last half of the 4th stanza should be sung in a quiet mood, corresponding to the words "It crossed the churchyard," etc.*

# The Free Concert

FOSTER B. MERRIAM — JOSEPH HAYDN

*Allegretto* ♩ = 66 — in *The Toy Symphony**

1. { Hark! thrush-'s tune with the song-spar-row's blend-ing,
   { Each day of spring, wood-land birds give a con-cert
2. { Gay crick-ets chirp, and the quail sounds his oc-tave,
   { Sweet phoe-be-bird pipes a note rath-er plain-tive,

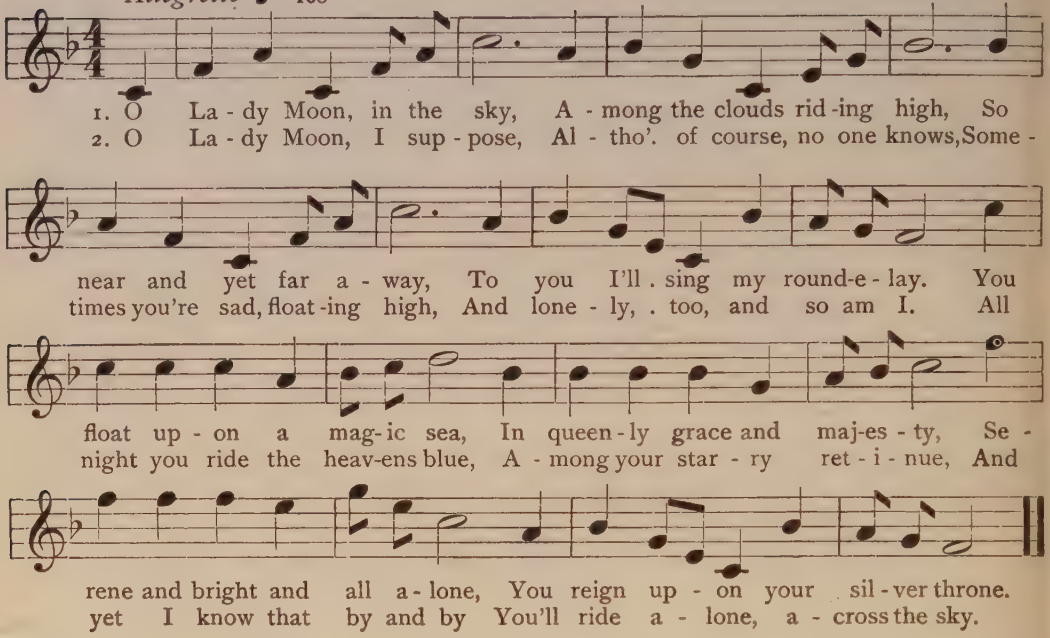
Morn-ing still-ness breaks!
Ere the sun a-(*Omit*) wakes. "Cuckoo!" O hark! The cuck-oo joins the lark.
While the sky is red;
Tho' the night be (*Omit*) fled. "Cuckoo!" O hark! The cuck-oo joins the lark.

** In this composition the notes of the quail, cricket, cuckoo, etc., are allotted to toy instruments.*

# Serenade to the Moon

PAUL HASTINGS — Creole Melody

*Allegretto* ♩= 108

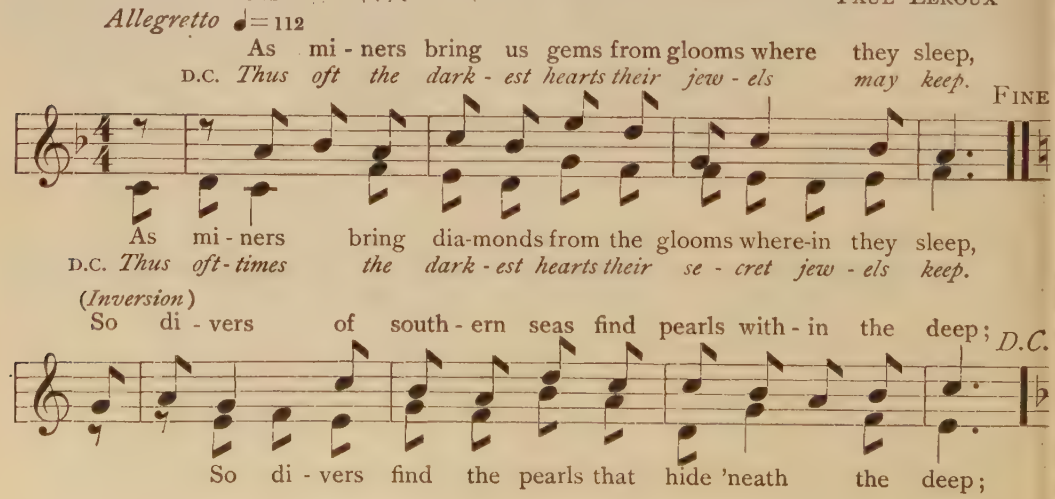

1. O La - dy Moon, in the sky, A - mong the clouds rid - ing high, So
2. O La - dy Moon, I sup - pose, Al - tho'. of course, no one knows, Some -
near and yet far a - way, To you I'll . sing my round-e - lay. You
times you're sad, float - ing high, And lone - ly, . too, and so am I. All
float up - on a mag - ic sea, In queen - ly grace and maj-es - ty, Se -
night you ride the heav-ens blue, A - mong your star - ry ret - i - nue, And
rene and bright and all a - lone, You reign up - on your sil - ver throne.
yet I know that by and by You'll ride a - lone, a - cross the sky.

# Treasure Trove

(Inverted melodies)

KATHARINE LLOYD — PAUL LEROUX

*Allegretto* ♩= 112

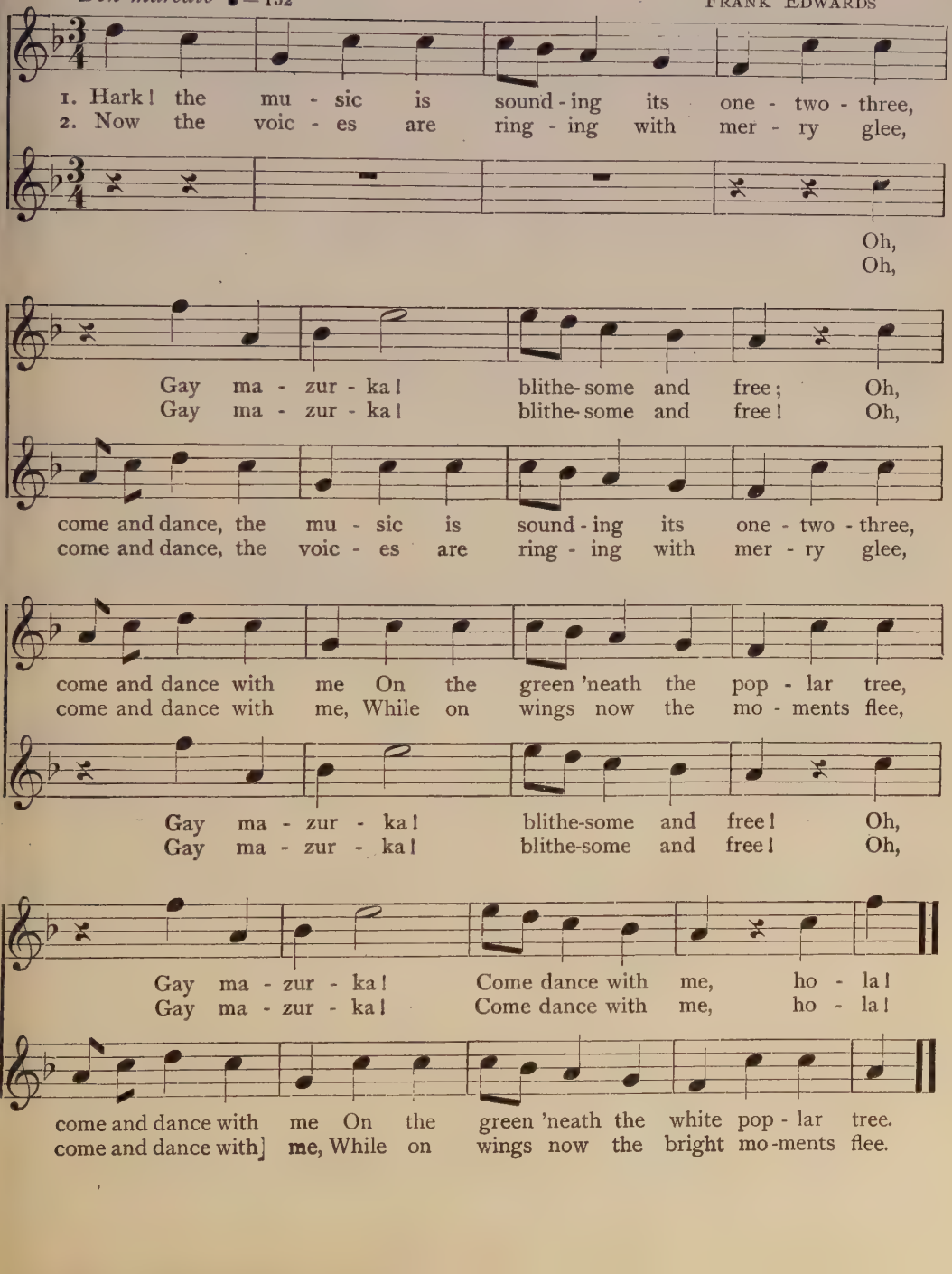

As mi - ners bring us gems from glooms where they sleep,
D.C. Thus oft the dark - est hearts their jew - els may keep.
FINE
As mi - ners bring dia-monds from the glooms where-in they sleep,
D.C. Thus oft - times the dark - est hearts their se - cret jew - els keep.
(Inversion)
So di - vers of south - ern seas find pearls with - in the deep; D.C.
So di - vers find the pearls that hide 'neath the deep;

# The Mazurka

WILTON PERKINS

*Ben marcato* ♩=152

Russian Folk Tune
Arr. in canon form by
FRANK EDWARDS

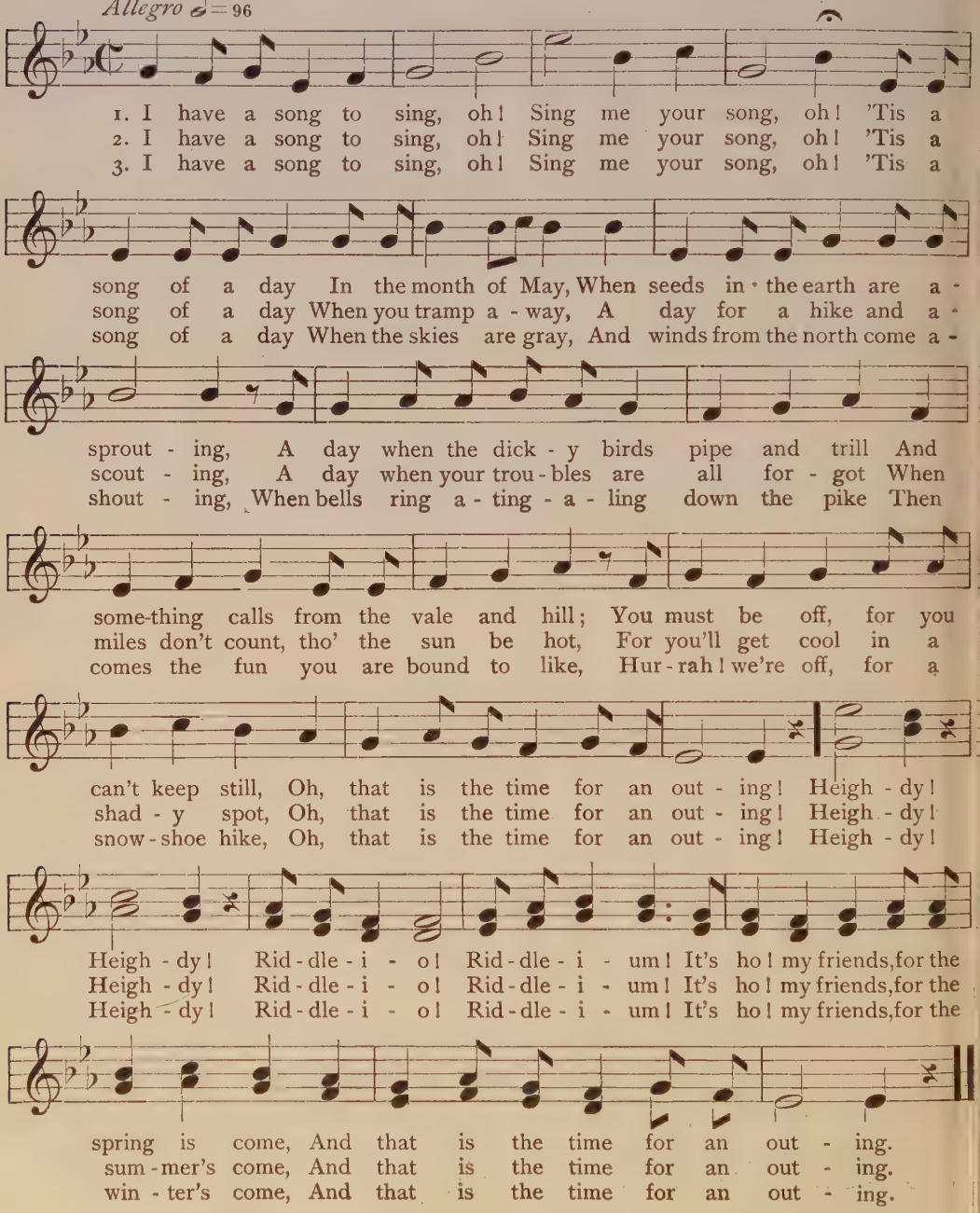

1. Hark! the mu - sic is sound - ing its one - two - three,
2. Now the voic - es are ring - ing with mer - ry glee,
Oh,
Oh,
Gay ma - zur - ka! blithe-some and free; Oh,
Gay ma - zur - ka! blithe-some and free! Oh,
come and dance, the mu - sic is sound - ing its one - two - three,
come and dance, the voic - es are ring - ing with mer - ry glee,
come and dance with me On the green 'neath the pop - lar tree,
come and dance with me, While on wings now the mo - ments flee,
Gay ma - zur - ka! blithe-some and free! Oh,
Gay ma - zur - ka! blithe-some and free! Oh,
Gay ma - zur - ka! Come dance with me, ho - la!
Gay ma - zur - ka! Come dance with me, ho - la!
come and dance with me On the green 'neath the white pop - lar tree.
come and dance with me, While on wings now the bright mo-ments flee.

# I Have a Song to Sing

PAUL HASTINGS

Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN
From *The Yeomen of the Guard*

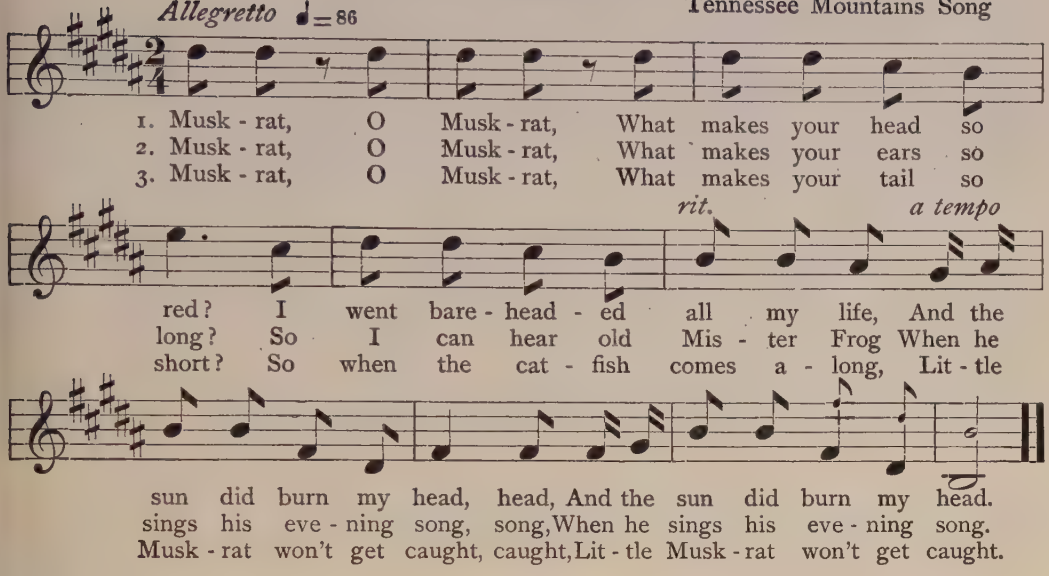
*Allegro* ♩ = 96


1. I have a song to sing, oh! Sing me your song, oh! 'Tis a
2. I have a song to sing, oh! Sing me your song, oh! 'Tis a
3. I have a song to sing, oh! Sing me your song, oh! 'Tis a
song of a day In the month of May, When seeds in the earth are a-
song of a day When you tramp a-way, A day for a hike and a-
song of a day When the skies are gray, And winds from the north come a-
sprout-ing, A day when the dick-y birds pipe and trill And
scout-ing, A day when your trou-bles are all for-got When
shout-ing, When bells ring a-ting-a-ling down the pike Then
some-thing calls from the vale and hill; You must be off, for you
miles don't count, tho' the sun be hot, For you'll get cool in a
comes the fun you are bound to like, Hur-rah! we're off, for a
can't keep still, Oh, that is the time for an out-ing! Heigh-dy!
shad-y spot, Oh, that is the time for an out-ing! Heigh-dy!
snow-shoe hike, Oh, that is the time for an out-ing! Heigh-dy!
Heigh-dy! Rid-dle-i-o! Rid-dle-i-um! It's ho! my friends, for the
Heigh-dy! Rid-dle-i-o! Rid-dle-i-um! It's ho! my friends, for the
Heigh-dy! Rid-dle-i-o! Rid-dle-i-um! It's ho! my friends, for the
spring is come, And that is the time for an out-ing.
sum-mer's come, And that is the time for an out-ing.
win-ter's come, And that is the time for an out-ing.

# Muskrat

*Allegretto* ♩ = 86

Tennessee Mountains Song


1. Musk - rat, O Musk - rat, What makes your head so
2. Musk - rat, O Musk - rat, What makes your ears so
3. Musk - rat, O Musk - rat, What makes your tail so
rit.
a tempo
red? I went bare - head - ed all my life, And the
long? So I can hear old Mis - ter Frog When he
short? So when the cat - fish comes a - long, Lit - tle
sun did burn my head, head, And the sun did burn my head.
sings his eve - ning song, song, When he sings his eve - ning song.
Musk - rat won't get caught, caught, Lit - tle Musk - rat won't get caught.

# The First Star

Paul Hastings

*Moderato* ♩ = 88

Ignaz T. Paderewski

In *Melodie*

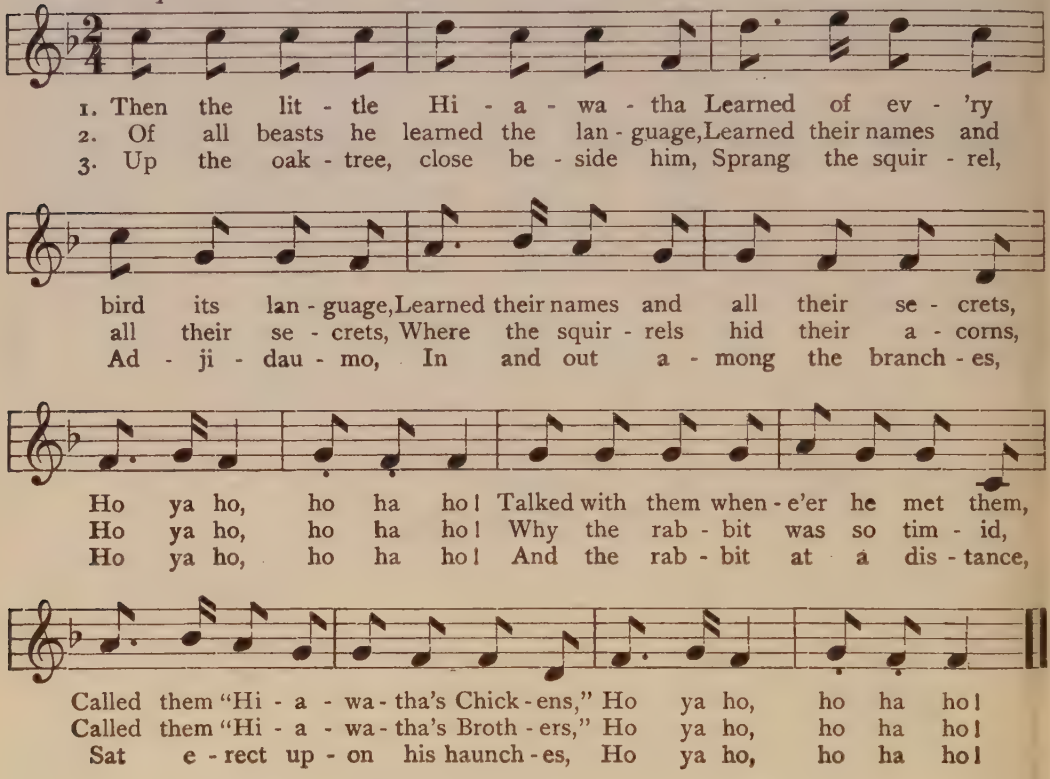
1. Star - light, sil - ver bright, And the first star I've seen to - night, O
2. Star - light, sil - ver bright, And the first star I've seen to - night, Up -
send me, as I lie a - sleep, A lit - tle dream to have and keep,
on me will you kind - ly beam And let me have my lit - tle dream,
rall.
a tempo
One to keep. Bright star, sil - ver star, Tho' the vi - sions you
Lit - tle dream. Bright ray, sil - ver ray, Tho' I know you are
rall.
send a - far, Will fade when we are wak - ing, Let mine come true!
far a - way, I'll love you ev - 'ry eve - ning, Make one wish true!

# Hiawatha's Brothers

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
The Song of Hiawatha

Omaha Indian Tune
in "*Music Pictures of Hiawatha*"
by HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

*Con spirito* ♩= 108

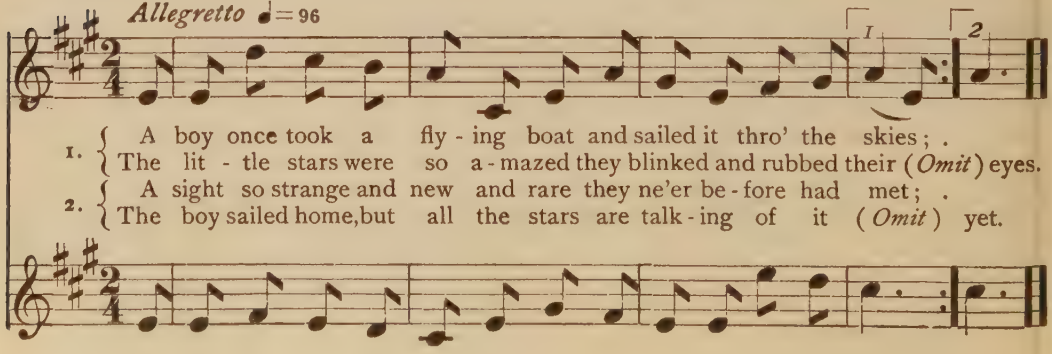

1. Then the lit - tle Hi - a - wa - tha Learned of ev - 'ry
2. Of all beasts he learned the lan - guage, Learned their names and
3. Up the oak - tree, close be - side him, Sprang the squir - rel,
bird its lan - guage, Learned their names and all their se - crets,
all their se - crets, Where the squir - rels hid their a - corns,
Ad - ji - dau - mo, In and out a - mong the branch - es,
Ho ya ho, ho ha ho! Talked with them when - e'er he met them,
Ho ya ho, ho ha ho! Why the rab - bit was so tim - id,
Ho ya ho, ho ha ho! And the rab - bit at a dis - tance,
Called them "Hi - a - wa - tha's Chick - ens," Ho ya ho, ho ha ho!
Called them "Hi - a - wa - tha's Broth - ers," Ho ya ho, ho ha ho!
Sat e - rect up - on his haunch - es, Ho ya ho, ho ha ho!

# The Phenomenon

DAVID HARVEY

French Folk Tune
Arr. by HENDRYK SCHUYLER

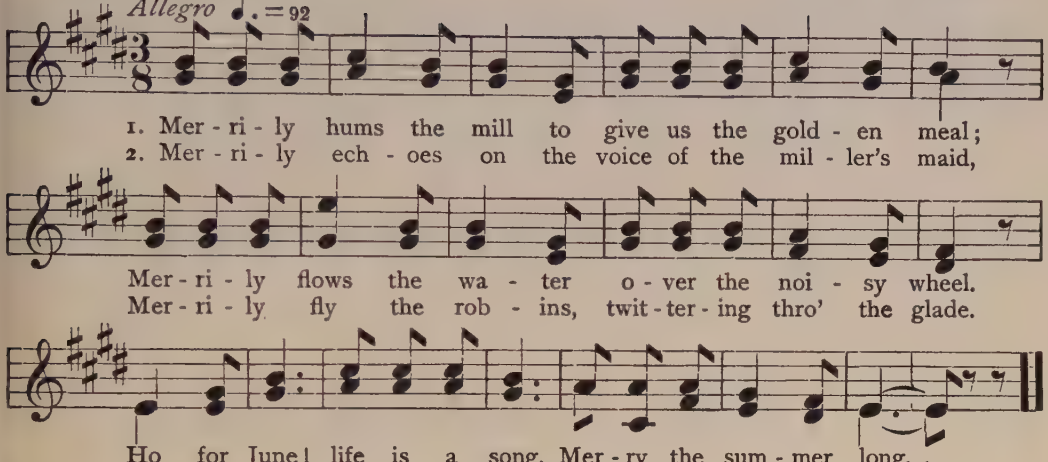
*Allegretto* ♩= 96


1
2
1. A boy once took a fly - ing boat and sailed it thro' the skies;
The lit - tle stars were so a - mazed they blinked and rubbed their (*Omit*) eyes.
2. A sight so strange and new and rare they ne'er be - fore had met;
The boy sailed home, but all the stars are talk - ing of it (*Omit*) yet.

# Music at the Mill

EDITH BATTELL — French Folk Tune

*Allegro* ♩. = 92


1. Mer - ri - ly hums the mill to give us the gold - en meal;
2. Mer - ri - ly ech - oes on the voice of the mil - ler's maid,
Mer - ri - ly flows the wa - ter o - ver the noi - sy wheel.
Mer - ri - ly fly the rob - ins, twit - ter - ing thro' the glade.
Ho for June! life is a song, Mer - ry the sum - mer long.

# My Choice

DON MAITLAND — OTTO NICOLAI

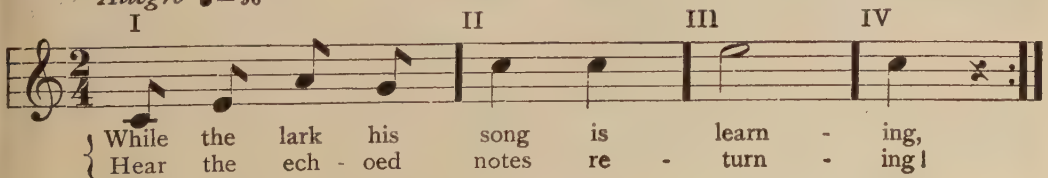
*Allegretto grazioso* ♩ = 80 — in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*

1. A cloud, a star, a bird, a flow'r, Each one brings
In God's fair world they all be - long, But oh, there's
2. It wakes to life, a stream of gold; It calls, and
Of all the arts that earth may hold, A song shall
1
2
won - der - ment and joy . to the hour,
noth - ing like a (Omit . . . . . .) song! . .
ev - 'ry mor - tal heart finds a voice;
ev - er be my (Omit . . . . . .) choice. . .

# Echoes

(*Round for 2, 3 or 4 parts*)*

*Allegro* ♩ = 96 — FRANK EDWARDS




* *Close when Section I has sung the words once through.*

# On the Ling, Ho!

PAUL HASTINGS

*Allegro* ♩=120

HALFDAN KJERULF
Harmonized by ASA T. HUNT

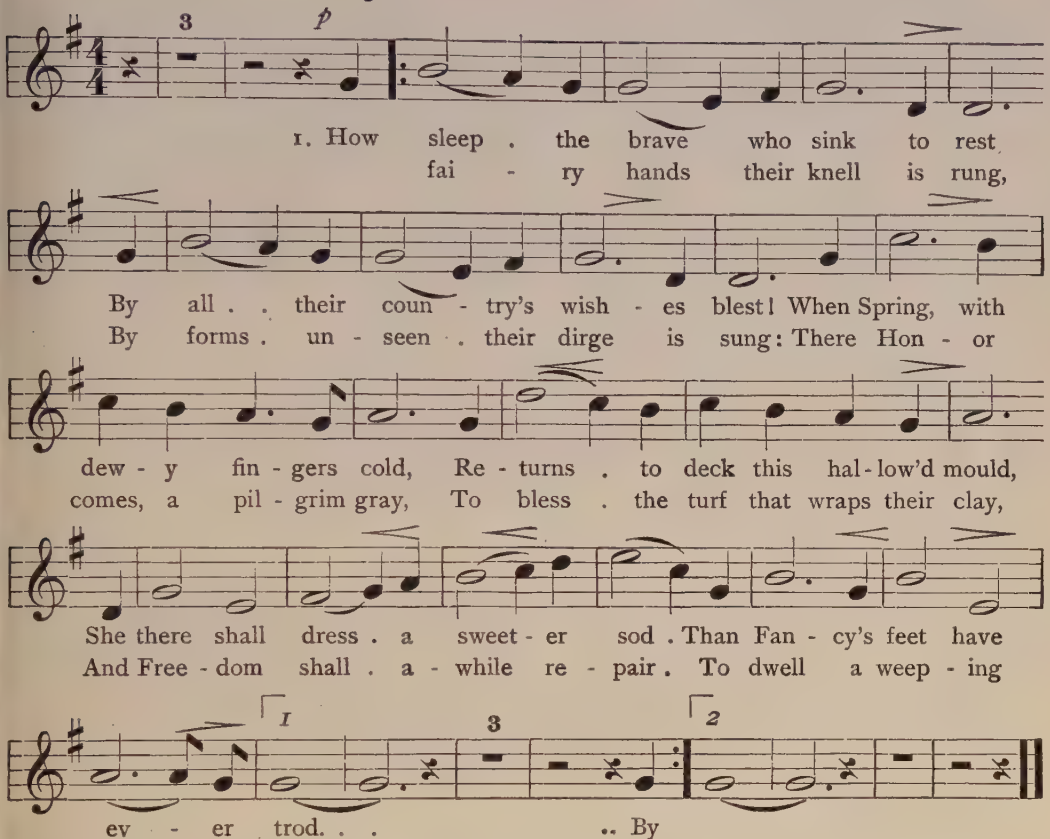
1. A sum-mer day and it's fine to be On the ling, ho, on the
2. The lin-net sings with a joy-ful note On the ling, ho, on the
ling, ho! Cool breez-es blow-ing from the salt-y sea . On the
ling, ho! The sweet-est per-fumes of the sum-mer float . On the
ling, ho, on the ling. The heath is o-pen and
ling, ho, on the ling. Be-neath a sky that is
ling, ho, on the ling. Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
ling, ho, on the ling. Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
free and wide, So shout hil-lo! and a-
blue and bright, There's health and beau-ty and
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
way we'll ride On the ling, ho, on the ling, ho, A-way we'll ride!
pure de-light On the ling, ho, on the ling, ho, There's pure de-light.
tra-la-la, la.

# How Sleep the Brave

WILLIAM COLLINS

LEO SOWERBY

*Fervently and slowly* ♩ = 92

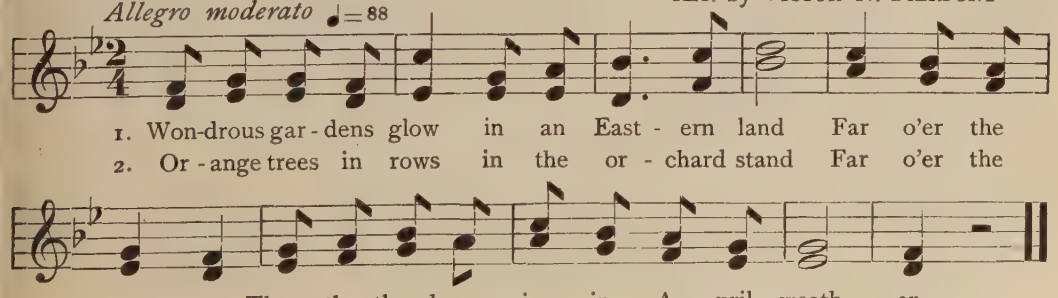

3
p
1. How sleep . the brave who sink to rest
fai - ry hands their knell is rung,
By all . . their coun - try's wish - es blest! When Spring, with
By forms . un - seen . their dirge is sung: There Hon - or
dew - y fin - gers cold, Re - turns . to deck this hal - low'd mould,
comes, a pil - grim gray, To bless . the turf that wraps their clay,
She there shall dress . a sweet - er sod . Than Fan - cy's feet have
And Free - dom shall . a - while re - pair . To dwell a weep - ing
1
3
2
ev - er trod. . . .. By
her - mit (*Omit* .) there! .

# Oriental Song

KATHARINE WHITMORE

Roumanian Folk-Tune
Arr. by VICTOR N. PIERPONT

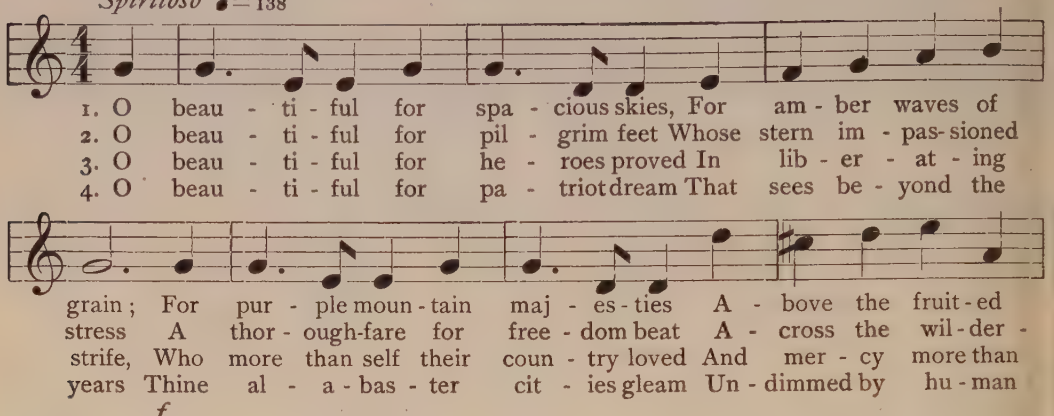
*Allegro moderato* ♩ = 88


1. Won-drous gar - dens glow in an East - ern land Far o'er the
2. Or - ange trees in rows in the or - chard stand Far o'er the
o - cean, There the thrush-es pipe in A - pril weath - er.
o - cean, Leaf and fruit and blos - som al - to - geth - er.

# America, the Beautiful

KATHARINE LEE BATES — SAMUEL A. WARD

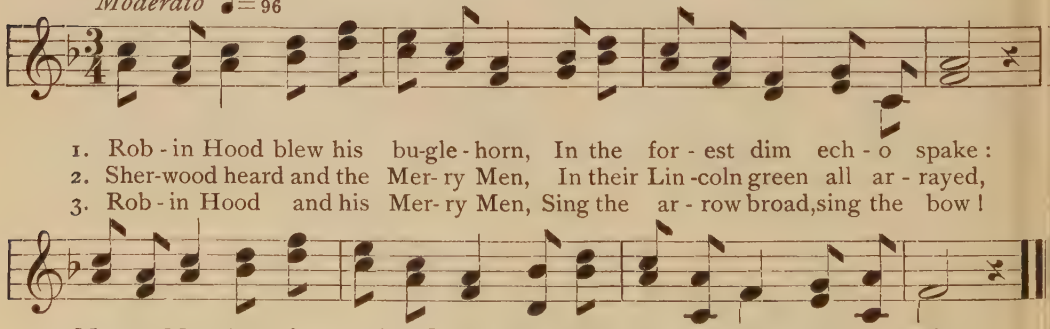
*Spiritoso* ♩= 138


1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose stern im - pas-sioned
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the
grain; For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed
stress A thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der -
strife, Who more than self their coun - try loved And mer - cy more than
years Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimmed by hu - man
f
plain. A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on
ness. A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry
life. A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re -
tears. A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on
thee, And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea.
flaw, Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law.
fine Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness And ev - 'ry gain di - vine.
thee, And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.

# The Merry Men

ABEL HORNE — HECTOR SPAULDING

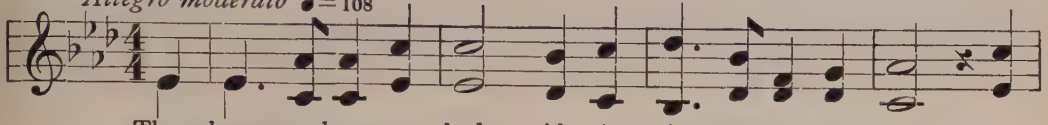
*Moderato* ♩= 96


1. Rob - in Hood blew his bu-gle - horn, In the for - est dim ech - o spake:
2. Sher-wood heard and the Mer- ry Men, In their Lin -coln green all ar - rayed,
3. Rob - in Hood and his Mer- ry Men, Sing the ar - row broad, sing the bow!
"Mer - ry Men, there is work to do Ere the sun is high, come, a - wake!"
Sped a - way at their lead- er's heel, Un - der leaf - y boughs, o - ver glade.
Full and free was the life they led In the days of long, long a - go.

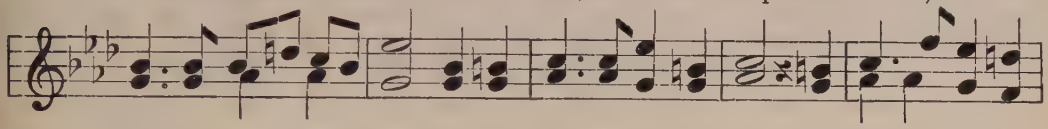
# My Mother's Picture

OLIVER ORDEN — ROBERT SCHUMANN

*Allegro moderato* ♩= 108

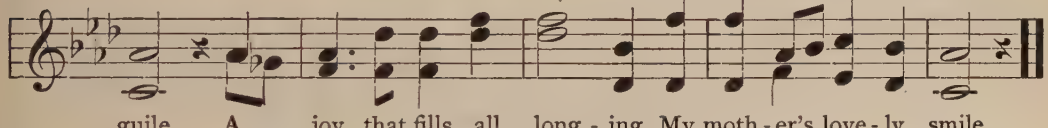


1. There hangs a-bove my bed - side A pic - ture none could buy, And
2. I've viewed the proud mu - se - ums, With mas - ter- piec - es rare, The



tho' it has no gla - mor To tempt the ar - tist's eye, Nor claim an en-vious
scenes of na - ture's grand-eur That seem beyond com-pare, Rich gems col-lect - ed

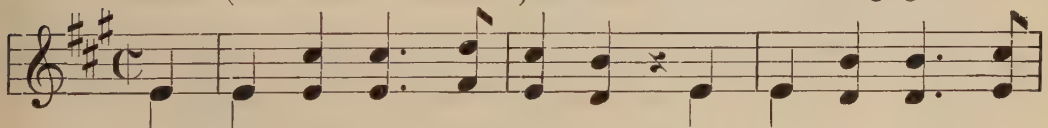
sigh, A wealth of beau - ty glows there That knows no sor - did
there; But ah, that sim - ple por - trait That hangs a - bove my



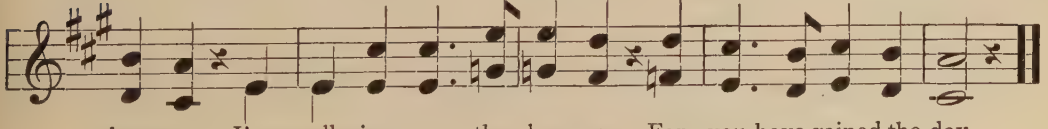
guile, A joy that fills all long - ing, My moth - er's love - ly smile.
bed! 'Twill sol - ace me thro' life - time, When oth - er joys have fled.

# Walking on the Levee

*Moderato* (*Count two in a measure*) ♩= 69 — Florida Folk-Singing Game



1. I'm walk - ing on the lev - ee, I'm walk - ing on the
2. Run in and out the win - dows, Run in and out the
3. My heart and hand I'll give you, My heart and hand I'll
4. It breaks my heart to leave you, It breaks my heart to

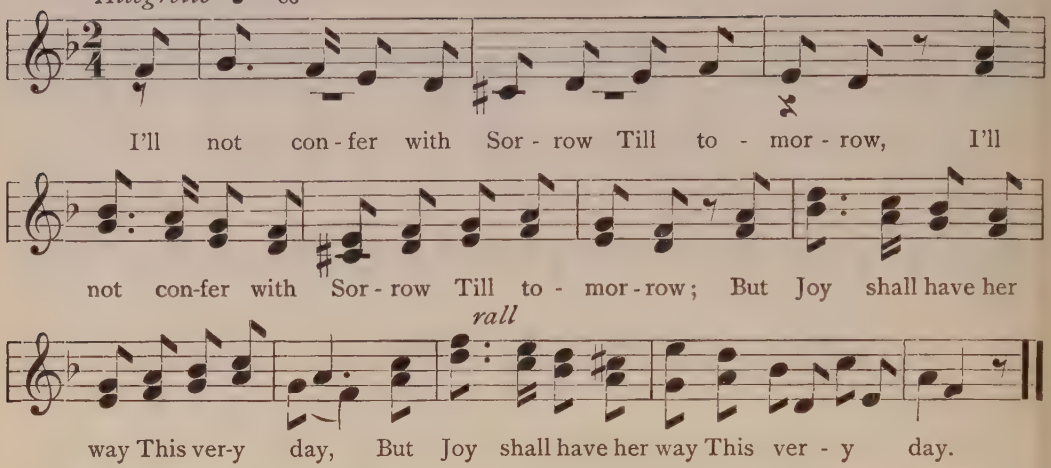


lev - ee, I'm walk - ing on the lev - ee, For you have gained the day.
win-dows, Run in and out the win-dows, For you have gained the day.
give you, My heart and hand I'll give you, For you have gained the day.
leave you, It breaks my heart to leave you, For you have gained the day.

## Joy

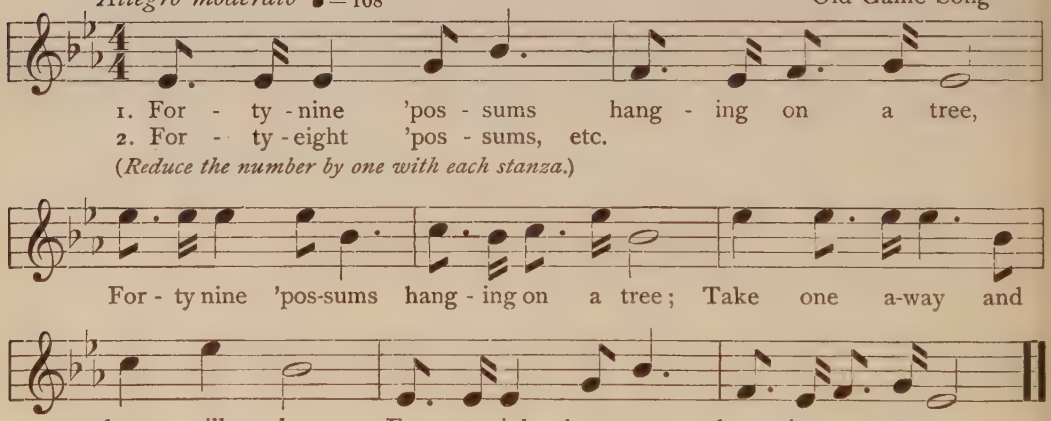
THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (Canon) GEORGE Y. HUME

*Allegretto* ♩= 88


I'll not con-fer with Sor-row Till to-mor-row, I'll
not con-fer with Sor-row Till to-mor-row; But Joy shall have her
rall
way This ver-y day, But Joy shall have her way This ver-y day.

## Forty-Nine 'Possums

*Allegro moderato* ♩= 108 Old Game Song


1. For-ty-nine 'pos-sums hang-ing on a tree,
2. For-ty-eight 'pos-sums, etc.
(*Reduce the number by one with each stanza.*)
For-ty nine 'pos-sums hang-ing on a tree; Take one a-way and
there will be For-ty-eight 'pos-sums hang-ing on a tree.

## The Birch Tree

Adapted from the Russian (Round) Russian Folk Tune

*Vivace* ♩=138 I II

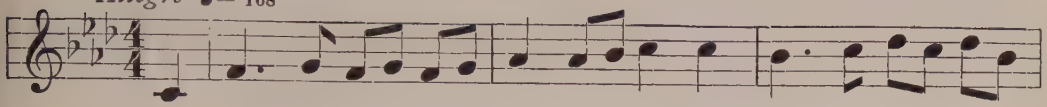
1. { Shining are the leaves of the birch-tree; / Snow-y is the bark of the birch-tree; } { Tall and slen-der the birch-tree. / Who will swing on the birch-tree? }
2. { I will cut a pipe from the birch-tree; / Whistle on the pipe from the birch-tree; } { Pipe a tune to the birch-tree / Gay and fine like the birch-tree. }

# The Olive Tree

WILTON PERKINS

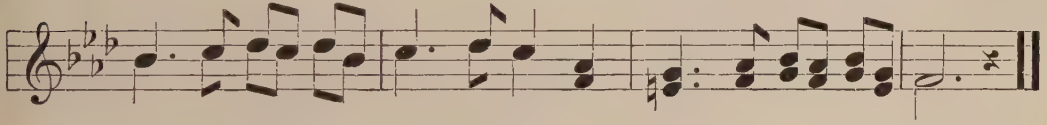
Greek Folk Tune

*Allegro* ♩ = 168



1. When Greece was young, her peo - ple built The an - cient town of
   Po - sei - don,*rul - er of the storm, Would have his name their
2. The gods con - ferred; and Zeus‡ de - clared The cit - y should be
   Po - sei - don struck the earth, and lo! A coal - black horse was
3. A - the - na struck, and from the ground That scarce had been from
   The gods, con - tent, forth - with be - stowed A - the - na's name, the

death - less fame, And leg - end says a con - test grew A -
in - stant choice; A - the - na, †wis - dom's god - dess bright, Pro -
named for one Who should be - stow up - on the land The
seen to rise In ar - mor clad, a sign of War, And
bat - tle free, There rose on that O - lym - pic height In
pride of Greece; The Ol - ive Tree, through - out the world, Be -



mong the gods to give it name, To give the town a name.
claimed her own in gen - tler voice, Her name in gen - tler voice.
great - est gift be - neath the sun, Be - neath the smil - ing sun.
proud - ly stood be - fore their eyes, Be - fore their won - d'ring eyes.
fruit - age fair, an Ol - ive Tree, A good - ly Ol - ive Tree.
came to all the Tree of Peace, The bless - ed Tree of Peace.

* *Pronounce Pō-sī'-dŏn. In Greek mythology, god of the sea; also of horses and of chivalry.*

‡ *Pronounce Zūs. Chief of the Olympian gods.*

† *A-thē'-nà. Patron deity of Athens.*

*Sing the last stanza in the key of F major; signature of one flat.*

# La Czarine

*Tempo di Mazurka*

♩ = 132

LOUIS GANNE

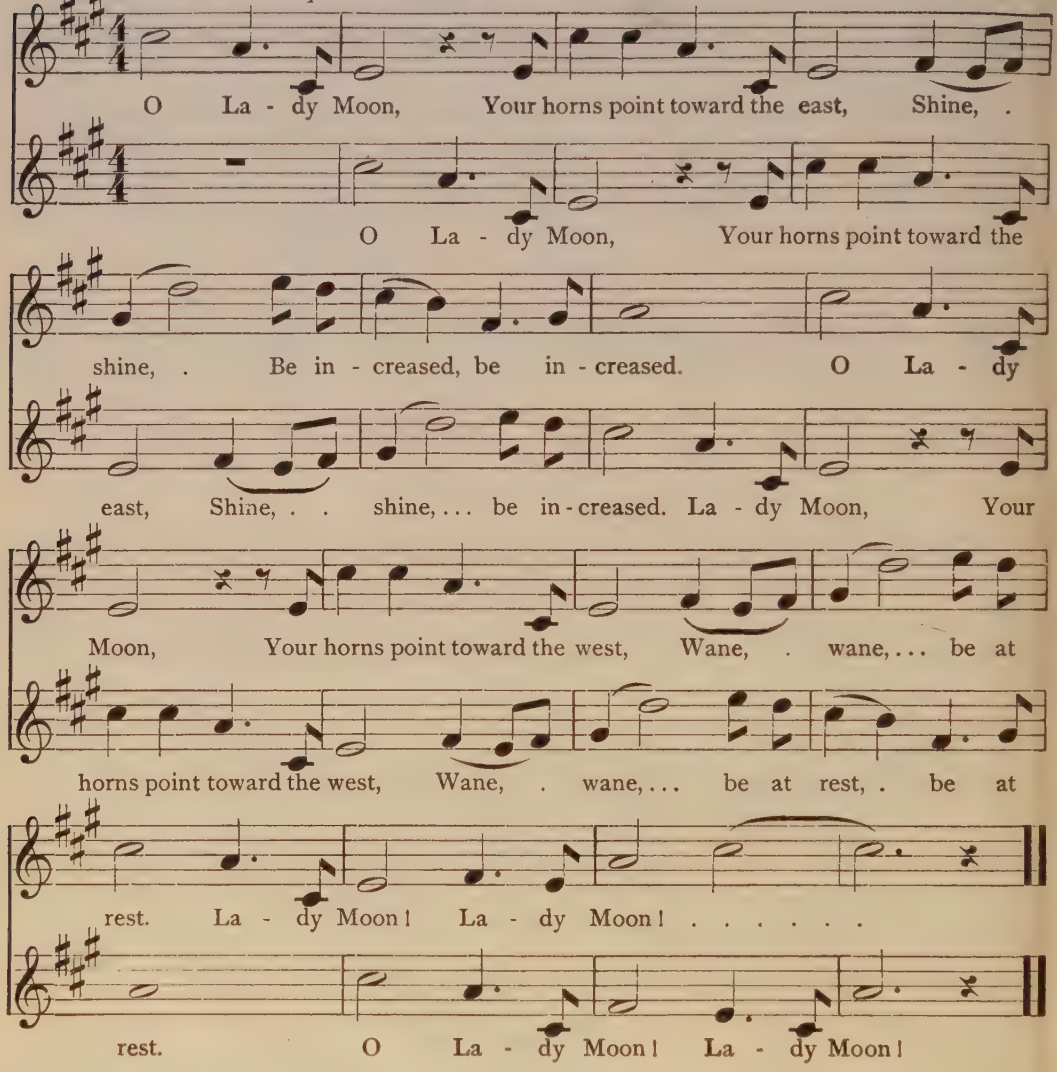
(Excerpt)

# Lady Moon

(*How to tell her age*)

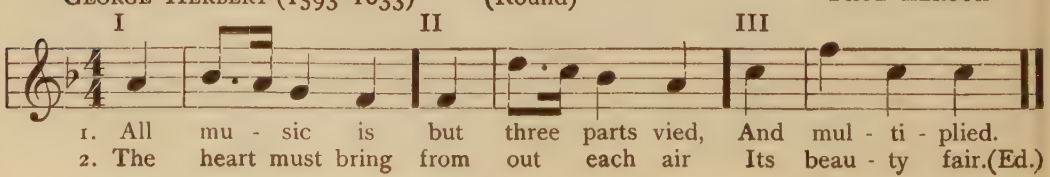
CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI (Canon) HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

*Moderato ed espressivo* ♩= 84


O La - dy Moon, Your horns point toward the east, Shine, .
O La - dy Moon, Your horns point toward the
shine, . Be in - creased, be in - creased. O La - dy
east, Shine, . . shine, . . . be in - creased. La - dy Moon, Your
Moon, Your horns point toward the west, Wane, . wane, . . . be at
horns point toward the west, Wane, . wane, . . . be at rest, . be at
rest. La - dy Moon! La - dy Moon! . . . . . .
rest. O La - dy Moon! La - dy Moon!

# Harmony

GEORGE HERBERT (1593–1633) (Round) PAUL LEROUX

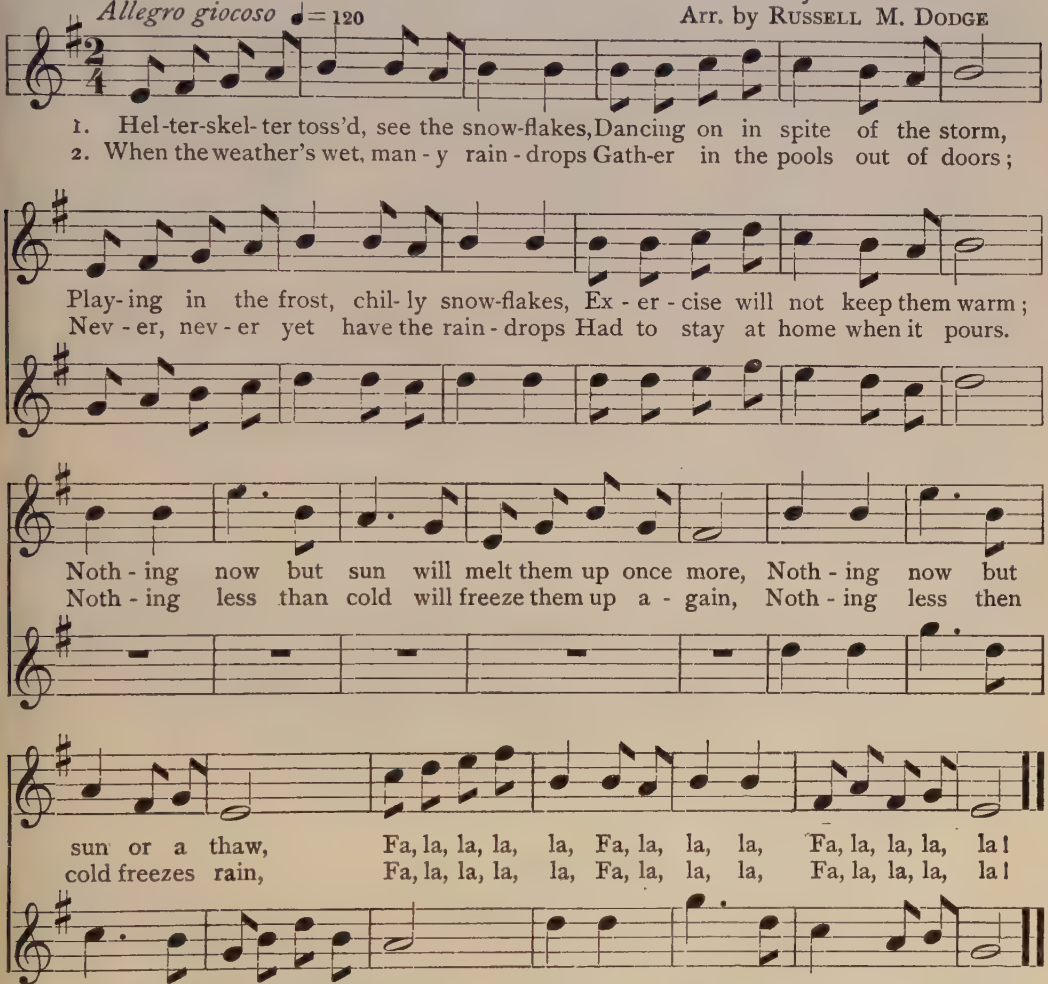


# Weather Wisdom

(Canon in the minor third above)

EMILY LOWELL

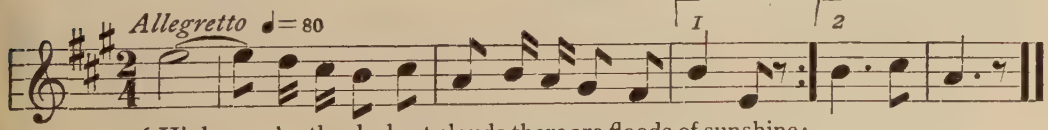
Picardy Folk Tune
Arr. by RUSSELL M. DODGE


Allegro giocoso ♩= 120
1. Hel-ter-skel-ter toss'd, see the snow-flakes, Dancing on in spite of the storm,
2. When the weather's wet, man-y rain-drops Gath-er in the pools out of doors;
Play-ing in the frost, chil-ly snow-flakes, Ex-er-cise will not keep them warm;
Nev-er, nev-er yet have the rain-drops Had to stay at home when it pours.
Noth-ing now but sun will melt them up once more, Noth-ing now but
Noth-ing less than cold will freeze them up a-gain, Noth-ing less then
sun or a thaw, Fa, la, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la, la!
cold freezes rain, Fa, la, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la, la!
sun will melt them up once more, Noth-ing now but sun or a thaw!
cold will freeze them up a-gain, Noth-ing less than cold freezes rain!

# Sunlight and Song

RALPH SUYDAM

NIKOLAS RIMSKY-KORSAKOV



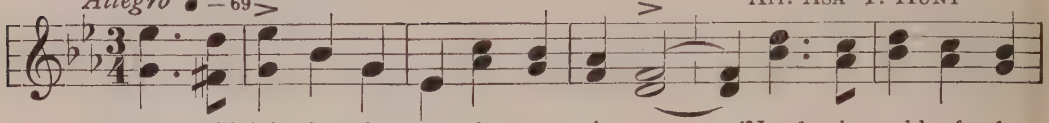

{ High . . o'er the darkest clouds there are floods of sunshine;
{ Hearts . that are sad may find in a song a (*Omit* . . ) world of joy.

# The Chamarrita

Adapted from the original

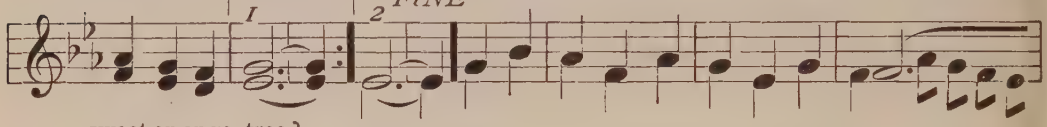
Folk Tune of the Azores
Arr. Asa T. Hunt

*Allegro* ♩ = 69



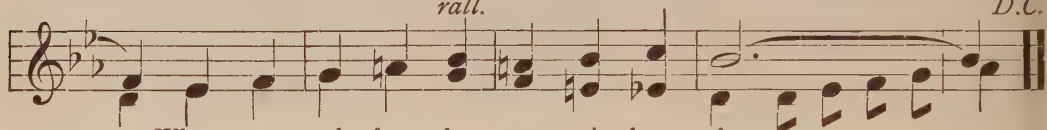
1. Who will join in the gay cha-mar-ri-ta . . 'Neath the gold of the
   Come, Do-lo-res, Jo-se and A-ni-ta, . . We shall move like the
D.C. *Who will join in the gay cha-mar-ri-ta . . 'Neath the gold of the*
2. Near the sound of the mur-mur-ing o-cean . We will glide in the
   For a dance is the mu-sic of mo-tion, . Let it last till the
D.C. *Who will join in the gay cha-mar-ri-ta . . 'Neath the gold of the*

*1* *2* *FINE*



sweet or-ange tree? .
waves of the (*Omit*) sea. . Out be-yond the rude noise of the town, . . . .
*sweet or-ange* (*Omit*) *tree?* . (*Alto*) Tra la la la
shade of the sun, .
day-light be (*Omit*) done. All the breez-es that sing in the grove . . . .
*sweet or-ange* (*Omit*) *tree?* . (*Alto*) Tra la la la

*rall.* *D.C.*



. . . . Where cas-cades from the moun-tain leap down. . . . . .
la! (*Alto*) Tra la la la la!
. . . . Shall re-ech-o our mirth as we rove. . . . . .
la! (*Alto*) Tra la la la la!

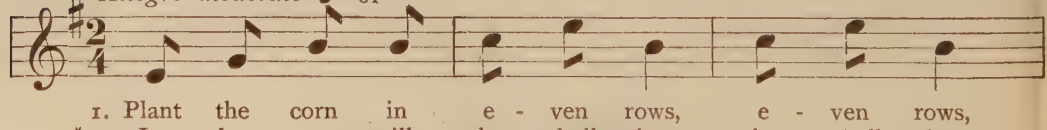
# Work and Song

(Planting Song)

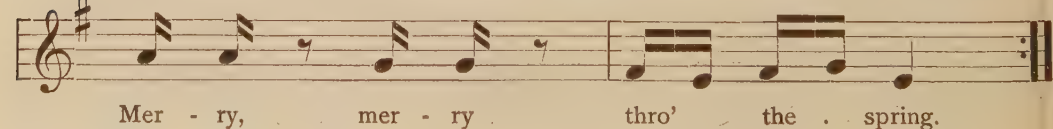
Adapted from the Roumanian

Roumanian Folk Tune

*Allegro moderato* ♩ = 84



1. Plant the corn in e-ven rows, e-ven rows,
*2. La-bor on till day shall close, day shall close,



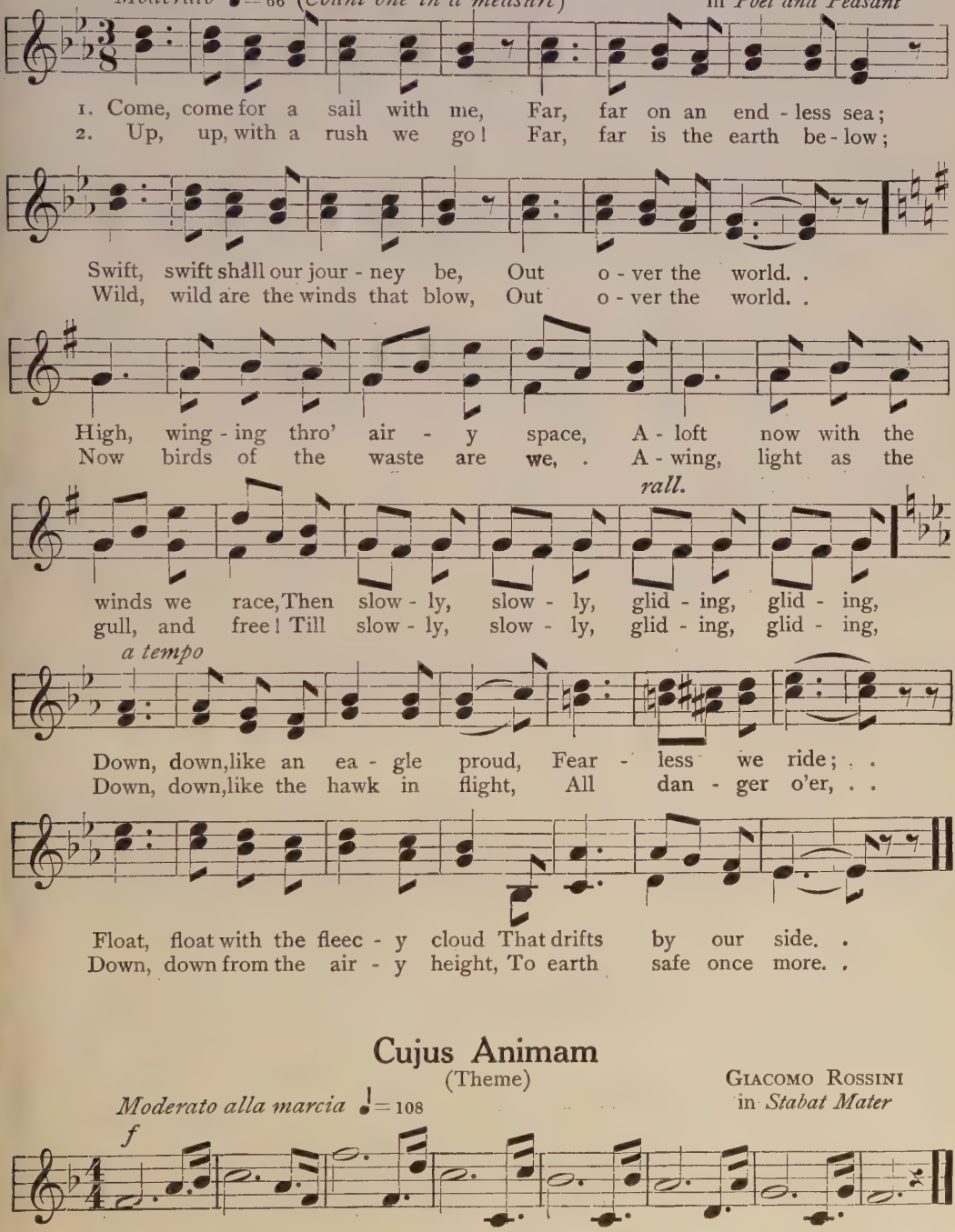
Mer-ry, mer-ry thro' the . spring.
Mer-ry, mer-ry while we . sing.

** The 2nd stanza may be sung in the major; Key of E.*

# The Sky Boat

ROSAMOND BROOKS

FRANZ VON SUPPÉ
in *Poet and Peasant*


Moderato ♩= 66 (Count one in a measure)
1. Come, come for a sail with me, Far, far on an end - less sea;
2. Up, up, with a rush we go! Far, far is the earth be - low;
Swift, swift shall our jour - ney be, Out o - ver the world. .
Wild, wild are the winds that blow, Out o - ver the world. .
High, wing - ing thro' air - y space, A - loft now with the
Now birds of the waste are we, . A - wing, light as the
rall.
winds we race, Then slow - ly, slow - ly, glid - ing, glid - ing,
gull, and free! Till slow - ly, slow - ly, glid - ing, glid - ing,
a tempo
Down, down, like an ea - gle proud, Fear - less we ride; . .
Down, down, like the hawk in flight, All dan - ger o'er, . .
Float, float with the fleec - y cloud That drifts by our side. .
Down, down from the air - y height, To earth safe once more. .

# Cujus Animam

(Theme)

GIACOMO ROSSINI
in *Stabat Mater*

# The Circus

Canon BROOKINGFORD

College Tune

Arr. CHARLES H. FAIRFAX

*Allegro giocoso* ♩ = 120

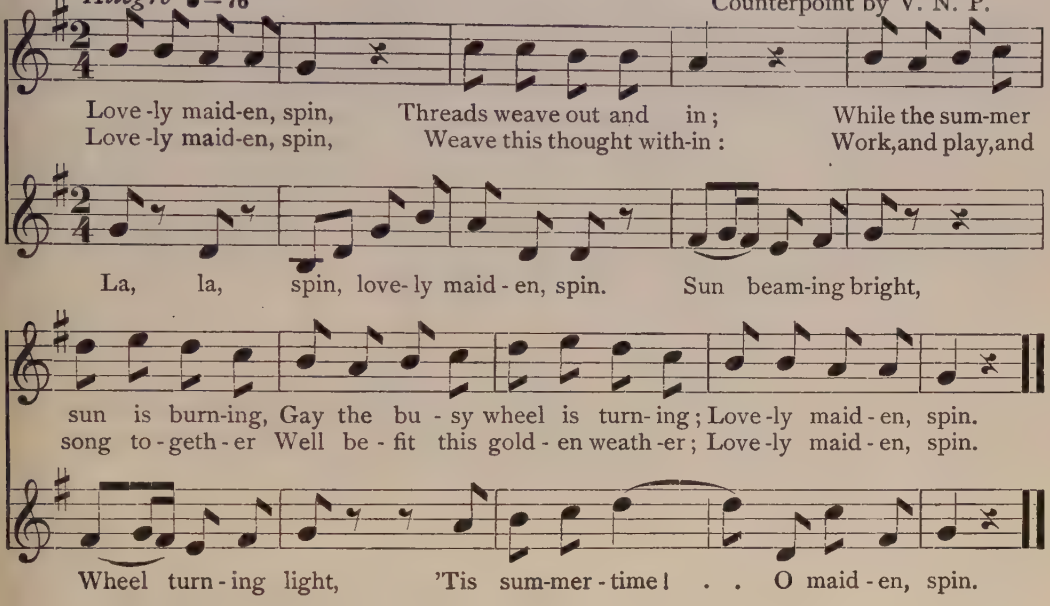
There is a cir - cus in the town, in the town, With
bands pa - rad - ing up and down, up and down, And the young folks, old folks,
FINE
ev - 'ry-where you go Are look - ing for-ward to the show. . .
1. Then it's Jack and Jill and Pol - ly All smile,
2. There's a la - dy quite ec - stat - ic, O yes,
3. There's a clown that's mirth-pro-vok - ing, O yes,
1. At the cir - cus All give way to fun and fol - ly,
2. There's a la - dy Who is ra - ther ac - ro - bat - ic,
3. There's a clown there With his slap-stick and his jok - ing,
D.C.
For the do - ings are so jol - ly In the cir - cus - tent.
Div - ing high - er than the at - tic, In the cir - cus - tent.
In the tank he gets a soak - ing, In the cir - cus - tent.
At the cir - cus, In the cir - cus - tent.
At the cir - cus, In the cir - cus - tent.
At the cir - cus, In the cir - cus - tent.

# Spinning Song

RUSSELL M. DODGE

*Allegro* ♩=76

Czechian Polka Tune
Counterpoint by V. N. P.


Love-ly maid-en, spin, Threads weave out and in; While the sum-mer
Love-ly maid-en, spin, Weave this thought with-in: Work, and play, and
La, la, spin, love-ly maid-en, spin. Sun beam-ing bright,
sun is burn-ing, Gay the bu-sy wheel is turn-ing; Love-ly maid-en, spin.
song to-geth-er Well be-fit this gold-en weath-er; Love-ly maid-en, spin.
Wheel turn-ing light, 'Tis sum-mer-time! . . O maid-en, spin.

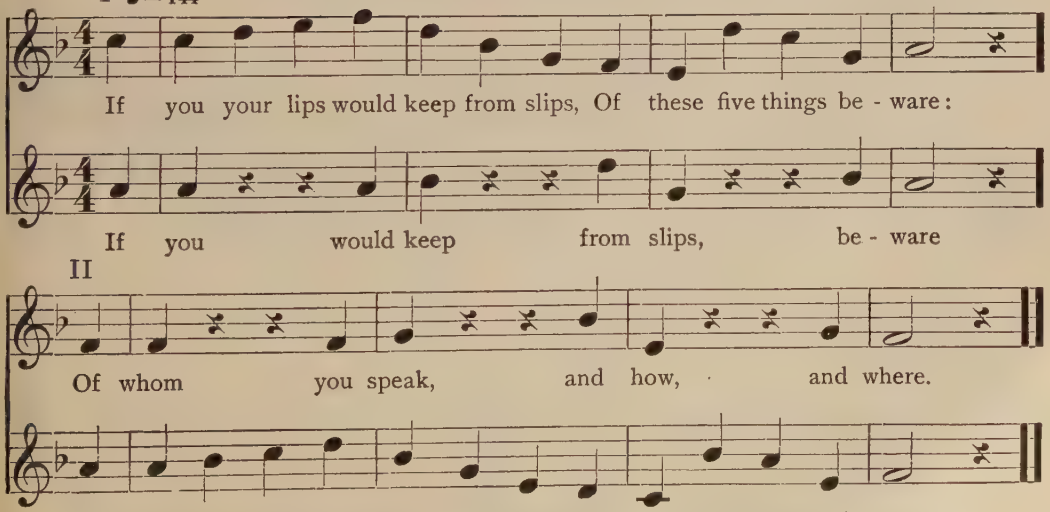
# A Caution

(Double Round in the third below)

Anon.

WALTER F. SCOLLARD

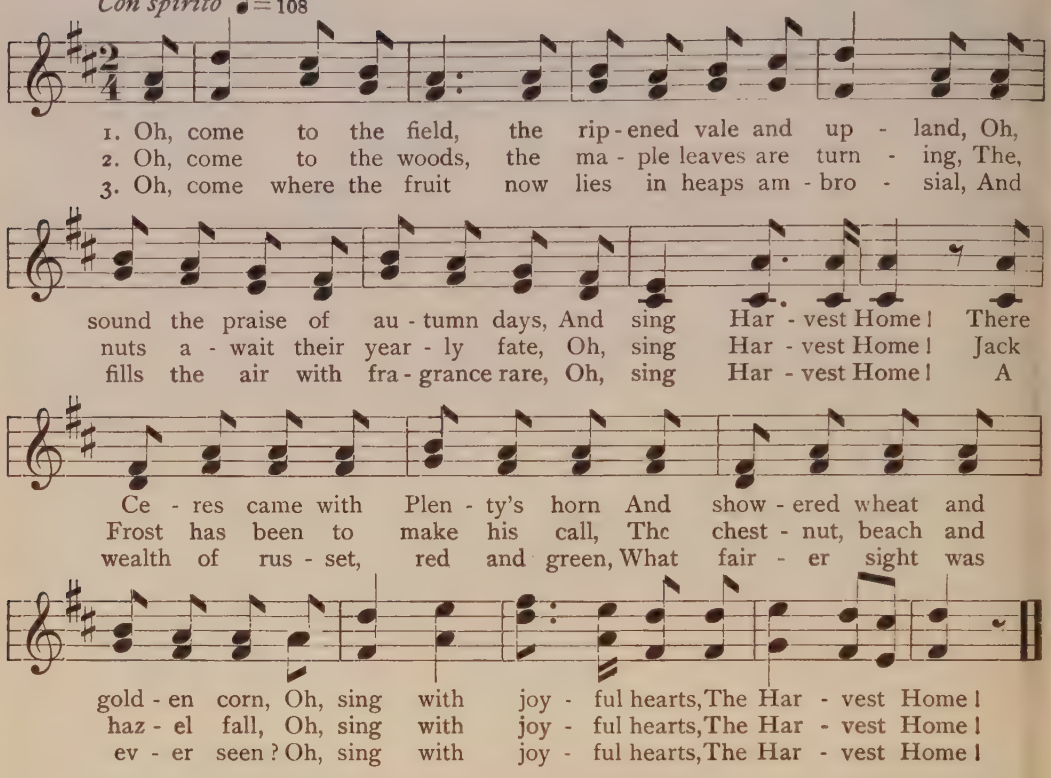
I ♩=144


If you your lips would keep from slips, Of these five things be-ware:
If you would keep from slips, be-ware
II
Of whom you speak, and how, and where.
Of whom you speak, To whom you speak, And how, and when, and where.

# The Harvest Home *

PAUL HASTINGS — Old Hannoverian Tune

*Con spirito* ♩= 108

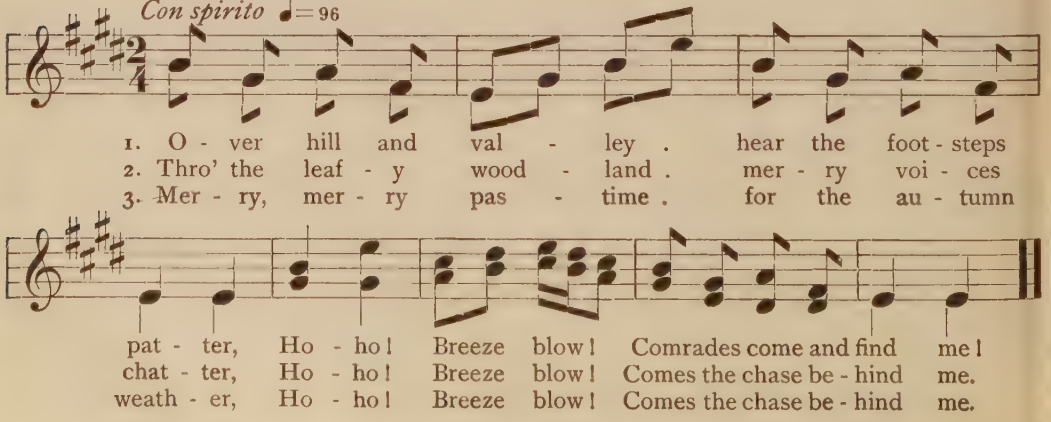

1. Oh, come to the field, the rip - ened vale and up - land, Oh,
2. Oh, come to the woods, the ma - ple leaves are turn - ing, The,
3. Oh, come where the fruit now lies in heaps am - bro - sial, And
sound the praise of au - tumn days, And sing Har - vest Home! There
nuts a - wait their year - ly fate, Oh, sing Har - vest Home! Jack
fills the air with fra - grance rare, Oh, sing Har - vest Home! A
Ce - res came with Plen - ty's horn And show - ered wheat and
Frost has been to make his call, The chest - nut, beach and
wealth of rus - set, red and green, What fair - er sight was
gold - en corn, Oh, sing with joy - ful hearts, The Har - vest Home!
haz - el fall, Oh, sing with joy - ful hearts, The Har - vest Home!
ev - er seen? Oh, sing with joy - ful hearts, The Har - vest Home!

* *A feast made at the close of harvest; a song of the harvesters.*

# Hare and Hounds

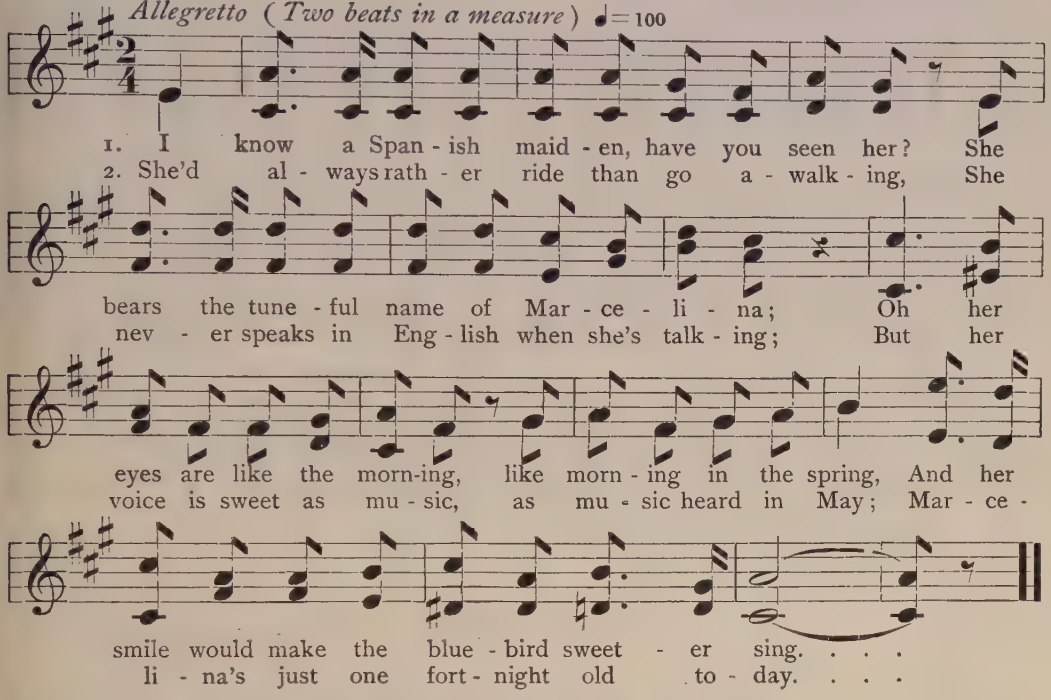
ABBIE FARWELL BROWN — (Game Song) — Polish Folk Tune

*Con spirito* ♩= 96


1. O - ver hill and val - ley . hear the foot - steps
2. Thro' the leaf - y wood - land . mer - ry voi - ces
3. Mer - ry, mer - ry pas - time . for the au - tumn
pat - ter, Ho - ho! Breeze blow! Comrades come and find me!
chat - ter, Ho - ho! Breeze blow! Comes the chase be - hind me.
weath - er, Ho - ho! Breeze blow! Comes the chase be - hind me.

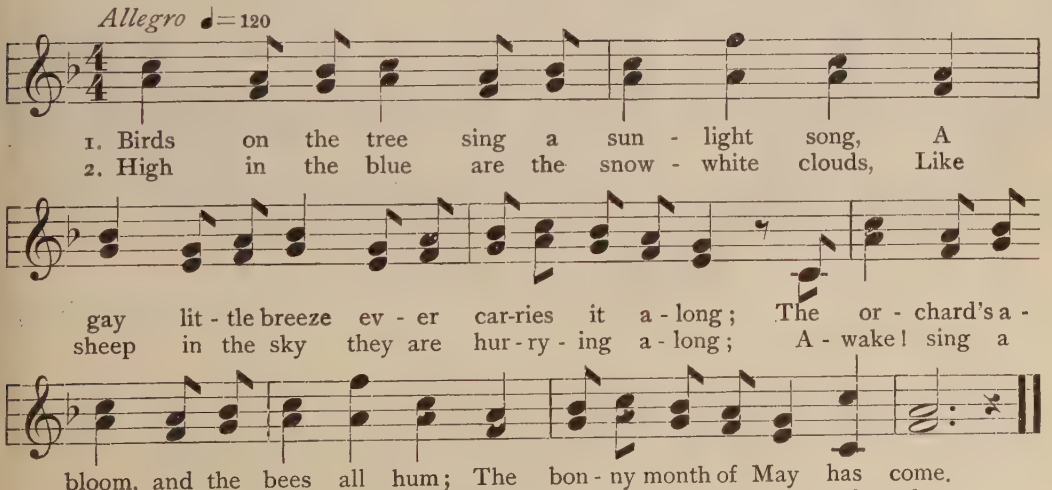
# Marcelina

OLIVER ORDEN HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS


Allegretto (Two beats in a measure) ♩= 100
1. I know a Span - ish maid - en, have you seen her? She
2. She'd al - ways rath - er ride than go a - walk - ing, She
bears the tune - ful name of Mar - ce - li - na; Oh her
nev - er speaks in Eng - lish when she's talk - ing; But her
eyes are like the morn-ing, like morn - ing in the spring, And her
voice is sweet as mu - sic, as mu - sic heard in May; Mar - ce -
smile would make the blue - bird sweet - er sing. . . .
li - na's just one fort - night old to - day. . . .

# Maytime

KATHARINE WHITMORE JOHN V. HOLLOWELL

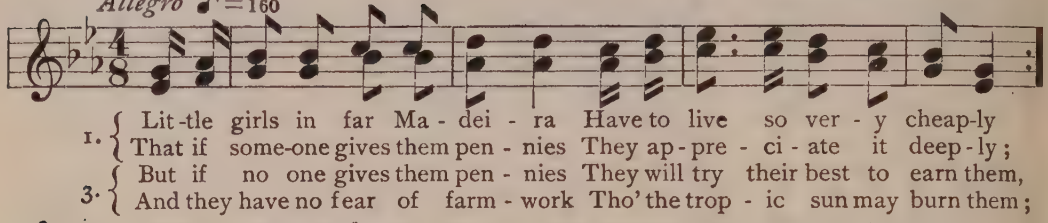

Allegro ♩= 120
1. Birds on the tree sing a sun - light song, A
2. High in the blue are the snow - white clouds, Like
gay lit - tle breeze ev - er car-ries it a - long; The or - chard's a -
sheep in the sky they are hur - ry - ing a - long; A - wake! sing a
bloom, and the bees all hum; The bon - ny month of May has come.
tune for the dawn of May, The mer - ry, mer - ry time of play.

# The Girls of Madeira

From the original by

Madeira Folk Tune

*Allegro* ♪ = 160

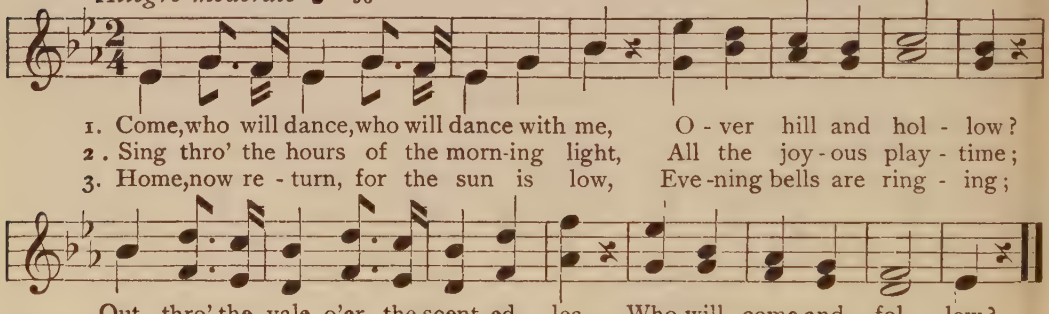

1. Lit-tle girls in far Ma - dei - ra Have to live so ver - y cheap-ly
That if some-one gives them pen - nies They ap - pre - ci - ate it deep - ly;
3. But if no one gives them pen - nies They will try their best to earn them,
And they have no fear of farm - work Tho' the trop - ic sun may burn them;
2. Then they go and pur-chase rib-bons For to bind their ra - ven tress-es,
4. Then they take their fruit to mar-ket, (It is all as sweet as hon-ey,)
And they face their shin - ing mir - rors With a joy not one con-fess - es.
They will bid you fill your bas - kets, But it's best to bring some mon-ey!

# In the Open

David Harvey

Canadian Folk Tune
(adapted)

*Allegro moderato* ♩ = 96


1. Come, who will dance, who will dance with me, O - ver hill and hol - low?
2. Sing thro' the hours of the morn-ing light, All the joy - ous play - time;
3. Home, now re - turn, for the sun is low, Eve-ning bells are ring - ing;
Out thro' the vale o'er the scent-ed lea Who will come and fol - low?
Sing while the sun in the sky is bright Songs of flo - ral May - time.
Home thro' the dusk with a song we'll go Like the swal-low wing - ing.

# Afar Yet Near

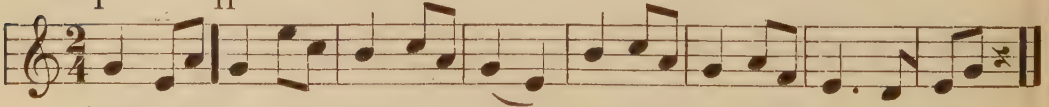
Emily Lowell

(Round)

Geo. W. Pennington

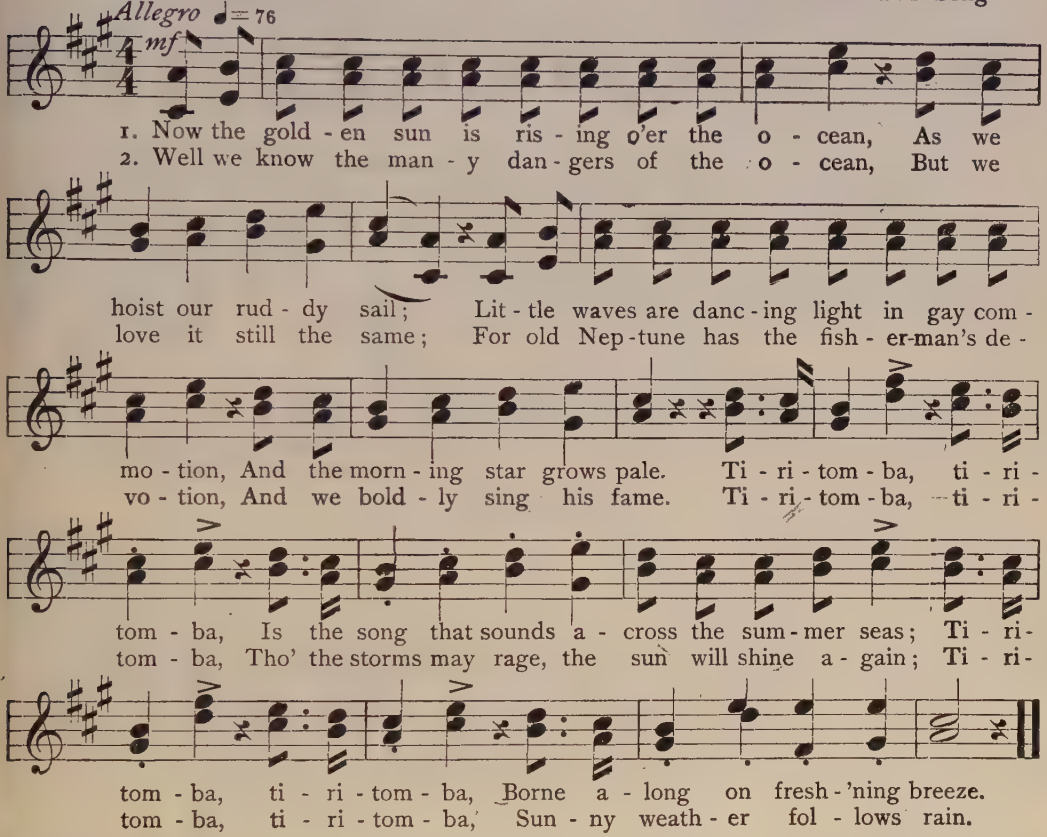
*Moderato* ♩ = 63

I II


1. Stars may move thro' space on high, One swift glance will bring them nigh.
2. Seas may sev - er friends most dear, Thoughts of love will bring them near.

# Ti-Ri-Tomba

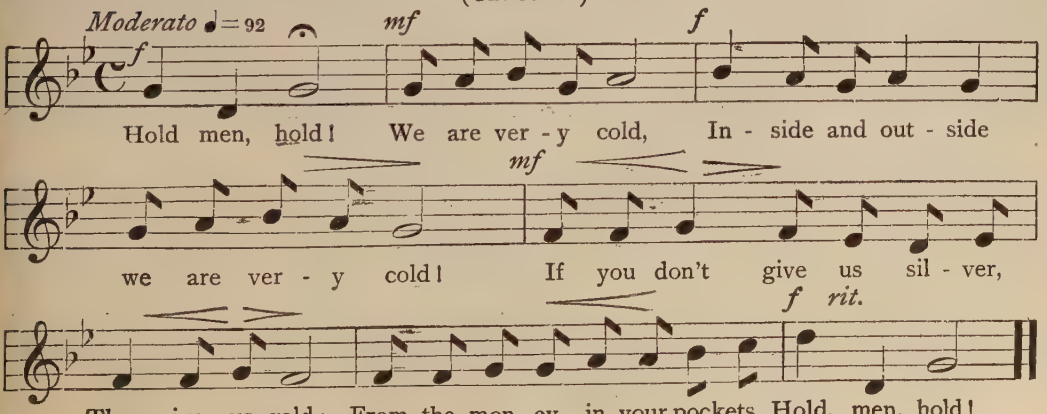
CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO — Italian Fisherman's Song


Allegro ♩= 76
mf
1. Now the gold - en sun is ris - ing o'er the o - cean, As we
2. Well we know the man - y dan - gers of the o - cean, But we
hoist our rud - dy sail; Lit - tle waves are danc - ing light in gay com -
love it still the same; For old Nep - tune has the fish - er-man's de -
mo - tion, And the morn - ing star grows pale. Ti - ri - tom - ba, ti - ri -
vo - tion, And we bold - ly sing his fame. Ti - ri - tom - ba, ti - ri -
tom - ba, Is the song that sounds a - cross the sum - mer seas; Ti - ri -
tom - ba, Tho' the storms may rage, the sun will shine a - gain; Ti - ri -
tom - ba, ti - ri - tom - ba, Borne a - long on fresh - 'ning breeze.
tom - ba, ti - ri - tom - ba, Sun - ny weath - er fol - lows rain.

# Mummer's Song

(Christmas)

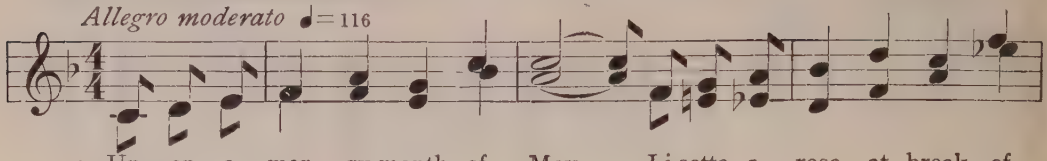
Old Carol


Moderato ♩= 92
f
mf
f
Hold men, hold! We are ver - y cold, In - side and out - side
mf
we are ver - y cold! If you don't give us sil - ver,
f rit.
Then give us gold; From the mon - ey in your pockets, Hold, men, hold!

# The Nest of Doves

From an old French Pastourelle — Old French

*Allegro moderato* ♩= 116


1. Up - on a mer - ry month of May . Li-sette a - rose at break of
2 And from a tree with blos - soms crowned She heard a pleas - ant coo - ing
3. It was that she had found a nest . . Of snow-y doves of down - y

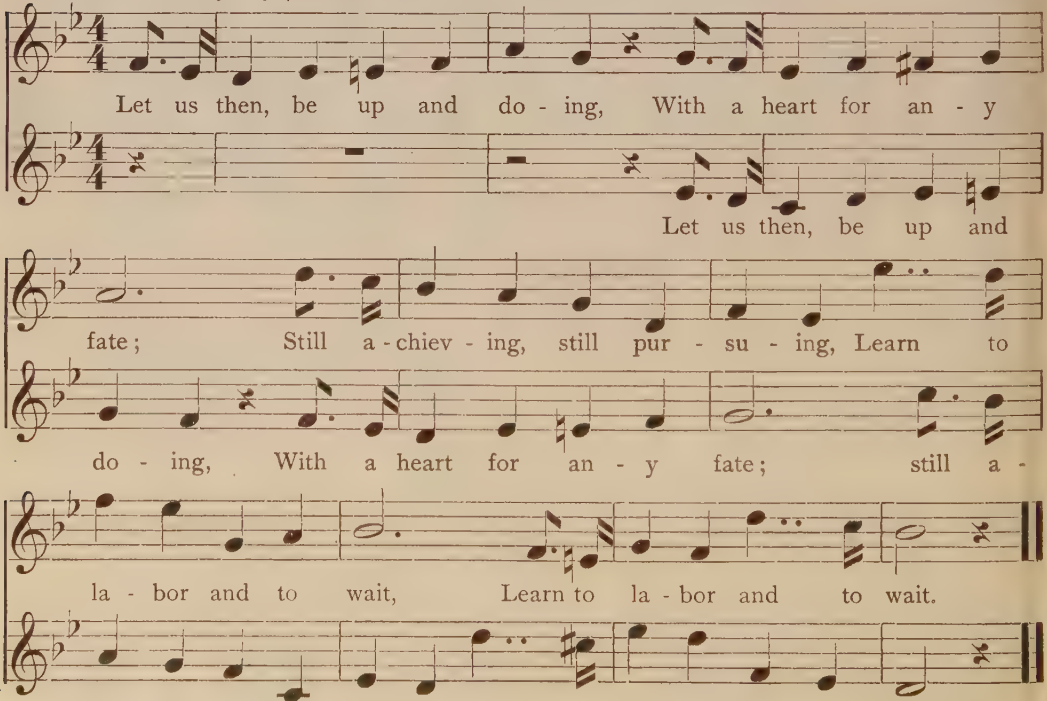
rall.
1 & 2
3
day, . . And through the wood she took her way.
sound, . What could it be that she had found?
breast, . And each one sang, "To love is (Omit . . .) best."

# A Quotation

(Canon in the 2nd below)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow — Paul Leroux

(In *A Psalm of Life*) *Moderato* ♩= 120


Let us then, be up and do - ing, With a heart for an - y
Let us then, be up and
fate; Still a - chiev - ing, still pur - su - ing, Learn to
do - ing, With a heart for an - y fate; still a -
la - bor and to wait, Learn to la - bor and to wait.
chiev - ing, still pur - su - ing, Learn to la - bor and to wait.

# Christmas Bells

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

*Allegro moderato* ♩= 88

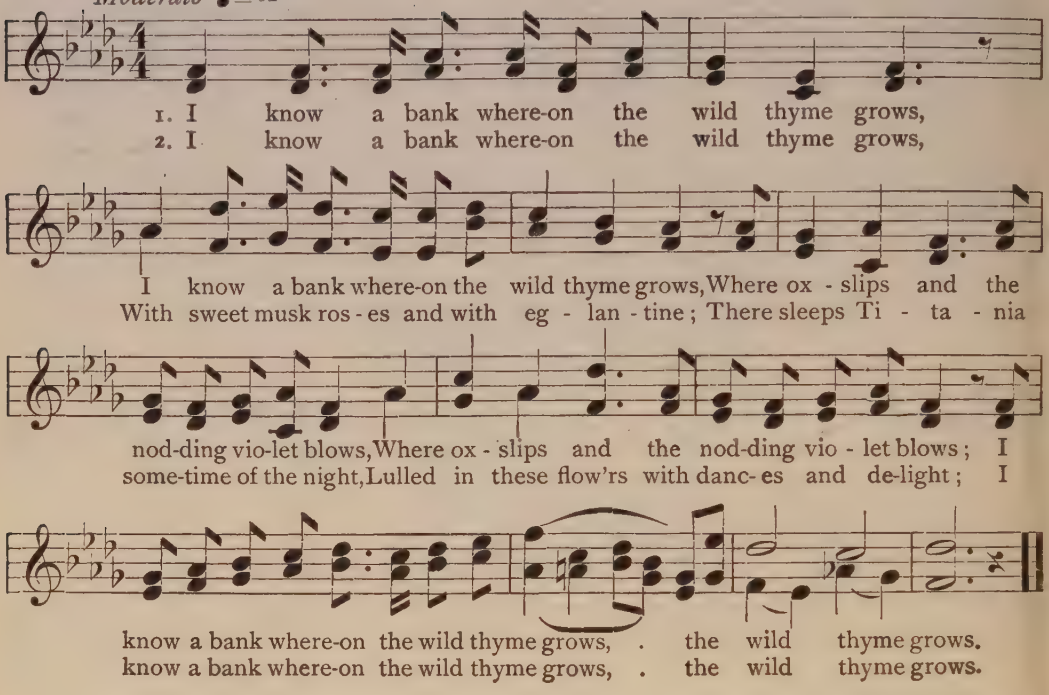
Belgian Folk Tune
Arr. by HECTOR SPAULDING

1. Chim - ing from the tow - er, In a sil - ver
High up in the stee - ple, Tell - ing all the
2. Can - dles bright are gleam - ing, Ra - diant star - light
Decked with sprigs of hol - ly, Ev - 'ry - one is
1. From ev - 'ry tow - er, A
With - in the stee - ple, To
2. All bright - ly gleam - ing, The
Twine sprigs of hol - ly, For
show - er, Christ-mas bells are ring - ing gay;
peo - ple That the world is glad to - day.
stream - ing Fra-grant o - dors fill the air;
jol - ly, Love and kind-ness ev - 'ry - where.
sil - ver show - er, The bells are ring - ing gay.
all the peo - ple, They all are glad to - day.
star - light streaming, And fra-grance fills the air.
all are jol - ly, There's kind-ness ev - 'ry - where.
Mer - ry chil-dren dance in glee, Clus-tered round the Christ-mas Tree,
Feast of joy and day of love, Giv - en us from God a - bove,
La - den down with treas - ure, Gath-ered for their pleas - ure,
In this time of glad - ness, Say fare - well to sad - ness,
Hap - pi - ness should come to all on Christ - mas Day.
Let us car - ry Christ-mas cheer thro' all . . the year.

# I Know a Bank

SHAKESPEARE (abridged) CHARLES E. HORN (abridged)

*Moderato* ♩ = 92


1. I know a bank where-on the wild thyme grows,
2. I know a bank where-on the wild thyme grows,
I know a bank where-on the wild thyme grows, Where ox - slips and the
With sweet musk ros - es and with eg - lan - tine; There sleeps Ti - ta - nia
nod-ding vio-let blows, Where ox - slips and the nod-ding vio - let blows; I
some-time of the night, Lulled in these flow'rs with danc- es and de-light; I
know a bank where-on the wild thyme grows, . the wild thyme grows.
know a bank where-on the wild thyme grows, . the wild thyme grows.

# Rainbow Gold

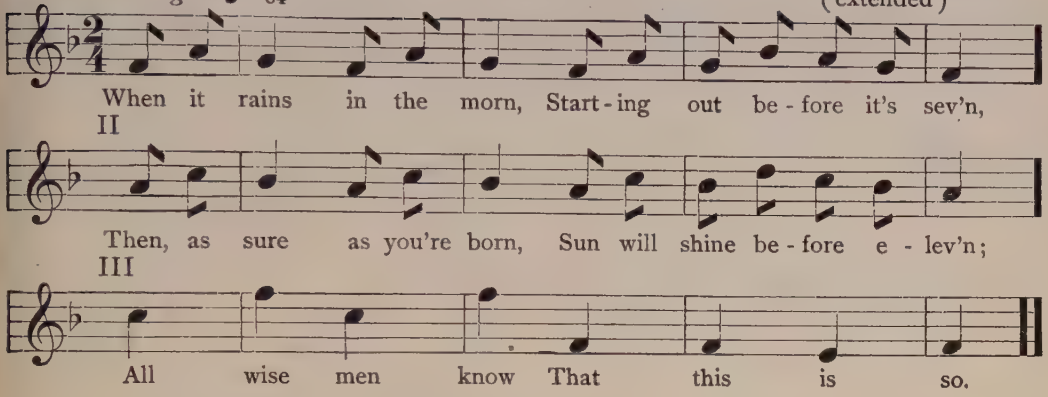
RALPH SUYDAM Roumanian Folk Tune (abridged)

*Allegro moderato* ♩ = 88 Arr. by GEORGE Y. HUME

1. When - e'er I see a love - ly rain - bow This old - en
2. Tho' oft I've fol - lowed aft - er rain - bows, They ev - er
say - ing comes to mind: .“'Tis at the foot . . of ev - 'ry
melt . . be - fore my eye; . Per-haps the wealth . we find in
rain - bow A pot of gold . . you'll sure - ly find.” . .
rain - bows Is just their beau - ty in the sky. . .

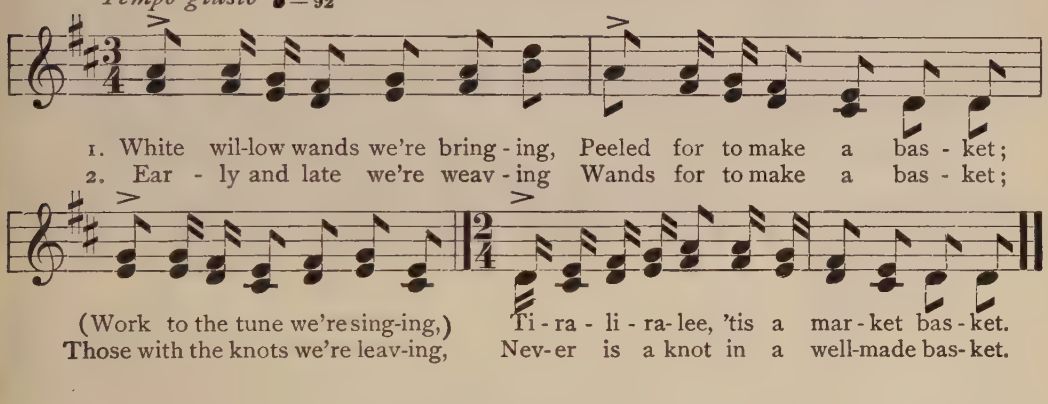
## A Cheery Fact

GEO. W. PENNINGTON (Three-part Round) French Folk Tune (extended)


I Allegro ♩= 84
When it rains in the morn, Start-ing out be-fore it's sev'n,
II
Then, as sure as you're born, Sun will shine be-fore e-lev'n;
III
All wise men know That this is so.

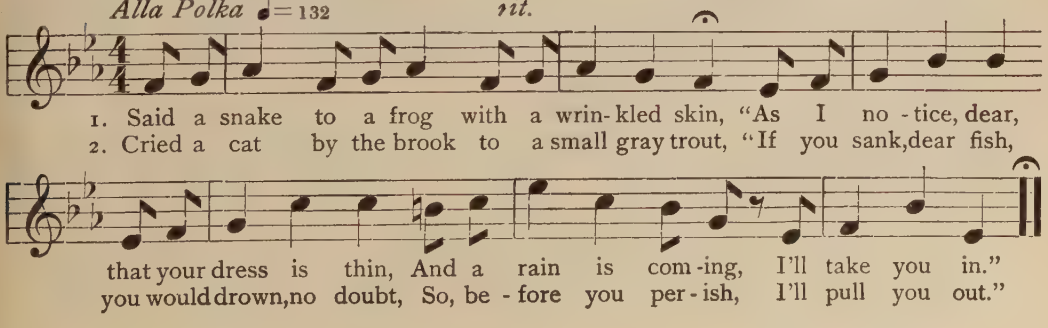
## Basket Makers

Adapted Bulgarian Folk Tune


Tempo giusto ♩= 92
1. White wil-low wands we're bring-ing, Peeled for to make a bas-ket;
2. Ear-ly and late we're weav-ing Wands for to make a bas-ket;
(Work to the tune we're sing-ing,) Ti-ra-li-ra-lee, 'tis a mar-ket bas-ket.
Those with the knots we're leav-ing, Nev-er is a knot in a well-made bas-ket.

## Hospitality and Rescue

JOHN B. TABB GEO. W. PENNINGTON
2d stanza by H. W. L.

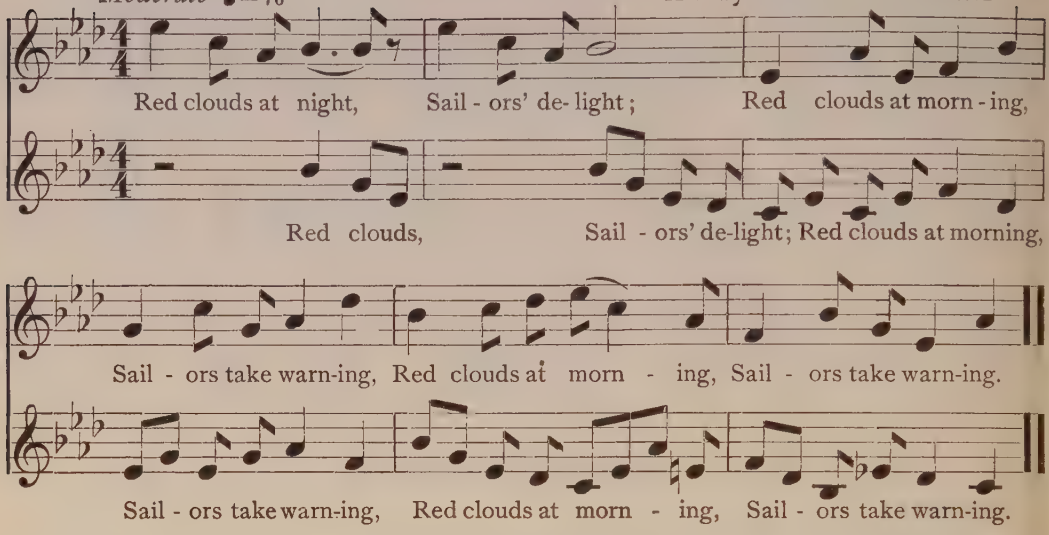

Alla Polka ♩= 132
rit.
1. Said a snake to a frog with a wrin-kled skin, "As I no-tice, dear,
2. Cried a cat by the brook to a small gray trout, "If you sank, dear fish,
that your dress is thin, And a rain is com-ing, I'll take you in."
you would drown, no doubt, So, be-fore you per-ish, I'll pull you out."

# Weather Signs

Sailors' Proverb

Old English Tune
Arr. by VICTOR N. PIERPONT

*Moderato* ♩= 76

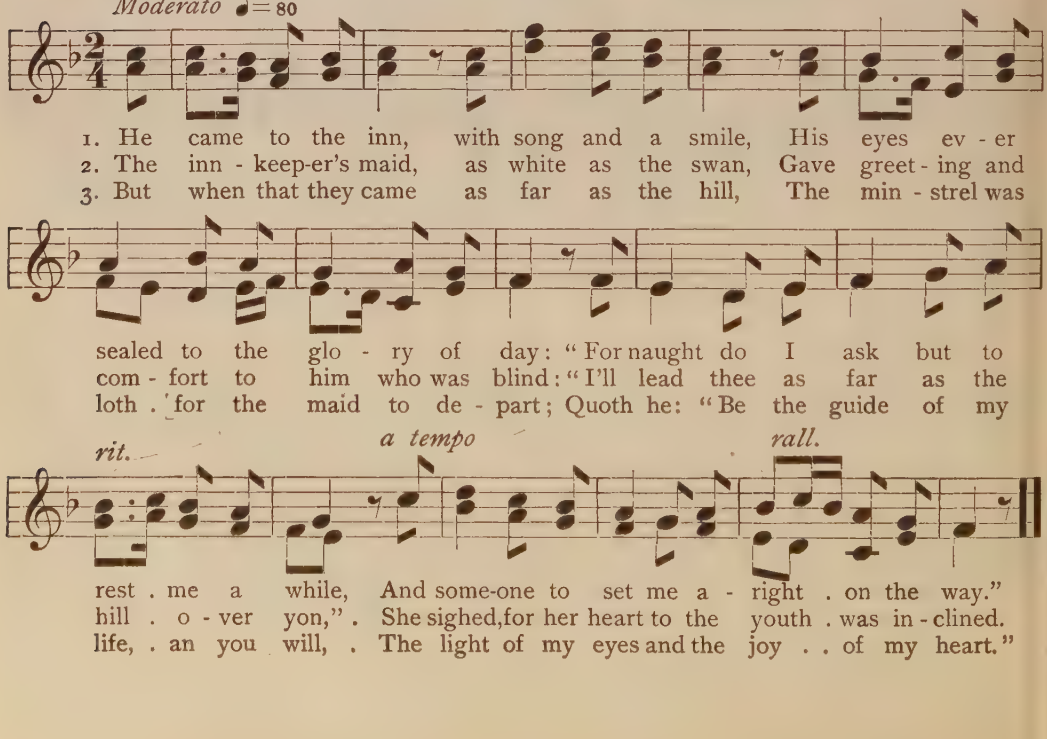

Red clouds at night, Sail - ors' de- light ; Red clouds at morn - ing,
Red clouds, Sail - ors' de-light; Red clouds at morning,
Sail - ors take warn-ing, Red clouds at morn - ing, Sail - ors take warn-ing.
Sail - ors take warn-ing, Red clouds at morn - ing, Sail - ors take warn-ing.

# The Blind Minstrel

From the Portuguese
by H. W. L.

Portuguese Folk Tune
Arr. by HECTOR SPAULDING

*Moderato* ♩= 80


1. He came to the inn, with song and a smile, His eyes ev - er
2. The inn - keep-er's maid, as white as the swan, Gave greet - ing and
3. But when that they came as far as the hill, The min - strel was
sealed to the glo - ry of day: "For naught do I ask but to
com - fort to him who was blind: "I'll lead thee as far as the
loth . for the maid to de - part; Quoth he: "Be the guide of my
rit.
a tempo
rall.
rest . me a while, And some-one to set me a - right . on the way."
hill . o - ver yon," . She sighed, for her heart to the youth . was in - clined.
life, . an you will, . The light of my eyes and the joy . . of my heart."

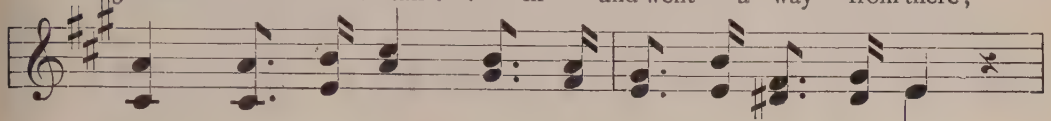
# Bow! Wow!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

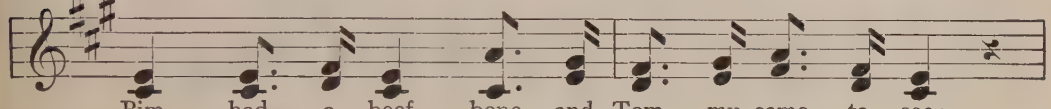
DAVID STEVENS

*Moderato* ♩ = 120

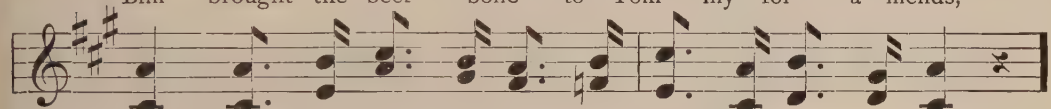
1. Bim was a pup - py - dog who had - n't an - y sense;
2. Bim sat and watched him for half a sum - mer night;
3. Bim tucked his tail . . in and went a - way from there;



Tom was a sly cat a - walk - ing on the fence.
Tom put his back up but did - n't dare to fight.
Tom licked his whis - kers and did - n't seem to care.

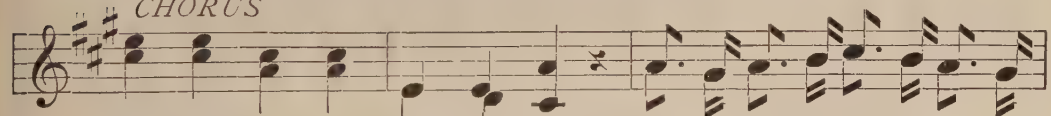


Bim had a beef - bone and Tom - my came to see;
Bim shut his eye - lids and took a lit - tle doze,
Bim brought the beef - bone to Tom - my for a - mends,



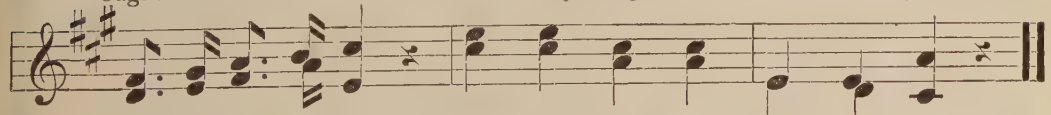
Bim snapped at Tom - my's tail and chased him up a tree.
Tom stretched a pat - ty - paw and raked the pup - py's nose.
Tom and the pup - py - dog are now the best of friends.

*CHORUS*



Bow! wow! wow! wow! wow! wow! wow! Wak - ing half the vil - lage up to
Ki! yi! yi! yi! yi! yi! yi! "Don't you dare to bark at me when
Bow! wow! Me - ow! Wow! Me - ow! Thom - as - cat and pup - py-dog, you

hear the aw - ful row. . "Drat him!" all the neigh - bors cried, "and
I'm a - pass - ing by! . . If you don't be - have your-self, I'll
ought to see them now! . . Play - ing all a - round the yard, they



what's the mat - ter now?" Bow! wow! wow! wow! wow! wow! wow!
scratch you in the eye!" Ki! yi! yi! yi! yi! yi! yi!
nev - er have a row. Bow! wow! Me - ow! Wow! Me - ow!

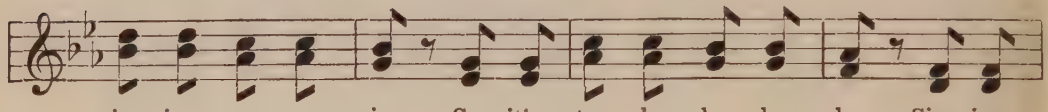
# Market Day

EDITH BATTELL — Italian Popular Air

*Vivace* ♩ = 116

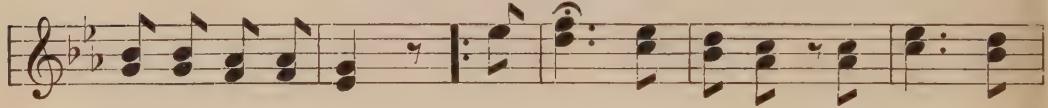
1. Now 'tis Bas - so Por - to * mar - ket day; See the tempting fruit in
2. Here's the ra - zor - fish dis-played for sale, Ba - by oc - to - pus and

bright ar - ray; Girls with flow - er bas-kets cry their wares, Boys are
crin - kly kale; Figs and sau - sa - ges and gar - lic-strings Where the



sing - ing mer - ry airs, So it's tra la la la la, Sing - ing
li - ra's† jin - gle rings, So it's tra la la la la, Sing - ing

*REFRAIN*



tra la la la la! O ho, good neigh-bor, There's joy in

la - bor! For all is gay Up - on a mar - ket day.

* *A market section in Naples.*
† *A small silver coin.*

# Frog Round

*Moderato* ♩ = 80 — Anon.

I

II

Hear the eve - ning con - cert, The frogs in yon - der pond:

III

IV

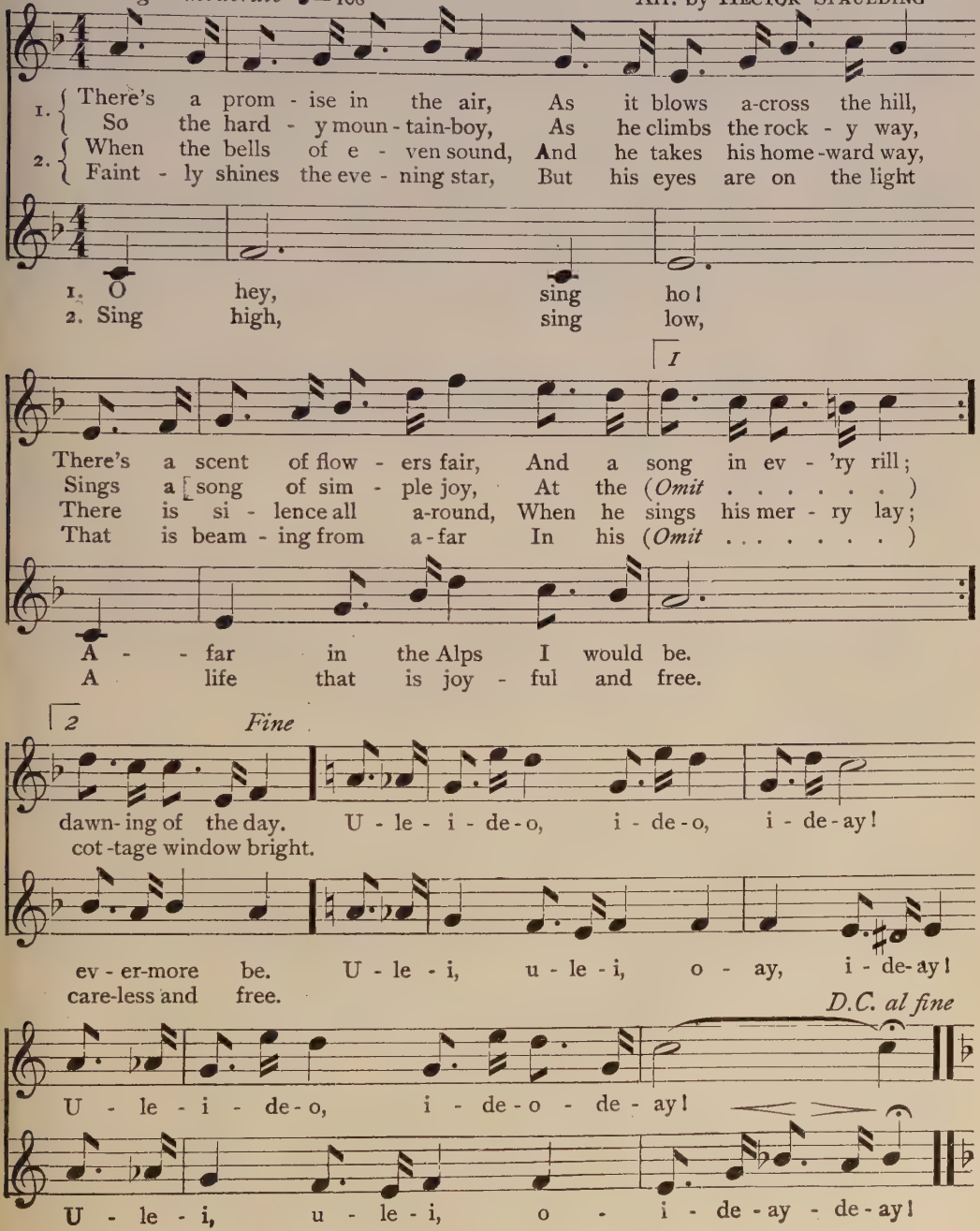
Krik, krik, krik, krik, krik, krik, Brrr - um!

# The Yodeler

WILTON PERKINS

*Allegro moderato* ♩ = 108

Tyrolean Folk Tune
Arr. by HECTOR SPAULDING


1. There's a prom - ise in the air, As it blows a-cross the hill,
So the hard - y moun - tain-boy, As he climbs the rock - y way,
2. When the bells of e - ven sound, And he takes his home-ward way,
Faint - ly shines the eve - ning star, But his eyes are on the light
1. O hey, sing ho!
2. Sing high, sing low,
1
There's a scent of flow - ers fair, And a song in ev - 'ry rill;
Sings a song of sim - ple joy, At the (Omit . . . . . )
There is si - lence all a-round, When he sings his mer - ry lay;
That is beam - ing from a-far In his (Omit . . . . . )
A - far in the Alps I would be.
A life that is joy - ful and free.
2
Fine
dawn-ing of the day. U - le - i - de-o, i - de-o, i - de-ay!
cot-tage window bright.
ev - er-more be. U - le - i, u - le - i, o - ay, i - de-ay!
care-less and free.
D.C. al fine
U - le - i - de-o, i - de-o - de - ay!
U - le - i, u - le - i, o - i - de-ay - de-ay!

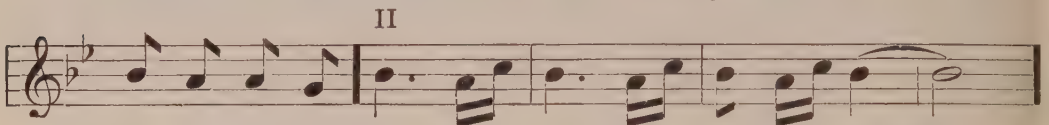
# The Fur Trader *

French Canadian (Three-part Round) Canadian Voyageur Tune (extended)

I *Moderato* ♩= 76

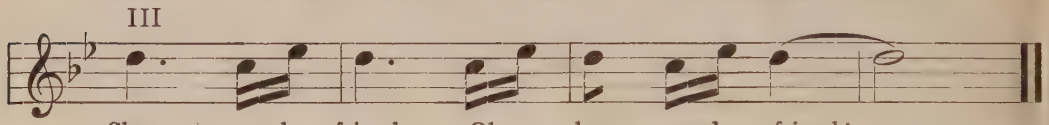
1. Breeze all dead! Breeze all dead! My trim boat in the
2. Here's fair wind! Here's fair wind! My swift boat at the

II



slou is an-chored! Sleep, good friend, Oh, sleep, good friend! .
paint-er strain-ing; Wake, good friend, Oh, wake, good friend! .

III



Sleep, good . friend, Oh, . sleep, good friend! . .
Wake, good . friend, Oh, . wake, good friend! . .

*Sing the 2d stanza in G major, signature of one sharp.*

# Roll Them Down!

Stephen Fay (Football Song) Arthur Bergh

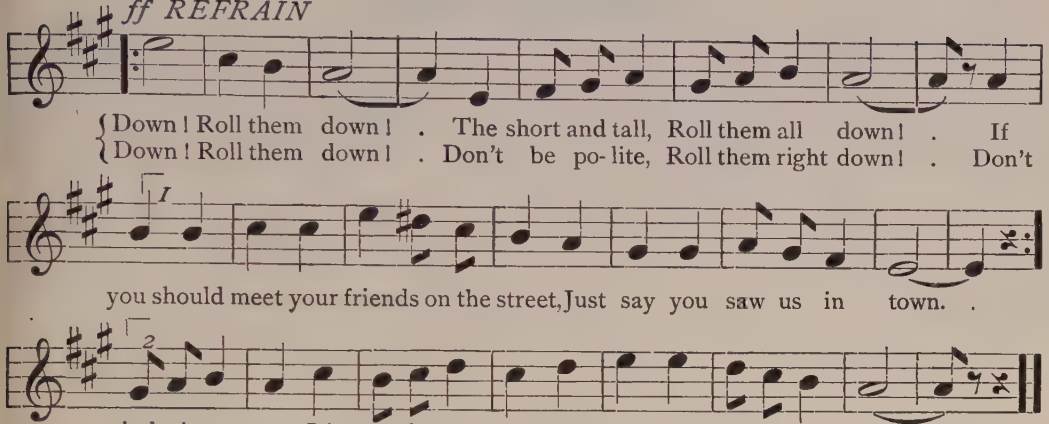
*Tempo di Marcia* ♩= 120

1. Stout were the he-roes bold Sung in the days of old, Hearts were of
2. Hail to our no-ble team! Loud let the ea-gle scream! Vic-t'ry is
3. Hark! there the whis-tle blows! Now boys, be on your toes! Take ev-'ry

oak, so the sto-ry books say; Stout are the he-roes here, Give them a
wait-ing to hand you her crown. Push them with all your might, Wait till you
chance when it's com-ing your way. Play as you nev-er played, Stay as you

rous-ing cheer, One! two! three! and go! . Hip, hur-ray, hur-ray, and
get them right, Then we'll roll them down! Hip, hur-ray, hur-ray, and
nev-er stayed; There's the game, go get it! Hip, hur-ray, hur-ray, and

*ff REFRAIN*


{Down! Roll them down! . The short and tall, Roll them all down! . If
{Down! Roll them down! . Don't be po-lite, Roll them right down! . Don't
you should meet your friends on the street, Just say you saw us in town. .
mind what we say, It's on-ly our way, But still we'll roll them all down! .

## The Tarentelle

HAROLD V. BROMLEY
*Allegro* ♩. = 104

GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER
in *Impressions of Italy*

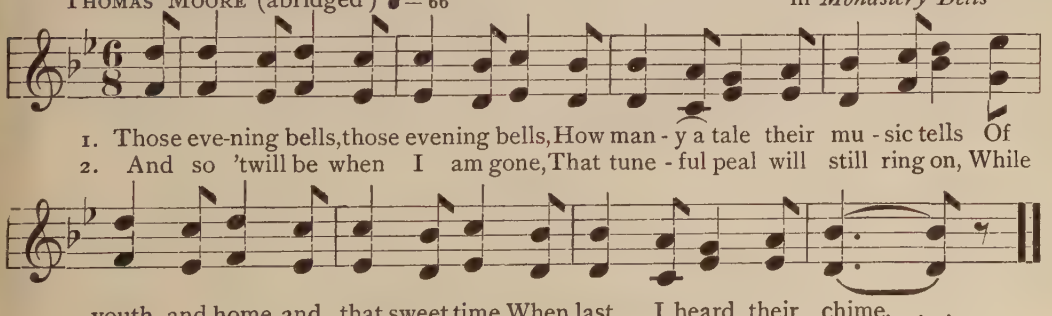
{Down by Na-po-li's bay . The boat-men sing and play . In
{Blue the wa-ter be-low, . The sky is all a-glow, . And
D.C. Pif-fe-ra-ri* are there, They pipe a truce to care; . In
FINE
D.C.
San-ta Lu-ci-a gay. .
mu-si-cal breez-es blow. .
Na-po-li all is fair! .
{"Ho, mia con-ta-di-na†bel-la,"
{Dance with me the tar-an-tel-la!

* *Pipers.* † *A peasant girl.*

## Those Evening Bells

THOMAS MOORE (abridged) ♩ = 66

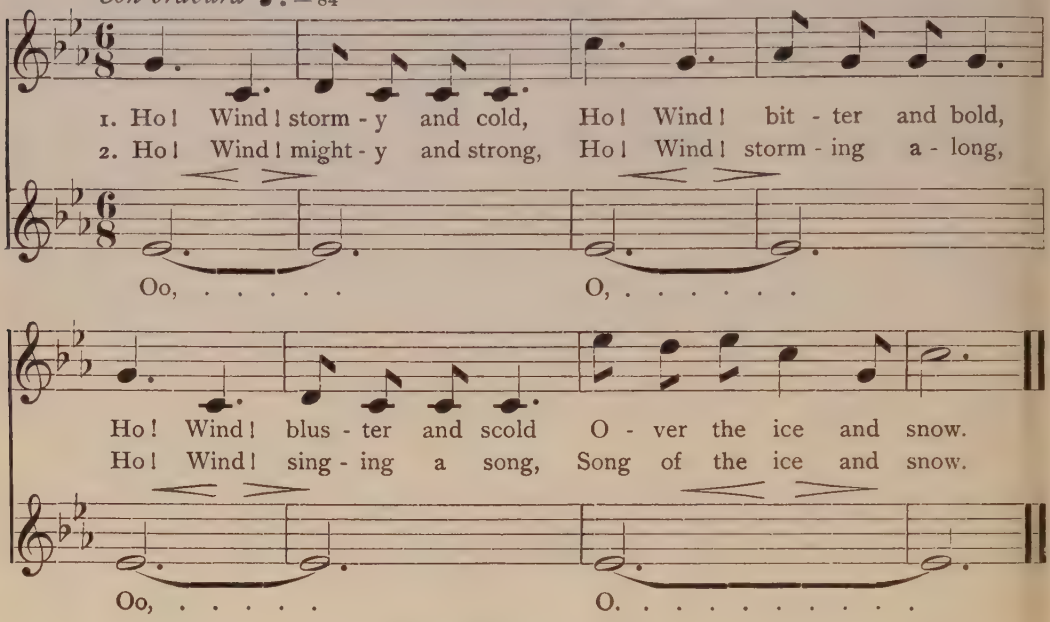
LEFÉBURE-WÉLY
in *Monastery Bells*


1. Those eve-ning bells, those evening bells, How man-y a tale their mu-sic tells Of
2. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune-ful peal will still ring on, While
youth and home and that sweet time When last I heard their chime. . .
oth-er bards shall walk these dells And sing your praise, sweet bells. . .

# The Winter Wind

CHARLES HARVEY — FREDERIC A. WINTHROP

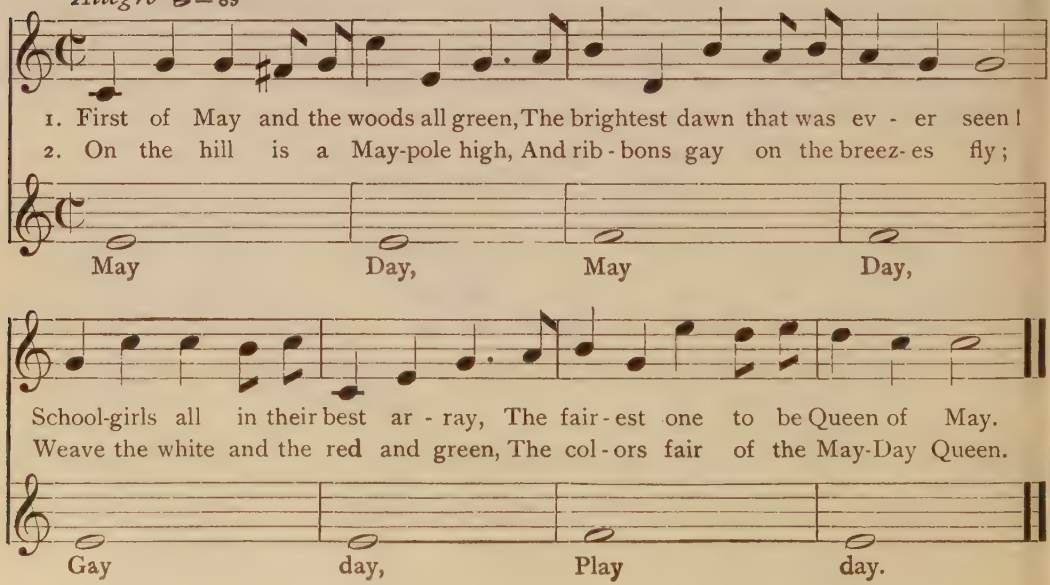
*Con bravura* ♩. = 84


1. Ho! Wind! storm - y and cold, Ho! Wind! bit - ter and bold,
2. Ho! Wind! might - y and strong, Ho! Wind! storm - ing a - long,
Oo, . . . . . O, . . . . . .
Ho! Wind! blus - ter and scold O - ver the ice and snow.
Ho! Wind! sing - ing a song, Song of the ice and snow.
Oo, . . . . . O. . . . . .

# The May Queen

DAVID HARVEY — WALTER S. SCOLLARD

*Allegro* 𝅗𝅥 = 89

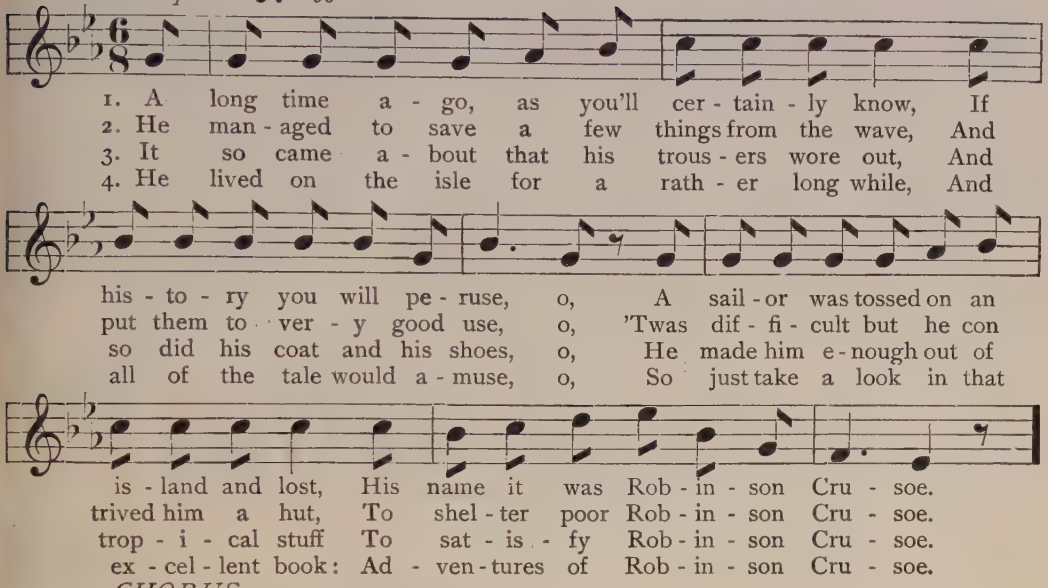

1. First of May and the woods all green, The brightest dawn that was ev - er seen!
2. On the hill is a May-pole high, And rib - bons gay on the breez - es fly;
May Day, May Day,
School-girls all in their best ar - ray, The fair - est one to be Queen of May.
Weave the white and the red and green, The col - ors fair of the May-Day Queen.
Gay day, Play day.

# Robinson Crusoe

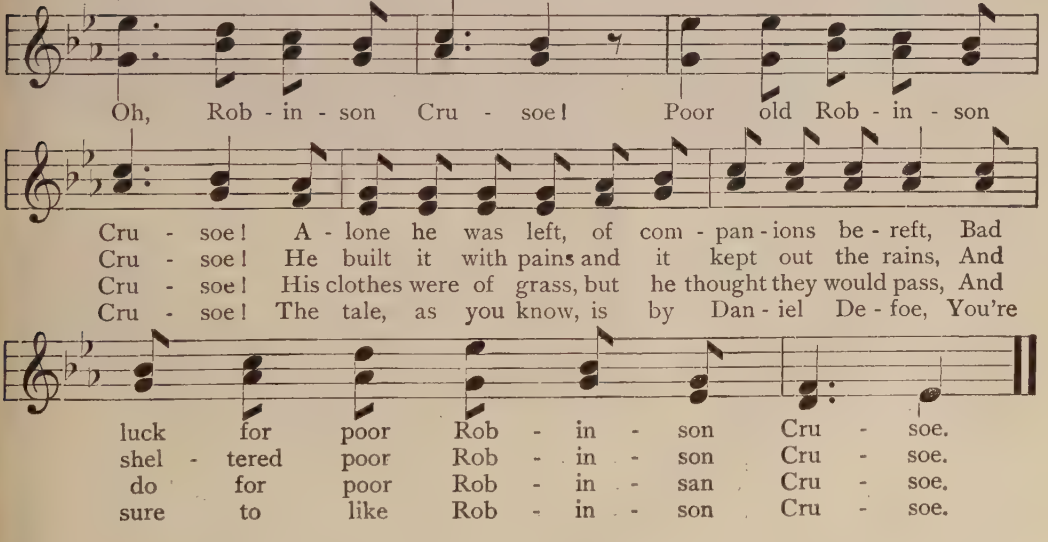
STEPHEN FAY

Tune: *Rogues' March*

*Con spirito* ♩. = 96


1. A long time a - go, as you'll cer - tain - ly know, If
2. He man - aged to save a few things from the wave, And
3. It so came a - bout that his trous - ers wore out, And
4. He lived on the isle for a rath - er long while, And
his - to - ry you will pe - ruse, o, A sail - or was tossed on an
put them to - ver - y good use, o, 'Twas dif - fi - cult but he con
so did his coat and his shoes, o, He made him e - nough out of
all of the tale would a - muse, o, So just take a look in that
is - land and lost, His name it was Rob - in - son Cru - soe.
trived him a hut, To shel - ter poor Rob - in - son Cru - soe.
trop - i - cal stuff To sat - is - fy Rob - in - son Cru - soe.
ex - cel - lent book: Ad - ven - tures of Rob - in - son Cru - soe.

*CHORUS*


Oh, Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Poor old Rob - in - son
Cru - soe! A - lone he was left, of com - pan - ions be - reft, Bad
Cru - soe! He built it with pains and it kept out the rains, And
Cru - soe! His clothes were of grass, but he thought they would pass, And
Cru - soe! The tale, as you know, is by Dan - iel De - foe, You're
luck for poor Rob - in - son Cru - soe.
shel - tered poor Rob - in - son Cru - soe.
do for poor Rob - in - san Cru - soe.
sure to like Rob - in - son Cru - soe.

# Morning

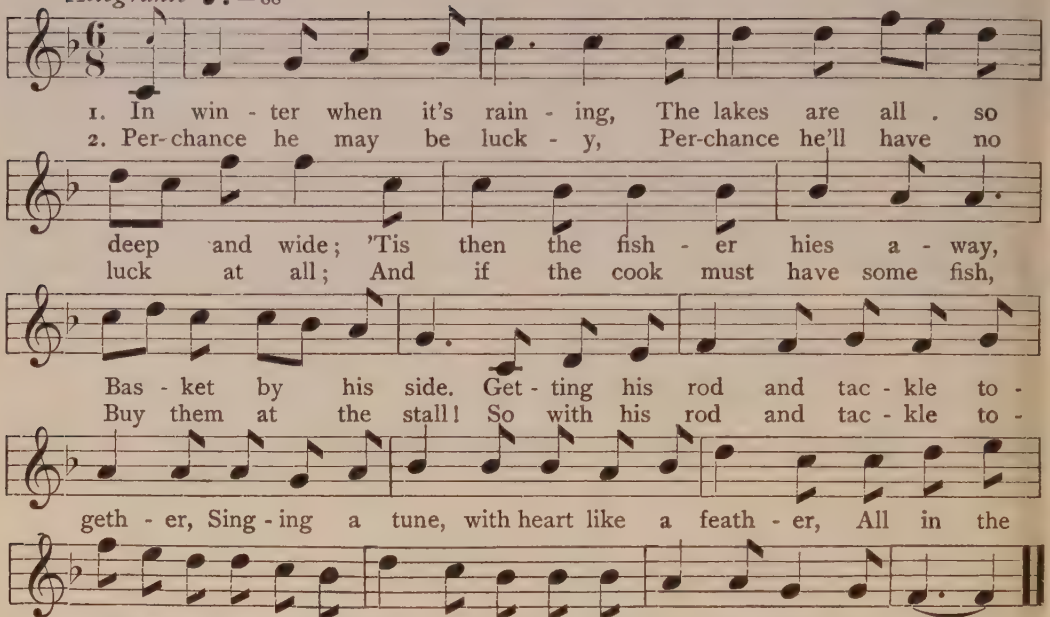
EDVARD GRIEG
in *Peer Gynt*

*Allegretto pastorale* ♩. = 58

# The Fisherman

STUART PAUL — Holland Folk Tune

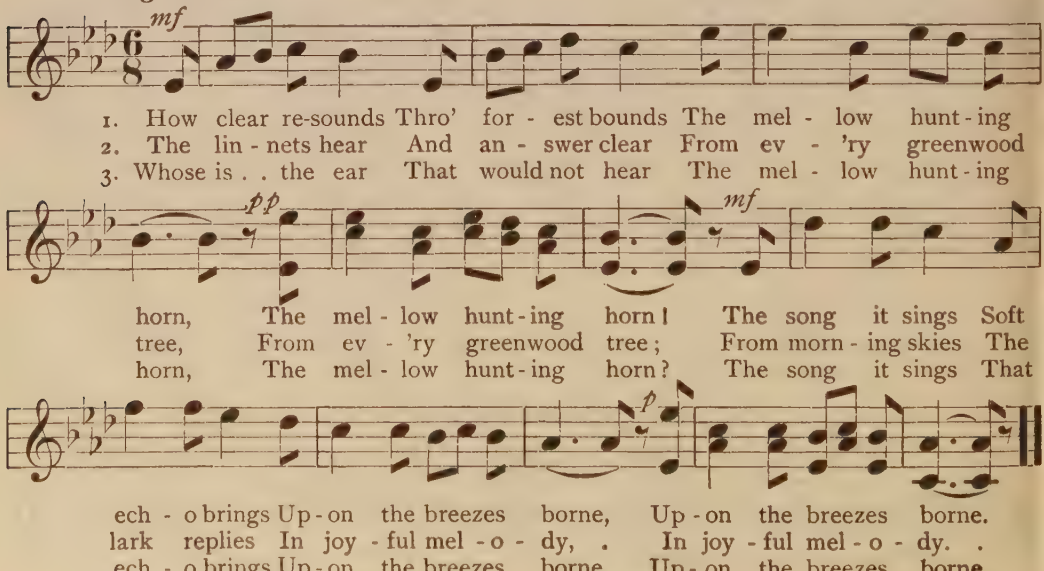
*Allegrante* ♩. = 88


1. In win - ter when it's rain - ing, The lakes are all . so
deep and wide; 'Tis then the fish - er hies a - way,
Bas - ket by his side. Get - ting his rod and tac - kle to -
geth - er, Sing - ing a tune, with heart like a feath - er, All in the
slip-per - y, slop-per - y weath - er, Off in his rub - ber boots he goes. .
2. Per-chance he may be luck - y, Per-chance he'll have no
luck at all; And if the cook must have some fish,
Buy them at the stall! So with his rod and tac - kle to -
slip-per - y, slop-per - y weath - er, Home in his rub - ber boots he goes. .

# The Hunting Horn

FREDERICK H. MARTENS — FRIEDRICH SILCHER

*Allegro moderato* ♩. = 84


mf
1. How clear re-sounds Thro' for - est bounds The mel - low hunt - ing
2. The lin - nets hear And an - swer clear From ev - 'ry greenwood
3. Whose is . . the ear That would not hear The mel - low hunt - ing
pp
mf
horn, The mel - low hunt - ing horn! The song it sings Soft
tree, From ev - 'ry greenwood tree; From morn - ing skies The
horn, The mel - low hunt - ing horn? The song it sings That
f
ech - o brings Up - on the breezes borne, Up - on the breezes borne.
lark replies In joy - ful mel - o - dy, . In joy - ful mel - o - dy. .
ech - o brings Up - on the breezes borne, Up - on the breezes borne.

# In Mexico

KATHARINE LLOYD

*Moderato e con grazia* ♩ = 80

Mexican Folk Tune
With Counter-Melody

1. Mex - i - co, the land of flow - ers Bloom - ing in the
2. Smil - ing land of pearl - y foun - tains Leap - ing from the

1. Mex - i - co's flow'rs
2. Mex - i - co's mu - - - -

trop - ic bow - ers; Land of white a - do - be tow - ers!
might - y moun - tains! Ev - 'ry scene en - chants the vi - sion

of bril - liant hue Blos - som the
sic, bright and gay Ech - oes the

1 2

Mon - u - ments of van - ished Pow - ers!
Down in Mex - i - co e - (*Omit* . . . . . ) ly - sian.

whole year thro'.
live - - - long (*Omit* . . . . . ) day.

# A Cradle Croon

Words adapted

*Andante* ♩ = 44

Haitian Folk Tune

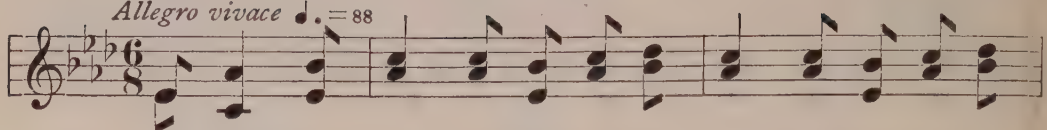
1. Dream - land fai - ries Breathe a low slum - ber - tune,
2. Moon - light, lin - ger, Shed your white ra - diance here,

O'er the cra - dle gen - tly croon Like a fra - grant breeze of June.
Thro' the eve - ning, calm and clear Smile on him I hold most dear.

# The Coach

ABEL HORNE — French Melody

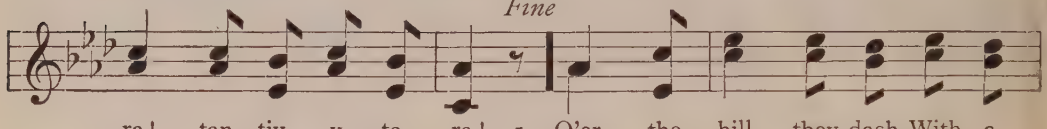
*Allegro vivace* ♩. = 88



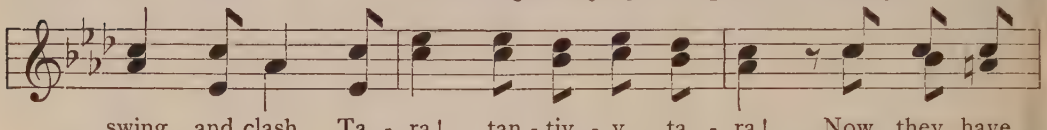
The coach - ing horn is sound - ing a - far, Tan - tiv - y, ta -

(*Last time pp*)

*Fine*

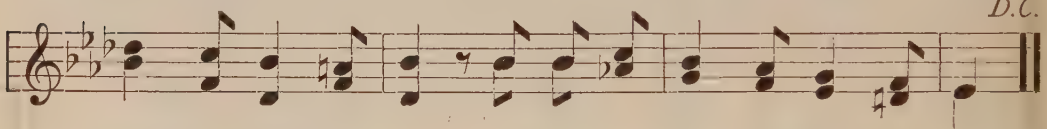


ra! tan - tiv - y. ta - ra! 1. O'er the hill they dash With a
2. When the whip goes *crack!* It is
3. They are gone a - way O - ver



swing and clash, Ta - ra! tan - tiv - y, ta - ra! Now they have
clear the track! Ta - ra! tan - tiv - y, ta - ra! Sound - ing a -
burn and brae, Ta - ra! tan - tiv - y, ta - ra! Faint - er the

*D.C.*

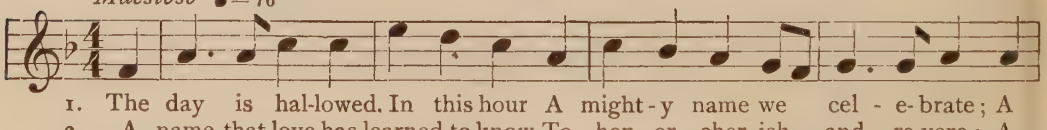


passed the turn - pike bar, Some - one is trav - 'ling fast and far!
gain the bu - gle blast; Some - one is trav 'ling far and fast!
sound of hors - es' feet, Faint - er the note of bu - gle sweet.

# Lincoln

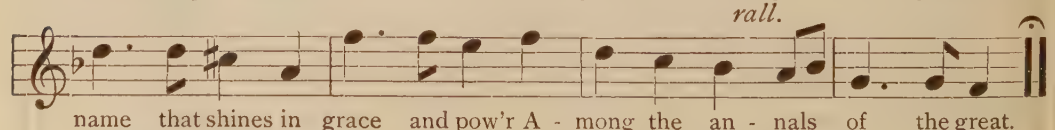
DAVID STEVENS — VICTOR N. PIERPONT

*Maestoso* ♩ = 76



1. The day is hal-lowed. In this hour A might - y name we cel - e-brate; A
2. A name that love has learned to know, To hon - or, cher- ish and re-vere; A
3. O Pi - o - neer in Freedom's cause, Who fearless walked the gloom of night, Up-
4. Thou friend of freeman, friend of slave, May we, in mem-'ry of thy birth, So

*rall.*



name that shines in grace and pow'r A - mong the an - nals of the great.
fame as white as driv - en snow, By ev 'ry race of earth held dear.
hold - ing Truth and right - eous laws, And led a Na - tion in - to Light.
live that all thy wis - dom gave May nev - er per - ish from the earth!

# A Sea-Scout Chantey

J. A. W.

JAMES A. WILDER

*Allegro vivace* ♩. = 104

1. A ship is wood and met - al, Is met - al, rig - ging and sail;
2. Our ship is what we make her, We make her, sau - cy and smart;

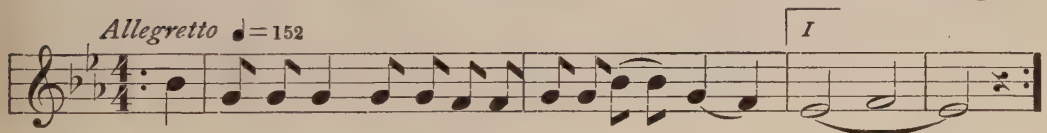
She's but an i - ron ket - tle, When hearts a - board of her fail.
No blus - t'ring wind shall break her, While we are all of a heart.
*A Sea - Scout's a good scout, So give us our . sea - way!*

To my way, ay and yea, ay, We're bound a - way for man - y a day;

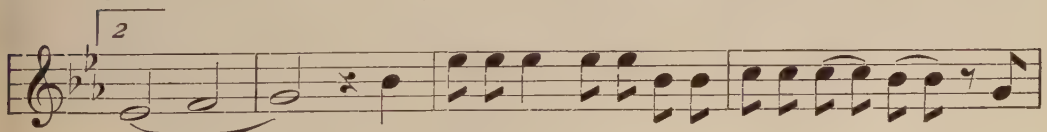
# The Little Pig

Vermont Folk Song

*Allegretto* ♩ = 152




1. There was an old wo-man and she had a lit-tle pig, Mm . . .
2. This lit - tle old wo-man kept the piggy in the barn, Mm . . .
3. This lit - tle old wo-man fed the piggy on clo - ver Mm . . .
4. Now that is the sto - ry of the pig-gy and the dame, Mm . . .




Mm . . . There was an old woman and she had a lit - tle pig, He
Mm . . . This lit- tle old woman kept the piggy in the barn, The
Mm . . . This lit- tle old woman fed the piggy on clover, And
Mm . . . Now that is the sto-ry of the piggy and the dame, And

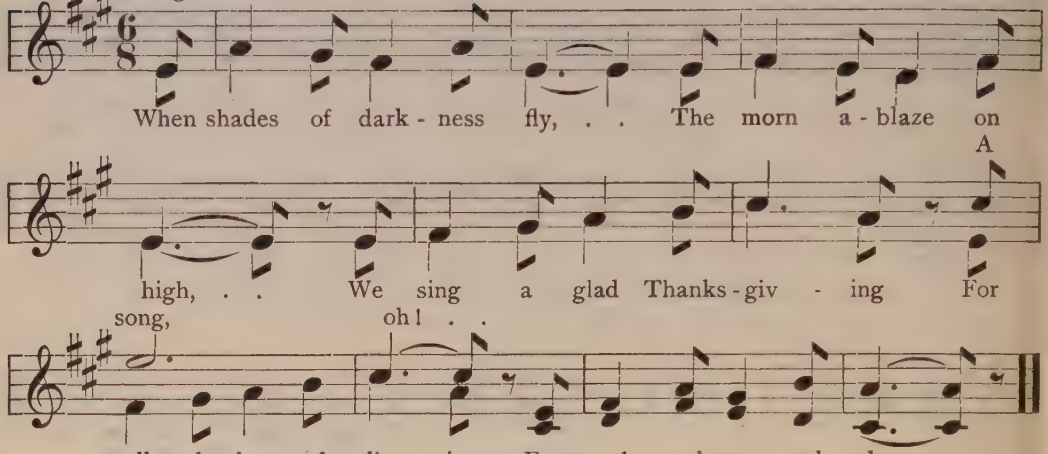
did-n't cost much 'cause he was - n't ver - y big, . Mm . . . .
pret - ti - est thing she had on the farm, . Mm . . . .
when he died, he died all o - ver, Mm . . . .
which of the two was the most to blame? Mm . . . .

## Thanksgiving

Adapted

J. B. Weckerlin
Arr. John V. Naughton

*Allegro moderato* ♩. = 92

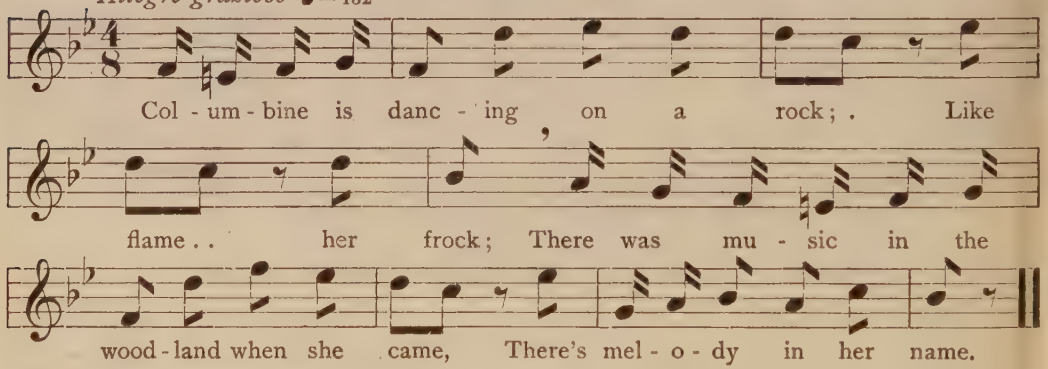

When shades of dark - ness fly, . . The morn a - blaze on
A
high, . . We sing a glad Thanks - giv - ing For
song, oh! . .
all the joy of liv - ing, For earth and sea and sky. . .

## Columbine

George Y. Hume

Marian Grey

*Allegro grazioso* ♩ = 132


Col - um - bine is danc - ing on a rock; . Like
flame . . her frock; There was mu - sic in the
wood - land when she came, There's mel - o - dy in her name.

## Awakening

(Canon to be sung forwards and backwards)

Frank Edwards

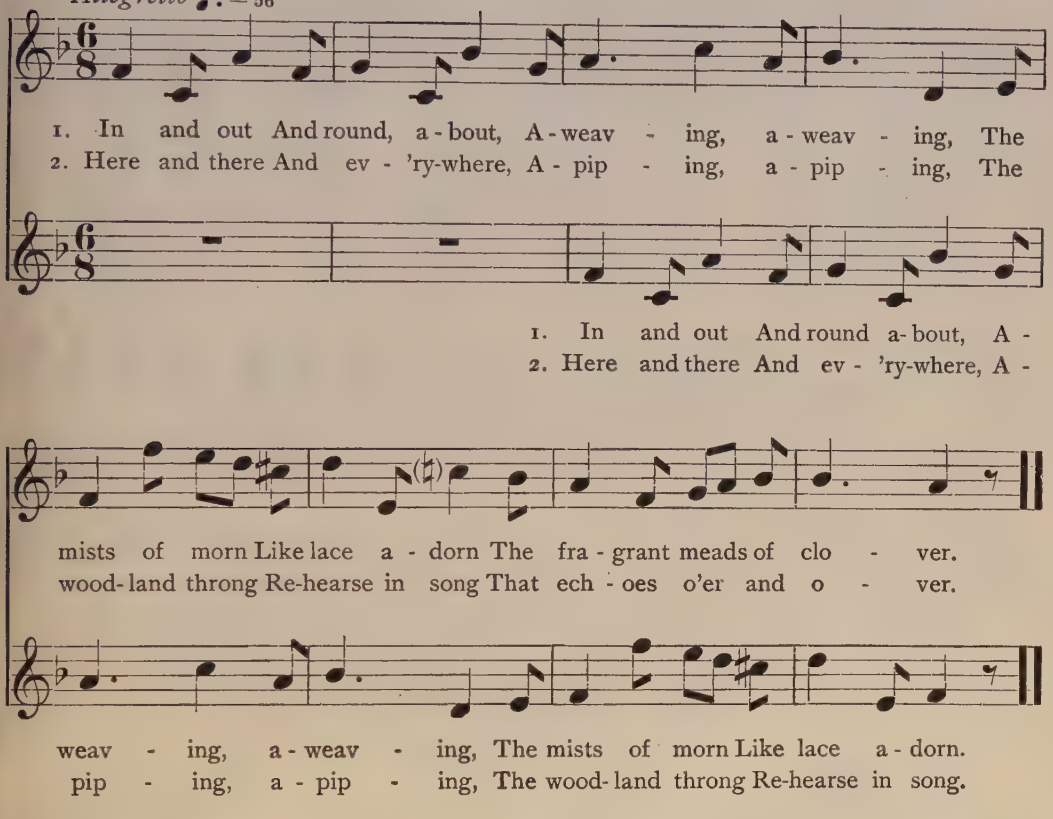
Arthur Edward Johnstone

I *Andante* ♩ = 66

# A Song of Dawn

FOSTER B. MERRIAM (Canon) VICTOR N. PIERPONT

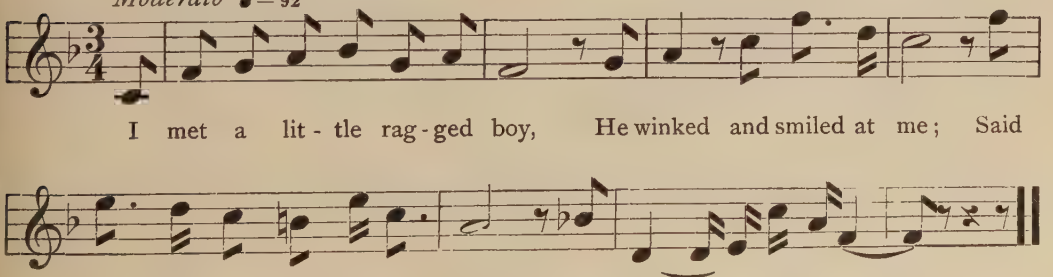
*Allegretto* ♩. = 56


1. In and out And round, a - bout, A - weav - ing, a - weav - ing, The
2. Here and there And ev - 'ry-where, A - pip - ing, a - pip - ing, The
1. In and out And round a- bout, A -
2. Here and there And ev - 'ry-where, A -
mists of morn Like lace a - dorn The fra - grant meads of clo - ver.
wood- land throng Re-hearse in song That ech - oes o'er and o - ver.
weav - ing, a - weav - ing, The mists of morn Like lace a - dorn.
pip - ing, a - pip - ing, The wood- land throng Re-hearse in song.

# An Open Secret

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS HENDRYK SCHUYLER

*Moderato* ♩ = 92



# The Disappointed Fishermen

RALPH SUYDAM

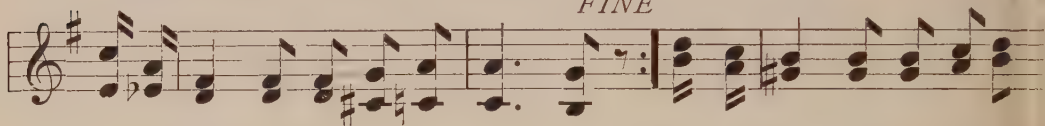
Norwegian Folk Tune
Arr. by ASA T. HUNT

*Allegretto* ♩. = 80 *(count two)*

*(Optional Alto)*

1. Three hun - dred fish - ers went down the street,
   They all be - longed to a fish - ing fleet
   D.C. *As fine a crew as you'd care to meet.*
2. The sea that morn - ing was blue and bright
   But not a fish - ing - boat hove in sight
   D.C. *But lack - ing ves - sels, they lost a bite,*

*FINE*



In a Scan - di - na - vi - an har - bor. They could climb the rig-ging and l
In a Scan - di - na - vi - an har - bor. Yet the fish - ers no-ticed a

*D.C*

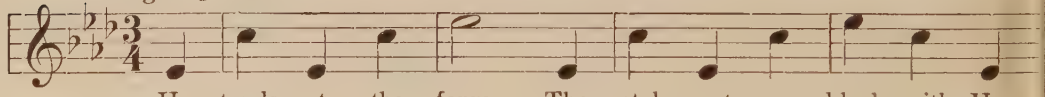
hoist the sails, And they knew when weath - er was good for whales,
her - ring fish, 'Twas as fat a fish as the heart could wish,

# At the Forge

EMILY LOWELL

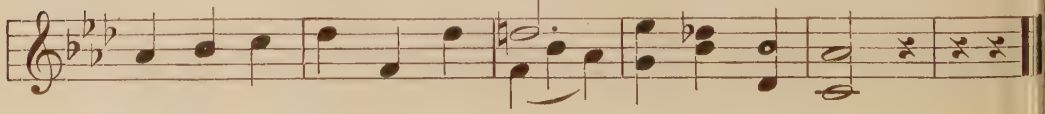
JOHANNES BRAHMS

*Allegro* ♩ = 138



1. He stands at the forge, The stal - wart young black-smith; He
2. The sparks from the forge Are fly - ing like mag - ic; The

swings his great ham - mer And pounds with a cla - mor, The
bel - lows is blow - ing, The fire bright - ly glow - ing; While

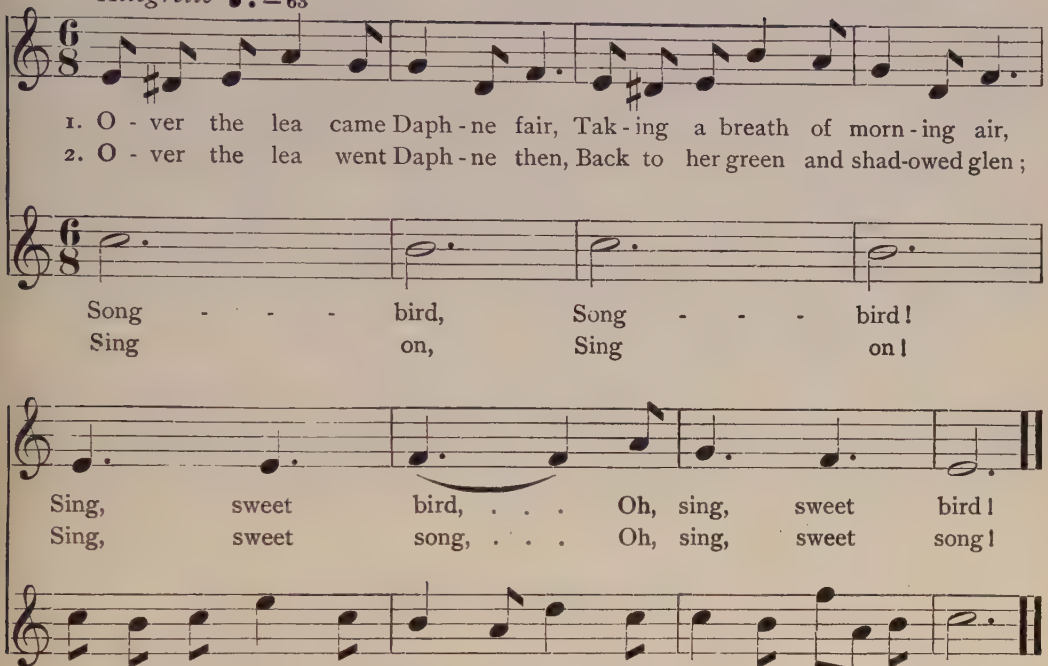


while he is sing - ing a song: . "Ho for the forge!"
chil - dren are watch - ing, they sing: . "Ho for the forge!"

# The Bird Song

MAURICE TALBOT — PAUL LEROUX

*Allegretto* ♩. = 63

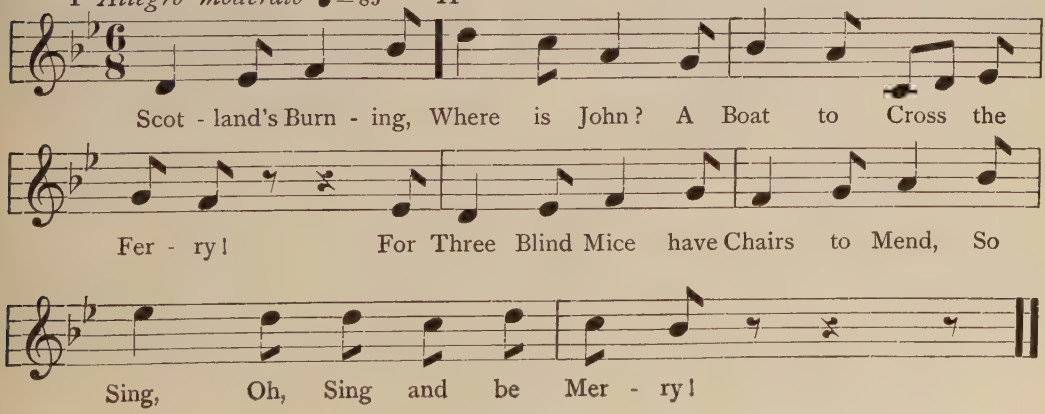

1. O - ver the lea came Daph - ne fair, Tak - ing a breath of morn - ing air,
2. O - ver the lea went Daph - ne then, Back to her green and shad-owed glen;
Song - - - bird, Song - - - bird!
Sing on, Sing on!
Sing, sweet bird, . . . Oh, sing, sweet bird!
Sing, sweet song, . . . Oh, sing, sweet song!
High in a tree the lin - net sang, And clear his car - ol rang.
Deep in her heart that car - ol gay Was sing - ing all the day!

# A Medley

(Round)

WILTON PERKINS — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

I *Allegro moderato* ♩ = 85 II

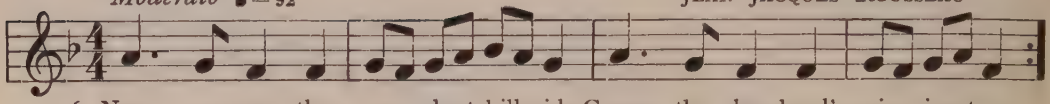

Scot - land's Burn - ing, Where is John? A Boat to Cross the
Fer - ry! For Three Blind Mice have Chairs to Mend, So
Sing, Oh, Sing and be Mer - ry!

# The Sheep Dog

M. Louise Baum

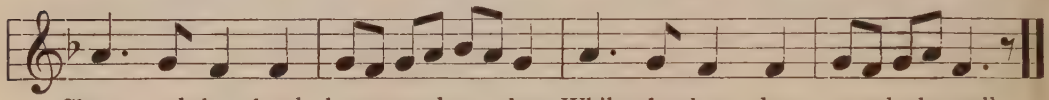
Old French Shepherd Song *
Jean Jacques Rousseau

*Moderato* ♩ = 92



1. Now a - cross the ver - dant hill - side Comes the shep-herd's pip - ing tune;
   Sheep are slow - ly graz - ing yon - der, 'Neath the wan - ing aft - er - noon.
2. Safe with - in the sheep-fold gathered, Lambs shall have the shep-herd's care;
   Thirst - y sheep be led to wa - ter, Ere he taste his own rude fare.

Slow - ly fade the sun - set ros - es From the pur - ple moun - tain wall,
Fi - do shares the hum - ble sup - per, Faith-ful guard since morn - ing light,



Sheep and shep - herd home-ward turn them, While the sheep - dog guards them all.
Then be - side the sheep-fold ly - ing, Still he guards them thro' the night.

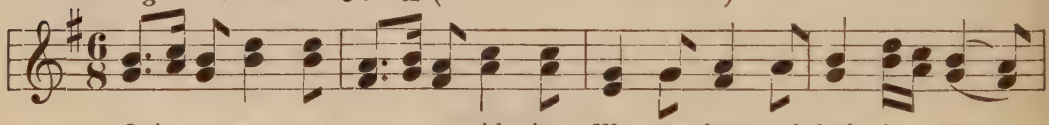
* *An incorrect version of this tune is in general use.*

# The Lake at Night*

M. Louise Baum

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
*Piano Sonata, No. 11*

*Allegretto moderato* ♩. = 42 (*Two beats in a measure*)

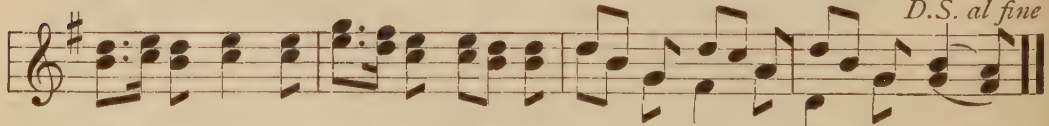


1. Qui - et wa - ters we are rid - ing, Wa - ters deep and dark - ly blue,
2. Deep they lie in beau - ty dream - ing, Star - ry hosts no depth can drown,

*FINE**

Un - der leaf - y branch-es gild - ing, Sweet with scent of eve - ning dew.
D.S. *Far be - low us they are glow - ing In a mir - ror dark and fair.*
Near - er is their love - ly seem - ing Lamps of heav'n to earth come down.
D.S. *Lest it stir the si - lence ten - der, Watched by stars a - bove, be - low.*

*D.S. al fine*



Past the tree - tops stars are show-ing, Lamps that light the lanes of air,
Lest our mo - tion mar the splen-dor, Let our boat go still and slow,

* *When sung with the piano there is a two-measure interlude between stanzas.*

# Nutting

(Canon)

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

*Andantino* ♪ = 144

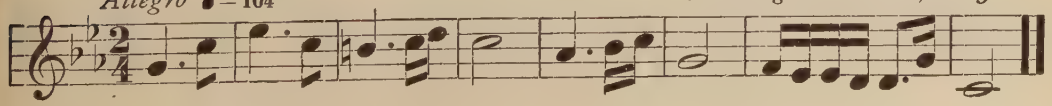
1. To the woods of gold - en Oc - to - - ber,
2. In the night the frost was a sharp one,
To the woods in gold - en Oc -
In the night the frost was a
Hur - ry with fly - ing feet, . . . . Where the burrs of brown Are .
Keen is the au - tumn air, . . . . So the nuts will fall, E -
to - - ber, Hur - ry with fly - ing feet, . . . Where the
sharp one, Keen is the au - tumn air, . . . . So the
fall - ing down, Full of chest - nuts ripe and plump and sweet.
nough for all, And the squir - rel too will get a share.
burrs of brown Are fall - ing down Full of chest - nuts sweet.
nuts will fall, E - nough for all, And the squir - rel's share.

# Hungarian Dance

BRAHMS

From *Hungarian Dance, No. 5*

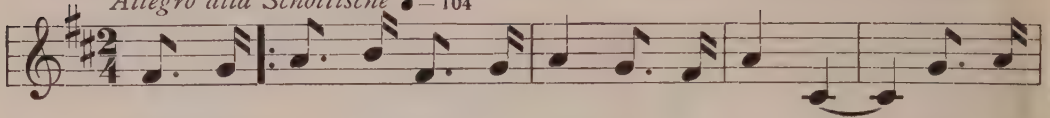
*Allegro* ♩ = 104



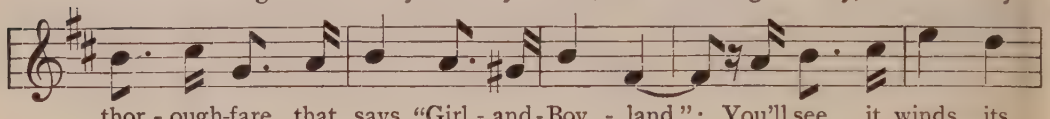
# Joyland

EDITH BATTELL — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

*Allegro alla Schottische* ♩ = 104

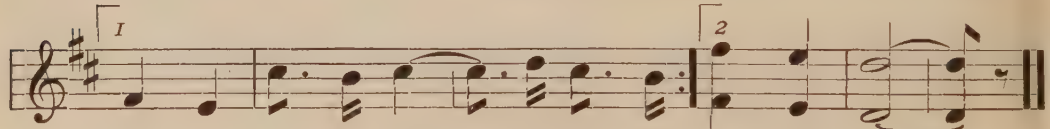


1. If you want to know the right way to Joy - land, . Take the
   sea - son on the path it is sing - time, . Wheth - er
2. There is am - ple time for play while you dwell there, . And who -
   groves where you may dream, near the high - way, . Sha - dy



thor - ough-fare that says, "Girl - and - Boy - land"; You'll see it winds its
win - ter, sum - mer, fall or the spring - time, . And tho' you jour - ney
ev - er finds a task does it well, there; There's loy - al com - rade
nooks with scent - ed blooms in a by - way, . And if you learn to

length all o - ver the earth, . And all a - long it
on for man - y a mile, . At ev - 'ry turn you'll
ship wher - ev - er you go, . . Be - cause you meet the
shun all wor - ry or strife, . You'll dwell in Joy - land

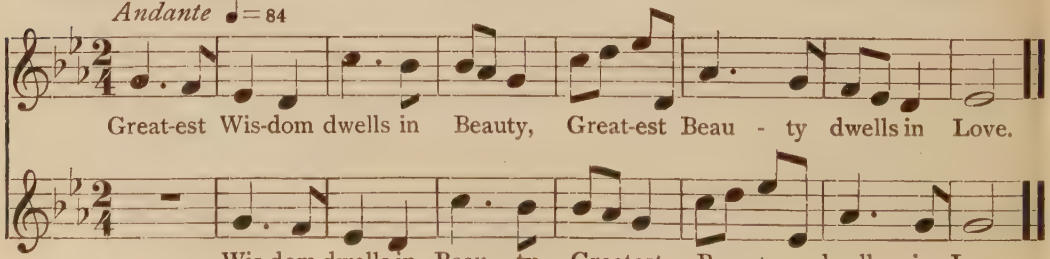


rings with sounds of mirth. . At ev - 'ry
(*Omit* . . . . . .) find a smile. .
friends you're proud to know. . And there are
(*Omit* . . . . . .) all your life. . .

# Beauty

MARIAN GREY — (Canon) — FRANK EDWARDS

*Andante* ♩ = 84



Great-est Wis-dom dwells in Beauty, Great-est Beau - ty dwells in Love.

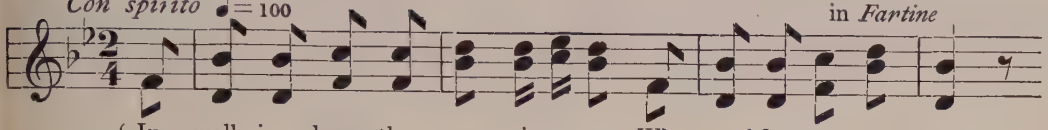
Wis-dom dwells in Beau - ty, Greatest Beau-ty dwells in Love.

# Shop Windows

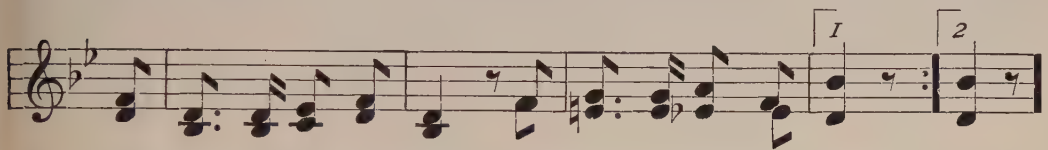
GEO. W. PENNINGTON

ANDRE MESSAGER
in *Fartine*

*Con spirito* ♩ = 100



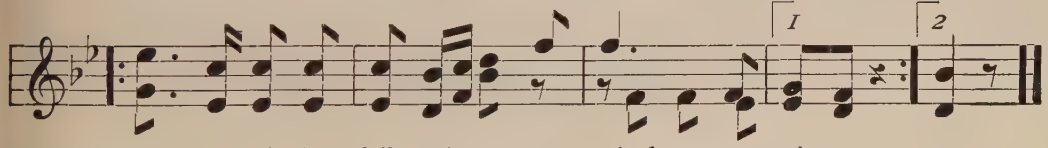
1. In walk-ing down the gay cit-y street, Where traf-fic nev-er stops,
   Oh don't you think it sure-ly a treat, To pause be-fore the shops,
2. Per-haps 'tis sweet-meats, can-dy or fruit, Dis-played to tempt the eye,
   Per-haps a vi-o-lin or a flute E-vokes a long-ing sigh,




Where traf-fic nev-er stops, And all is whirl and noise,
To pause be-fore the shops With books and games and (*Omit*) toys?
Dis-played to tempt the eye, At-tracts a lin-g'ring gaze;
E-vokes a long-ing sigh From one who sings or (*Omit*) plays;

*REFRAIN*

There, for all folk who pass And nev-er tire,
Bright, be-hind the win-dow glass Lies heart's de-(*Omit*) sire.



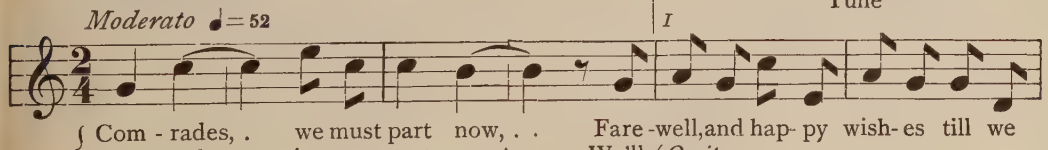

There, for all the folk who pass And nev-er tire,
Bright, be-hind the win-dow-glass Lies heart's de-(*Omit*) sire.

# Farewell Song

From the original

East African Missionary Tune

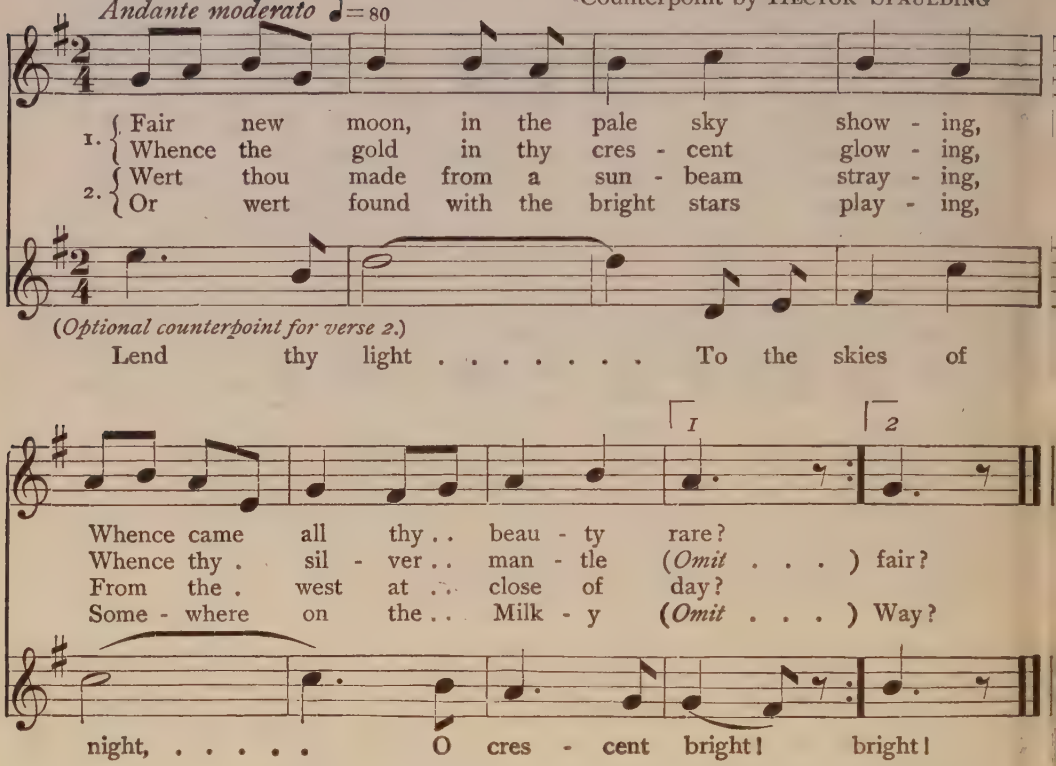
*Moderato* ♩ = 52




Com-rades, . we must part now, . . Fare-well, and hap-py wish-es till we
Com-rades, . time to start now! . We'll (*Omit* . . . . . .
meet a-gain! .
. . . . . .) see you soon, . till then, . . Fare-well! . . .

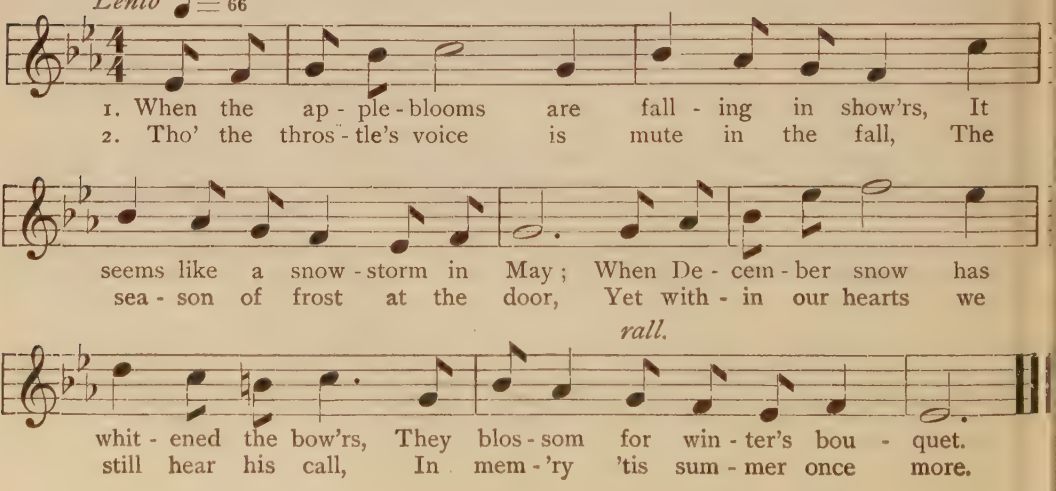
# The New Moon

HENRY SNOW — PAUL BIGARELLE
Counterpoint by HECTOR SPAULDING


Andante moderato ♩= 80
1. Fair new moon, in the pale sky show - ing,
Whence the gold in thy cres - cent glow - ing,
2. Wert thou made from a sun - beam stray - ing,
Or wert found with the bright stars play - ing,
(Optional counterpoint for verse 2.)
Lend thy light . . . . . To the skies of
1
2
Whence came all thy . . beau - ty rare?
Whence thy . sil - ver . . man - tle (Omit . . . ) fair?
From the . west at . . close of day?
Some - where on the . . Milk - y (Omit . . . ) Way?
night, . . . . . O cres - cent bright! bright!

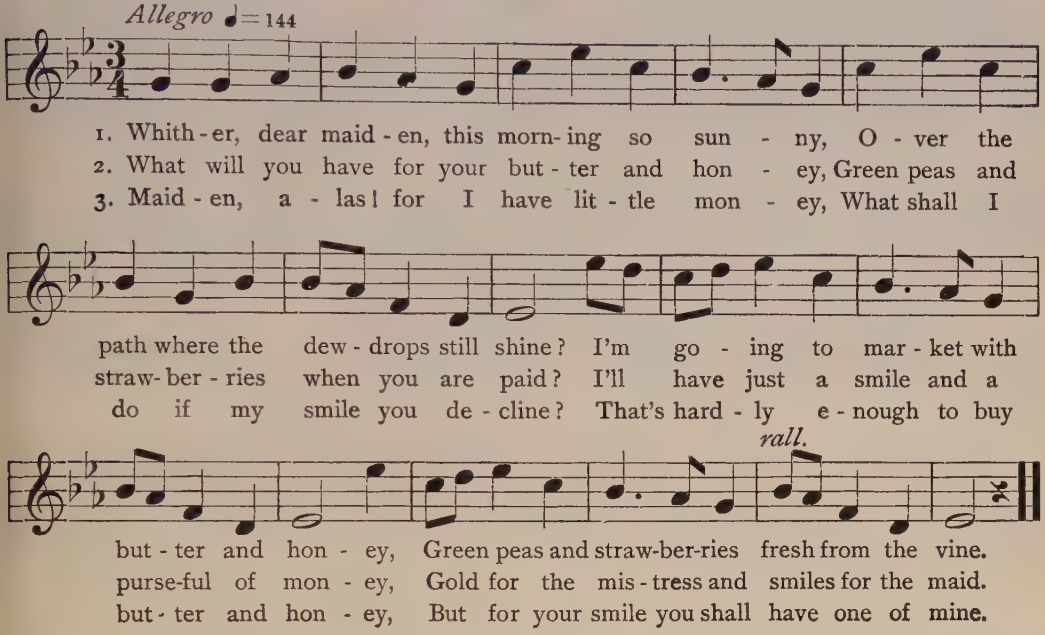
# Fancies

VICTOR N. PIERPONT — H. W. L.


Lento ♩= 66
1. When the ap - ple - blooms are fall - ing in show'rs, It
2. Tho' the thros - tle's voice is mute in the fall, The
seems like a snow - storm in May; When De - cem - ber snow has
sea - son of frost at the door, Yet with - in our hearts we
rall.
whit - ened the bow'rs, They blos - som for win - ter's bou - quet.
still hear his call, In mem - 'ry 'tis sum - mer once more.

# Whither, Dear Maiden?

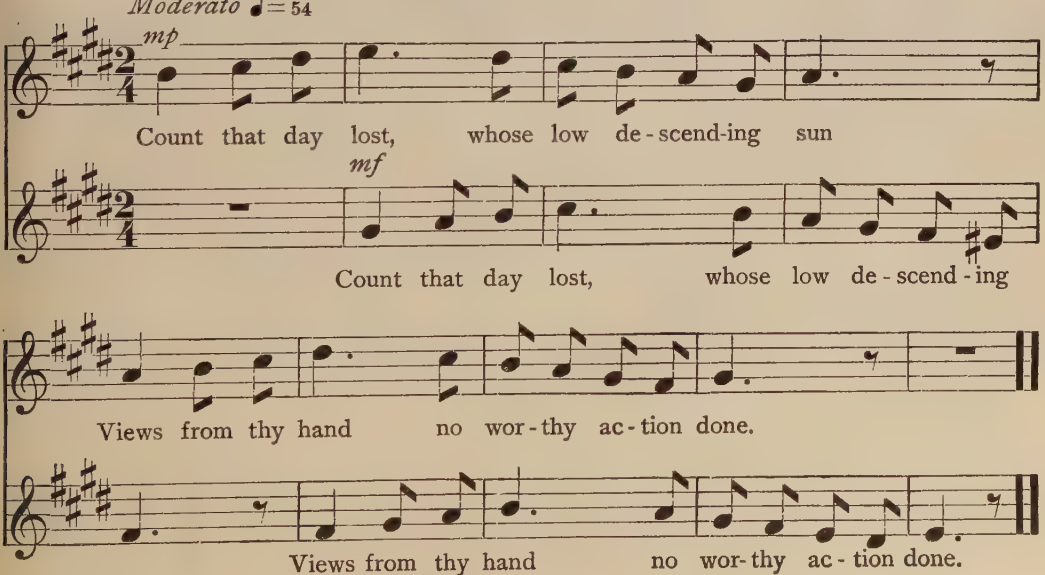
STEPHEN FAY — Bohemian Folk Tune


Allegro ♩= 144
1. Whith-er, dear maid-en, this morn-ing so sun-ny, O-ver the
2. What will you have for your but-ter and hon-ey, Green peas and
3. Maid-en, a-las! for I have lit-tle mon-ey, What shall I
path where the dew-drops still shine? I'm go-ing to mar-ket with
straw-ber-ries when you are paid? I'll have just a smile and a
do if my smile you de-cline? That's hard-ly e-nough to buy
rall.
but-ter and hon-ey, Green peas and straw-ber-ries fresh from the vine.
purse-ful of mon-ey, Gold for the mis-tress and smiles for the maid.
but-ter and hon-ey, But for your smile you shall have one of mine.

# A Precept

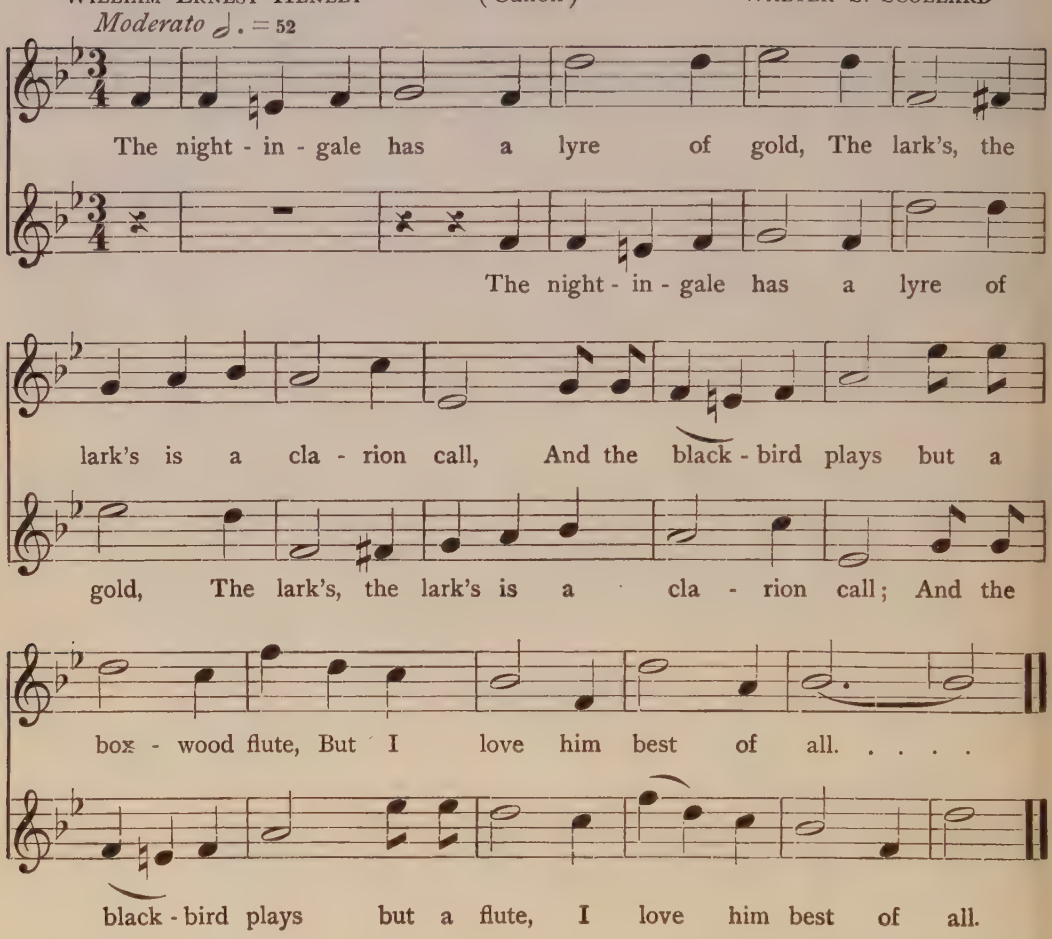
(Canon in the minor third below)

STANIFORD — PAUL LEROUX


Moderato ♩= 54
mp
Count that day lost, whose low de-scend-ing sun
mf
Count that day lost, whose low de-scend-ing
Views from thy hand no wor-thy ac-tion done.
Views from thy hand no wor-thy ac-tion done.

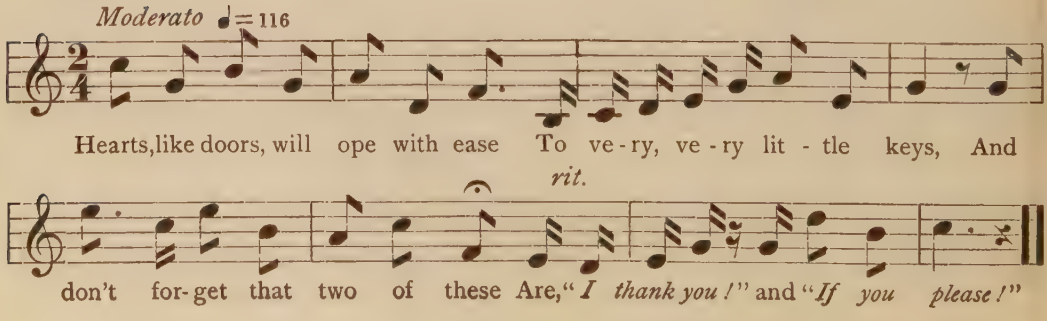
# The Blackbird

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY (Canon) WALTER S. SCOLLARD


Moderato ♩. = 52
The night - in - gale has a lyre of gold, The lark's, the
The night - in - gale has a lyre of
lark's is a cla - rion call, And the black - bird plays but a
gold, The lark's, the lark's is a cla - rion call; And the
box - wood flute, But I love him best of all. . . . .
black - bird plays but a flute, I love him best of all.

# Useful Keys

Anon. HENDRYK SCHUYLER


Moderato ♩ = 116
Hearts, like doors, will ope with ease To ve - ry, ve - ry lit - tle keys, And
rit.
don't for - get that two of these Are, "I thank you!" and "If you please!"

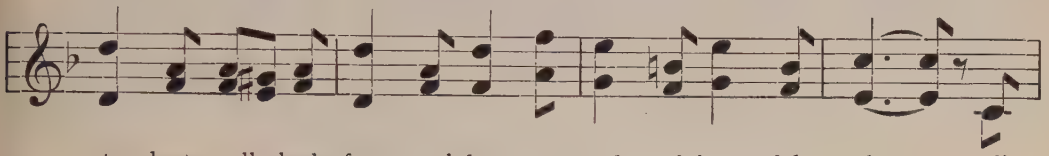
# Summer Months

KATHARINE LLOYD

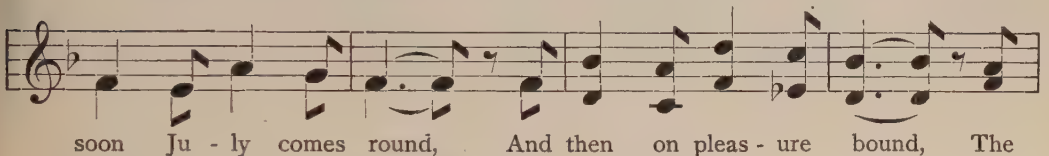
ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

*Allegro moderato* ♩. = 60

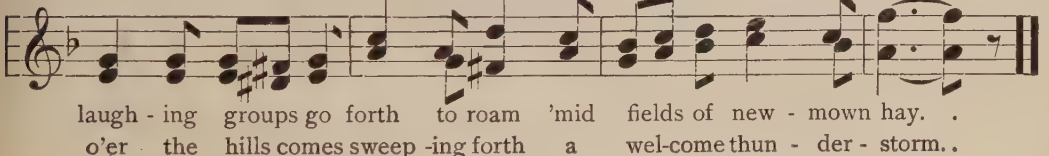
1. When days of June are here . Va - ca - tion time is near, . And
2. When Au - gust days ar - rive . And bees have stored the hive, . The
3. When cool Sep - tem - ber comes, Once more the class-room hums . And



stu - dents all look for - ward then, to months of joy - ful play; . Full
ri - pened fruit is hang - ing low 'mid sun - shine bright and warm; And
o - pen books bring pleas-ant tasks to all the stu - dious throng; A



soon Ju - ly comes round, And then on pleas - ure bound, The
oft ere sun - set hour, . Re - viv - ing leaf and flow'r, From
smile on ev - 'ry face, . For school's a cheer - ful place; I



laugh - ing groups go forth to roam 'mid fields of new - mown hay. .
o'er the hills comes sweep - ing forth a wel-come thun - der - storm. .
think the rea - son here is found: the day be - gins with song. .

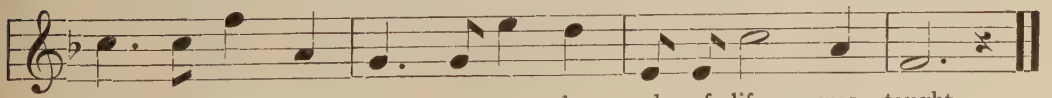
# A Rule of Three

CANON BROOKINGFORD

DON MAITLAND

*Moderato* ♩ = 88

"See no e - vil, hear no e - vil, speak no e - vil thought."

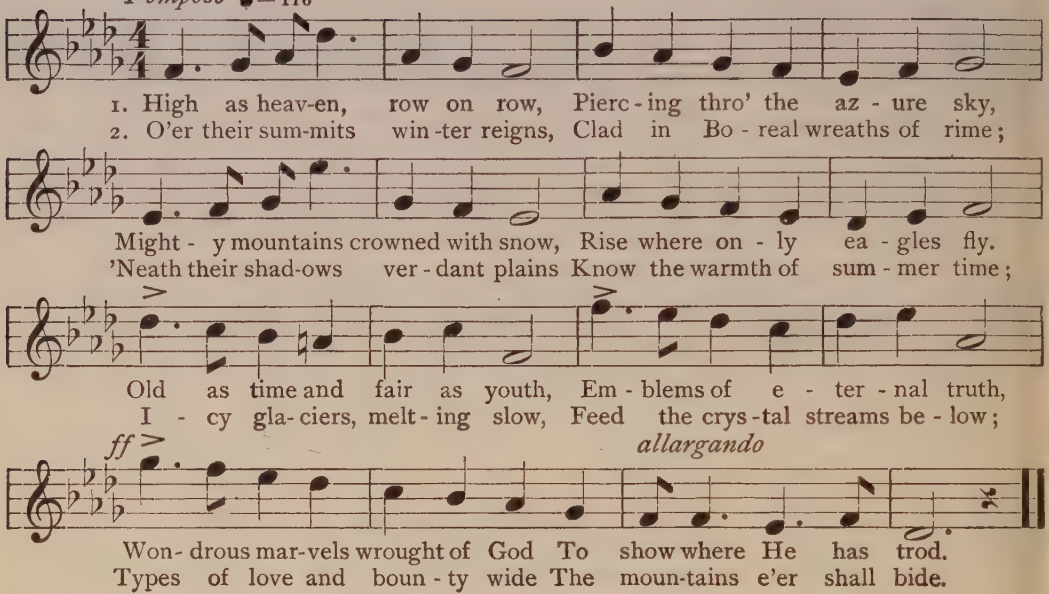


Thus in old Ja - pan a wor - thy rule of life was taught.

# Mountains

DON MAITLAND — Hungarian Tune

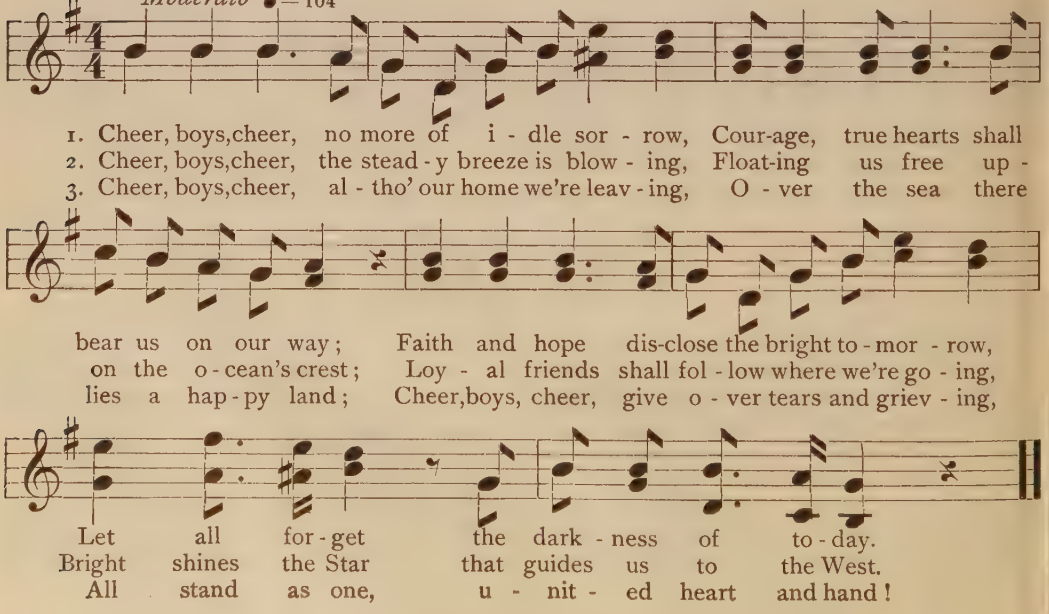
*Pomposo* ♩= 116


1. High as heav-en, row on row, Pierc-ing thro' the az-ure sky,
2. O'er their sum-mits win-ter reigns, Clad in Bo-real wreaths of rime;
Might-y mountains crowned with snow, Rise where on-ly ea-gles fly.
'Neath their shad-ows ver-dant plains Know the warmth of sum-mer time;
Old as time and fair as youth, Em-blems of e-ter-nal truth,
I-cy gla-ciers, melt-ing slow, Feed the crys-tal streams be-low;
ff
allargando
Won-drous mar-vels wrought of God To show where He has trod.
Types of love and boun-ty wide The moun-tains e'er shall bide.

# Cheer, Boys, Cheer!

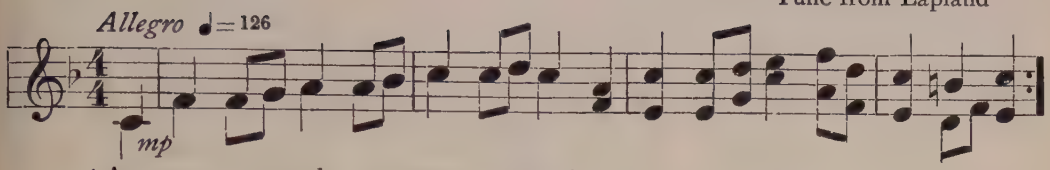
CHARLES MACKAY (adapted) — (Immigration Song) — HENRY RUSSELL

*Moderato* ♩= 104

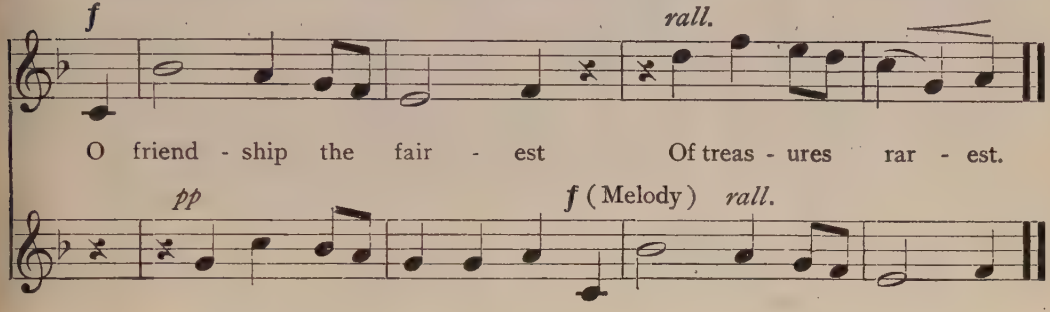

1. Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of i-dle sor-row, Cour-age, true hearts shall
2. Cheer, boys, cheer, the stead-y breeze is blow-ing, Float-ing us free up-
3. Cheer, boys, cheer, al-tho' our home we're leav-ing, O-ver the sea there
bear us on our way; Faith and hope dis-close the bright to-mor-row,
on the o-cean's crest; Loy-al friends shall fol-low where we're go-ing,
lies a hap-py land; Cheer, boys, cheer, give o-ver tears and griev-ing,
Let all for-get the dark-ness of to-day.
Bright shines the Star that guides us to the West.
All stand as one, u-nit-ed heart and hand!

# Friendship

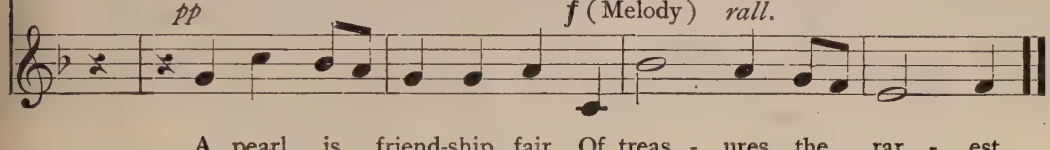
Tune from Lapland




1. As gay or sad our ways we wend We ev - er prize a trust - y friend,
   An out - stretched hand, a heart-y grip, The warmth of loy - al com- rade- ship.
2. Tho' steep the hill and long the mile We're heart-en'd by a cheer- y smile,
   And so, un - til our jour - ney ends, With love we hold our faith-ful friends.



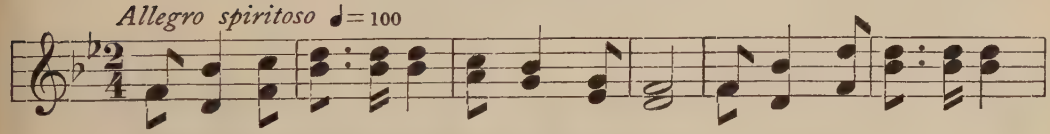

O friend - ship the fair - est Of treas - ures rar - est.



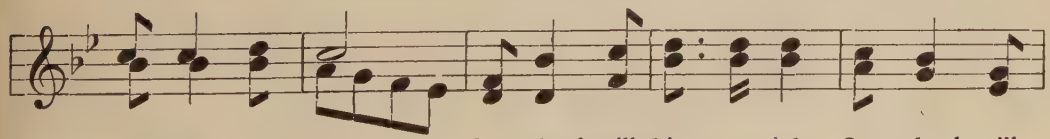

A pearl is friend-ship fair, Of treas - ures the rar - est.

# Our School Will Shine

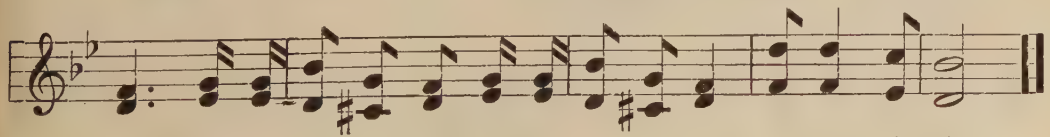
American Tune




Our school * will shine to- night, Our school will shine, Our school will shine to-night



All down the line. . . Our school will shine to-night, Our school will



shine; When the sun goes down and the moon comes up, Our school will shine.

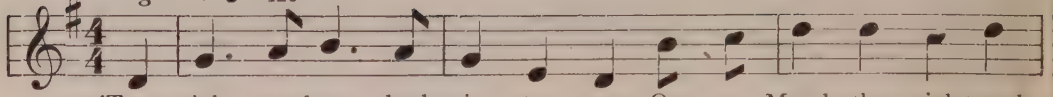
** Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Our Team, etc., or proper names may be substituted.*

# Whaling Song

Traditional words
Revised by HENRY SNOW

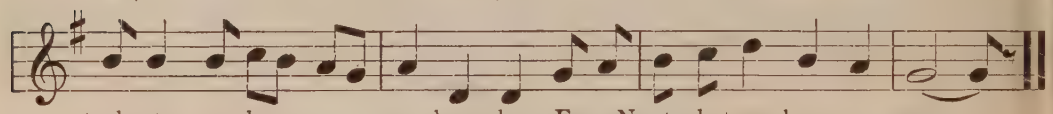
Somerset Folk Song

*Vigoroso* ♩= 126



1. 'Twas eigh - teen hun - dred, six - ty - one, On a March, the eigh-teenth
2. Our skip - per on the lee rail stood With a spy - glass in his
3. The boat was launched, the men got in, With the whale - fish well in
4. That whale was struck, the line payed out, But she lashed her dead - ly
5. "Up an - chor, boys!" our skip - per cried, For the win - ter's draw - ing

day, With our col - ors set . to the top . of the mast, From Nan -
hand." There's a whale, a whale and a whale - fish!" he cried, "And she's
view; We were all pre - pared with the har - poon and line, For to
tail, And the boat cap - sized and we all . had a swim, But we
near, It is time to leave, so the an - chor we'll heave, To Nan -



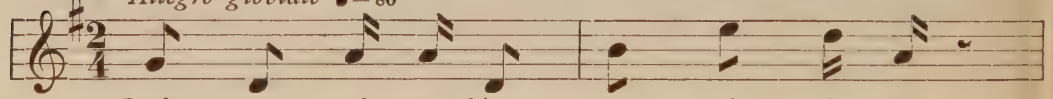
tuck - et we bore a - way, brave boys, From Nantucket we bore a - way. .
blow - ing, she's blow - ing high, brave boys, And she's blowing, she's blowing high!"
strike where the whale - fish blew, brave boys, Where the proper right whale - fish blew.
nev - er could catch that whale, brave boys, But we nev - er could catch that whale. .
tuck - et a - way we'll steer, brave boys, To Nan - tuck - et a - way we'll steer!"

# July's Garden

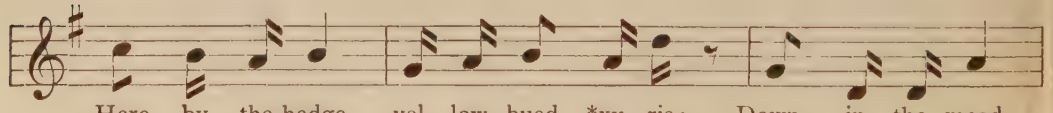
H. W. L.

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

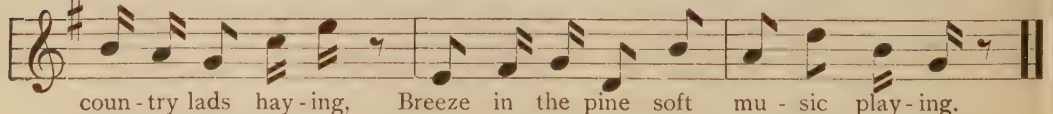
*Allegro gioviale* ♩= 80



1. Lark - spur, col - um - bine, roy - al i - ris;
2. See, now! fruit is ripe, red, red ap - ples



Here by the hedge yel - low - hued *xy - ris; Down in the mead
Found in the grass where the sun dap - ples; Yours for a smile,



coun - try lads hay - ing, Breeze in the pine soft mu - sic play - ing.
who would ask mon - ey? All are as free as or - chard hon - ey.

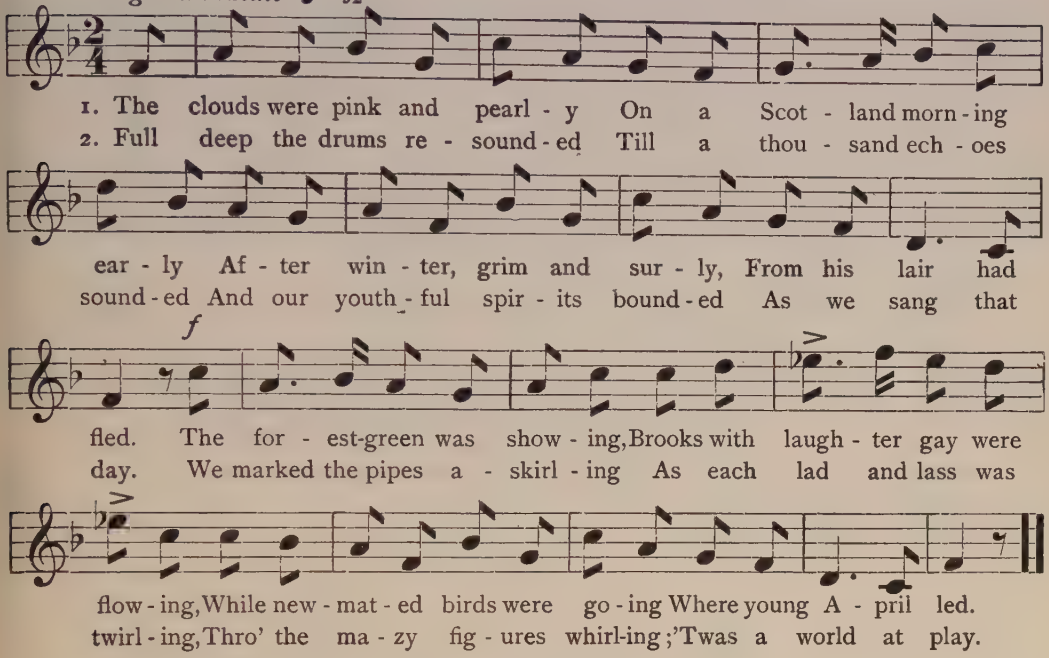
* *A flower commonly known as "Yellow-eyed grass."*

# A Morning Carnival

From Scottish Dialect

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

*Allegro marziale* ♩= 92

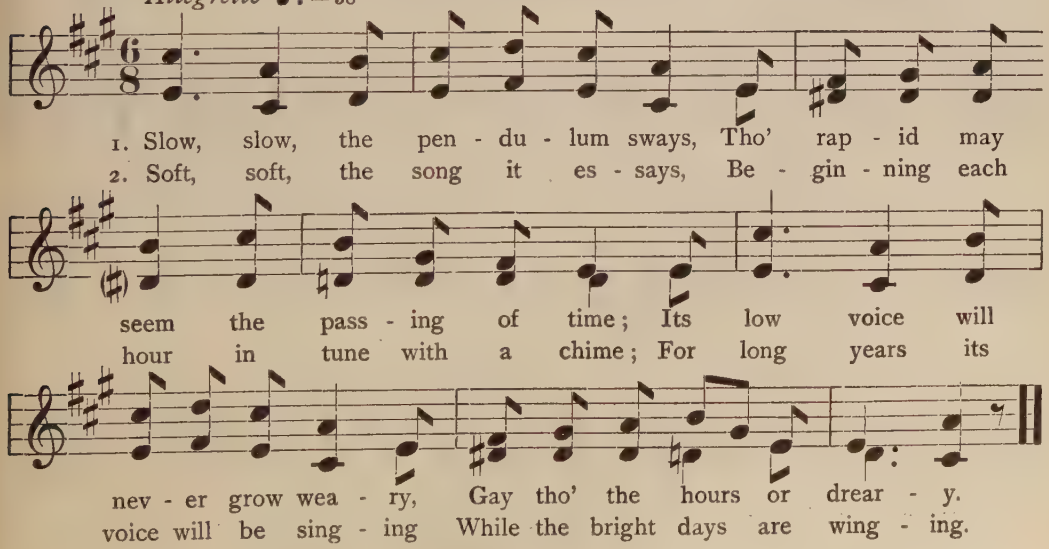

1. The clouds were pink and pearl - y On a Scot - land morn - ing
2. Full deep the drums re - sound - ed Till a thou - sand ech - oes
ear - ly Af - ter win - ter, grim and sur - ly, From his lair had
sound - ed And our youth - ful spir - its bound - ed As we sang that
f
fled. The for - est-green was show - ing, Brooks with laugh - ter gay were
day. We marked the pipes a - skirl - ing As each lad and lass was
flow - ing, While new - mat - ed birds were go - ing Where young A - pril led.
twirl - ing, Thro' the ma - zy fig - ures whirl-ing; 'Twas a world at play.

# The Pendulum

MARIAN GRAY

ADOLPH HENSELT

*Allegretto* ♩. = 58


1. Slow, slow, the pen - du - lum sways, Tho' rap - id may
2. Soft, soft, the song it es - says, Be - gin - ning each
seem the pass - ing of time; Its low voice will
hour in tune with a chime; For long years its
nev - er grow wea - ry, Gay tho' the hours or drear - y.
voice will be sing - ing While the bright days are wing - ing.

# The Blue Juniata

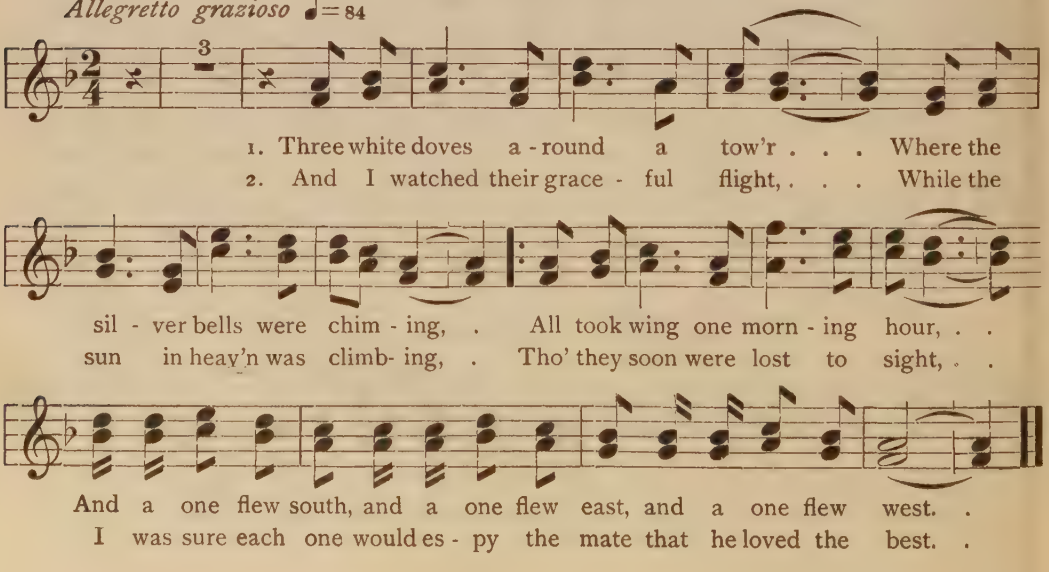
*Allegro moderato* ♩= 100 M. D. Sullivan

1. Wild rov'd an In - dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta!
2. Gay was her moun - tain - song, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta!
Where sweep the wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta.
Where sweep the wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta.
Swift as an an - te - lope Thro' the for - est go - ing
Strong and true my ar - rows are In my paint - ed quiv - er,
Soft were her jet - ty locks In wa - vy tress - es flow - ing.
Straight goes my light ca - noe A - down the rap - id riv - er.

# The Three Doves

From the Italian Italian Folk Tune

*Allegretto grazioso* ♩= 84


3
1. Three white doves a - round a tow'r . . . Where the
2. And I watched their grace - ful flight, . . . While the
sil - ver bells were chim - ing, . All took wing one morn - ing hour, . .
sun in heav'n was climb - ing, . Tho' they soon were lost to sight, . .
And a one flew south, and a one flew east, and a one flew west. .
I was sure each one would es - py the mate that he loved the best. .

# The Holland Windmill

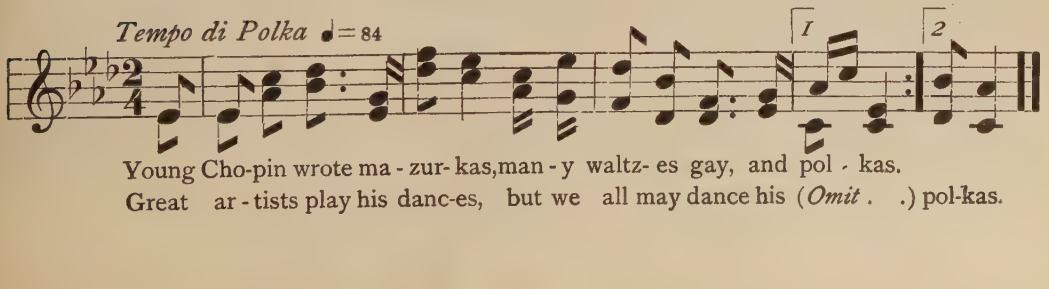
FREDERICK A. WINTHROP — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

*Andante* ♩ = 50

1. All the sum - mer aft - er - noon La - zi - ly the
2. Sail - ors on the blue ca - nal Join - ing in the
Turn - - - ing, turn - ing, Wind - - -
Rest - - - ing, rest - ing, sail - - -
sails of the wind - mill Go round, go .
tune of the wind - mill Sing on, sing .
mill sails go . round, Ev - er slow,
ors sing a . song Ech - oed o'er,
1 2
round, While a gen - tle lit - tle zeph - yr blows.
on O'er the mead-ow where the sun - light (Omit . . .) glows.
1 2
ev - er slow, While the zeph - yr blows. .
ech - oed o'er Where the sun - light (Omit . . .) glows. . .

# A Polish Composer

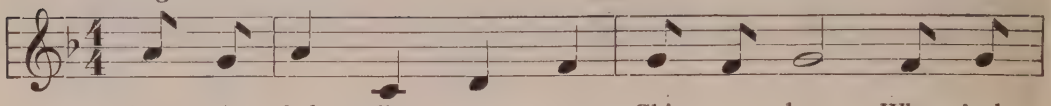
Polish Dance Tune


Tempo di Polka ♩ = 84
1 2
Young Cho-pin wrote ma - zur- kas,man - y waltz- es gay, and pol - kas.
Great ar - tists play his danc-es, but we all may dance his (Omit . .) pol-kas.

# Aladdin and the Lamp

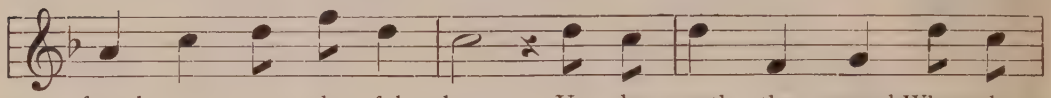
H. W. L. HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

*Allegro* ♩= 120



1. Young A - lad - din was a Chi - na boy Who had
2. When A - lad - din wished for an - y - thing He would
3. And the Ge - nie brought him dain - ty food, And a

*rit.*



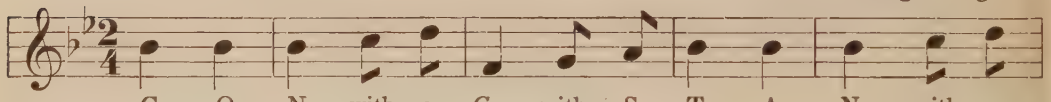
found a won - der - ful lamp Un - der - neath the ground Where the
rub the lamp with his thumb, And he knew right well 'Twas a
house of sil - ver and gold; He was mar - ried there To the

*a tempo*

gnomes are found, In a cav - ern all gloom - y and damp.
mag - ic spell For a cu - ri - ous Ge - nie to come.
Prin - cess fair, So there is - n't much more to be told.

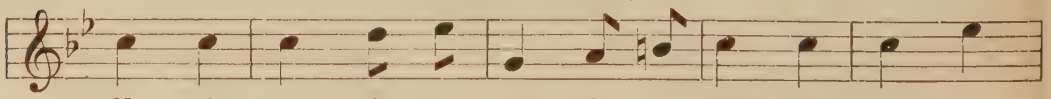
# A Spelling Lesson

*Presto* ♩= 192 From a College Song

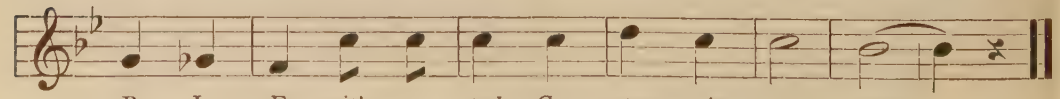


C, O, N, with a *Con*, with S, T, A, N, with a

*stan*, with a *Con - stan* - T, I, *ti*, with a *Con - stan - ti*. . .



N, O, *no*, with a *no*, with a *Con - stan - ti - no* -

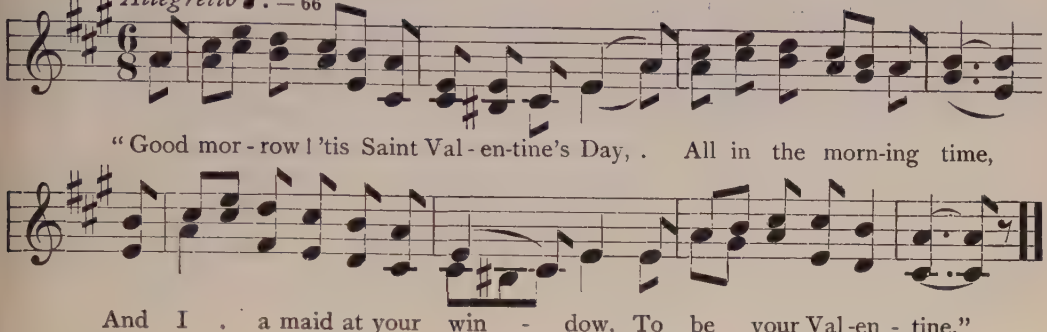


P, L, E, with a *pul*, *Con - stan - ti - no - ple*. . .

## St. Valentine's Day

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE — Old English

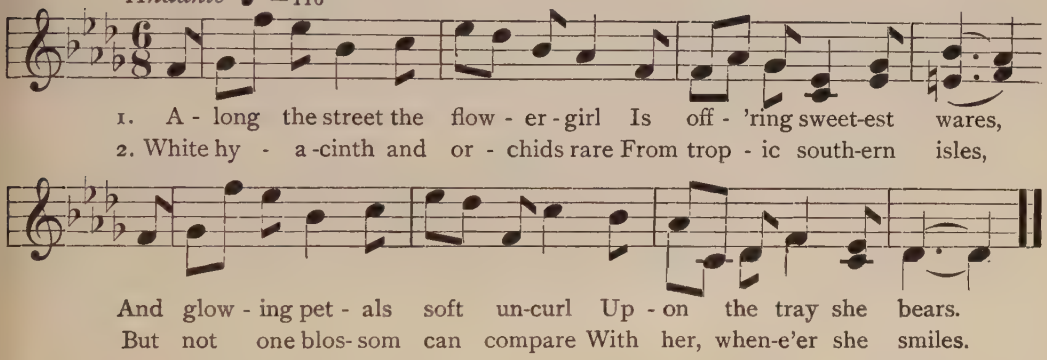
*Allegretto* ♩. = 66




## City Flowers

JOHN CUTLER ALVORD — GUSTAV LANGE

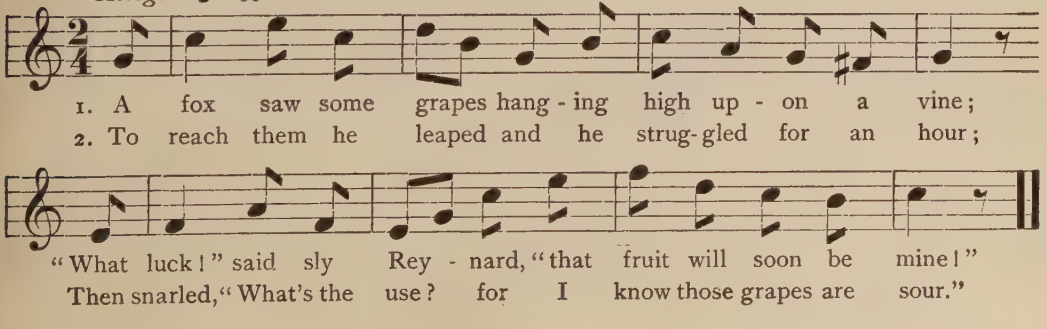
*Andante* ♪ = 116


1. A - long the street the flow - er - girl Is off - 'ring sweet-est wares,
2. White hy - a - cinth and or - chids rare From trop - ic south-ern isles,
And glow - ing pet - als soft un-curl Up - on the tray she bears.
But not one blos - som can compare With her, when-e'er she smiles.

## The Fox and the Grapes

Adapted from Aesop's Fables — Danish Tune

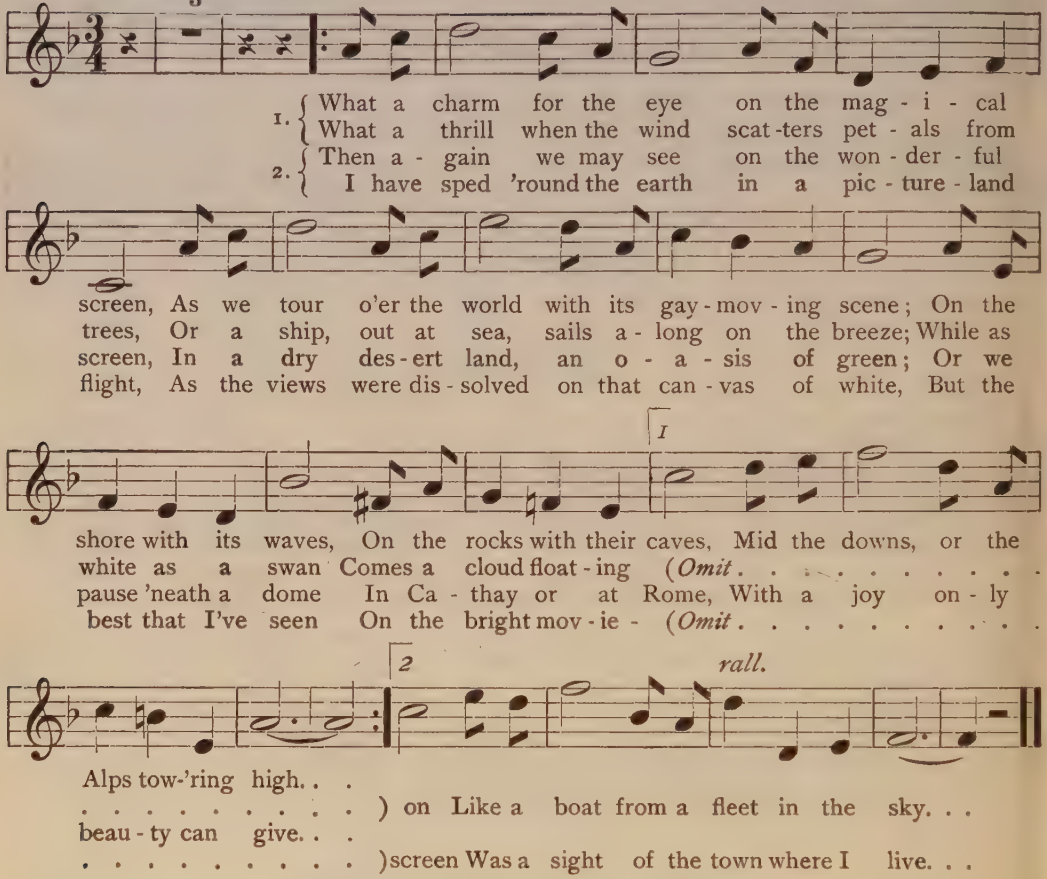
*Allegro* ♩ = 84


1. A fox saw some grapes hang - ing high up - on a vine;
2. To reach them he leaped and he strug - gled for an hour;
"What luck!" said sly Rey - nard, "that fruit will soon be mine!"
Then snarled, "What's the use? for I know those grapes are sour."

# Pictureland

H. W. L. HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

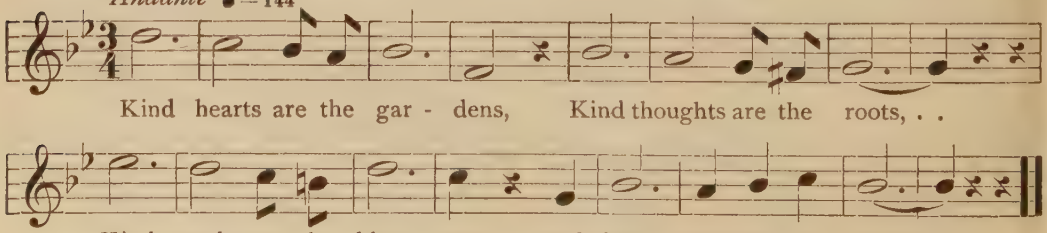
*Allegretto grazioso* ♩=132


3
1. What a charm for the eye on the mag - i - cal
What a thrill when the wind scat-ters pet - als from
2. Then a - gain we may see on the won - der - ful
I have sped 'round the earth in a pic - ture - land
screen, As we tour o'er the world with its gay - mov - ing scene; On the
trees, Or a ship, out at sea, sails a - long on the breeze; While as
screen, In a dry des - ert land, an o - a - sis of green; Or we
flight, As the views were dis - solved on that can - vas of white, But the
1
shore with its waves, On the rocks with their caves, Mid the downs, or the
white as a swan Comes a cloud float - ing (*Omit* . . . . . .
pause 'neath a dome In Ca - thay or at Rome, With a joy on - ly
best that I've seen On the bright mov - ie - (*Omit* . . . . . .
2
rall.
Alps tow-'ring high. . .
. . . . . ) on Like a boat from a fleet in the sky. . .
beau - ty can give. . .
. . . . . )screen Was a sight of the town where I live. . .

# Gardens

Anon. HECTOR SPAULDING

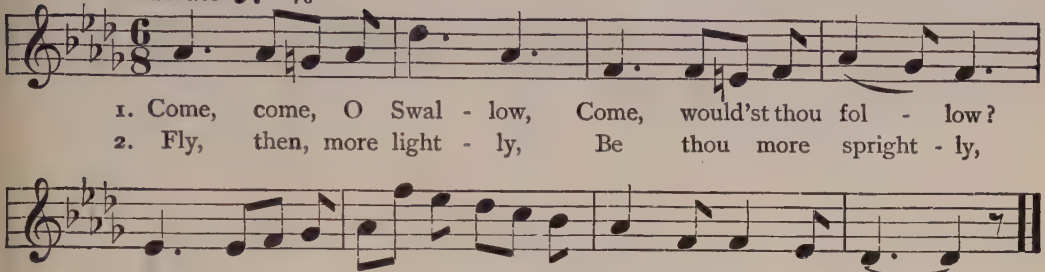
*Andante* ♩=144



## Come, O Swallow

HENRY SNOW — FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

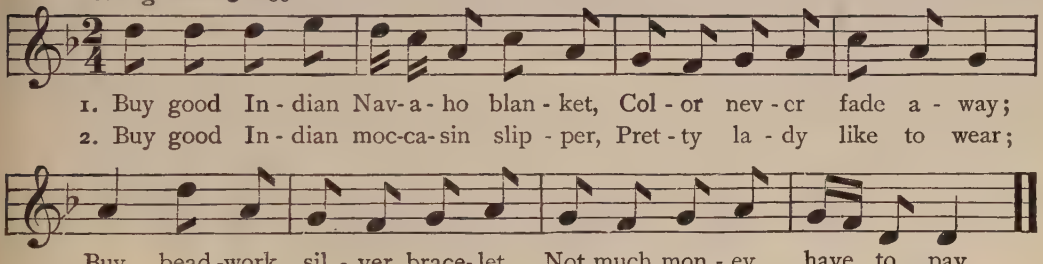
*Moderato* ♩. = 76


1. Come, come, O Swal - low, Come, would'st thou fol - low?
2. Fly, then, more light - ly, Be thou more spright - ly,
Fly o'er the moun-tain high And o'er the dis - tant plain?
Fast wings my wea - ry heart To find its home a - gain!

## In Arizona

VICTOR N. PIERPONT — Navaho Indian Tune

*Allegretto* ♩ = 88

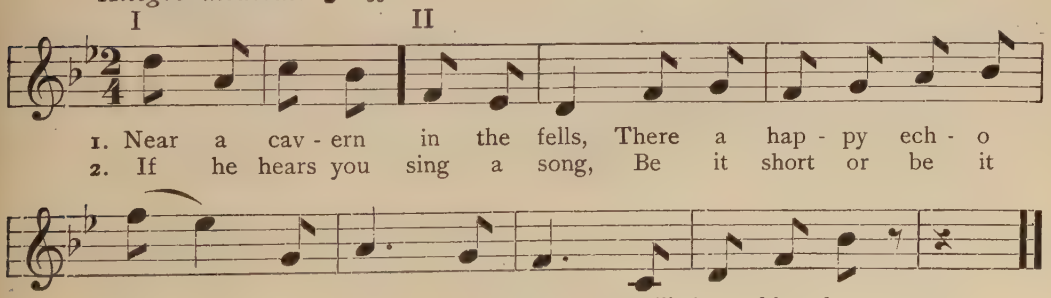

1. Buy good In - dian Nav-a - ho blan - ket, Col - or nev - er fade a - way;
2. Buy good In - dian moc-ca-sin slip - per, Pret - ty la - dy like to wear;
Buy bead-work, sil - ver brace-let, Not much mon - ey have to pay.
*Two - bits can buy small bas - ket, She can car - ry ev - 'ry - where.

**"Two bits": Western vernacular for twenty-five cents.*

## The Echo Boy

Rev. CHARLES ELLERTON — (Round) — FOSTER B. MERRIAM

*Allegro moderato* ♩ = 69

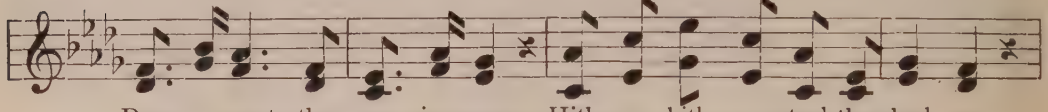

I
II
1. Near a cav - ern in the fells, There a hap - py ech - o
2. If he hears you sing a song, Be it short or be it
dwells: Call out, And then you'll hear him shout.
long, . He too Will sing, and fol - low you.

# Home Is Waiting

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN — Croatian Folk Tune

*Moderato* ♩ = 76

1. Breath of pine and scent of rose, Fra - grance in the mead - ows;
2. On - ward winds the wea - ry way O - ver hill and hol - low;
3. Ea - ger heart and wea - ry feet, Lo, the lane is turn - ing;



Dew - y sweet the eve - ning grows, Hith - er, hith - er steal the shad - ows
Thro' the shad - ows grim and gray, Si - lent ghosts that seem to fol - low.
Home is wait - ing, warm and sweet, See the cot - tage light is burn - ing.

Home-ward o'er the si - lent land, Plods the plough-man staff in hand.
Now a glow - worm lights his lamp, Whith - er, whith - er leads the scamp?
O'er the hill - top gleams a star, This is near - er, dear - er far.

Breath of haw - thorn, scent of rose, Dew - y sweet the eve - ning grows.
On - ward winds the wea - ry way Thro' the shad - ows grim and grey.
Ea - ger heart and wea - ry feet, Home is wait - ing, warm and sweet.

# Sunshine

THORNTON STANLEY — ROBERT SCHUMANN (abridged)

*Andante con moto* ♩ = 84

1. Sun-shine, sun-shine, warm and glow - ing, O - ver val - ley, hill and plain,
2. Sun-shine, sun-shine, shed - ding glad-ness O'er the wa - ter, earth and sky,

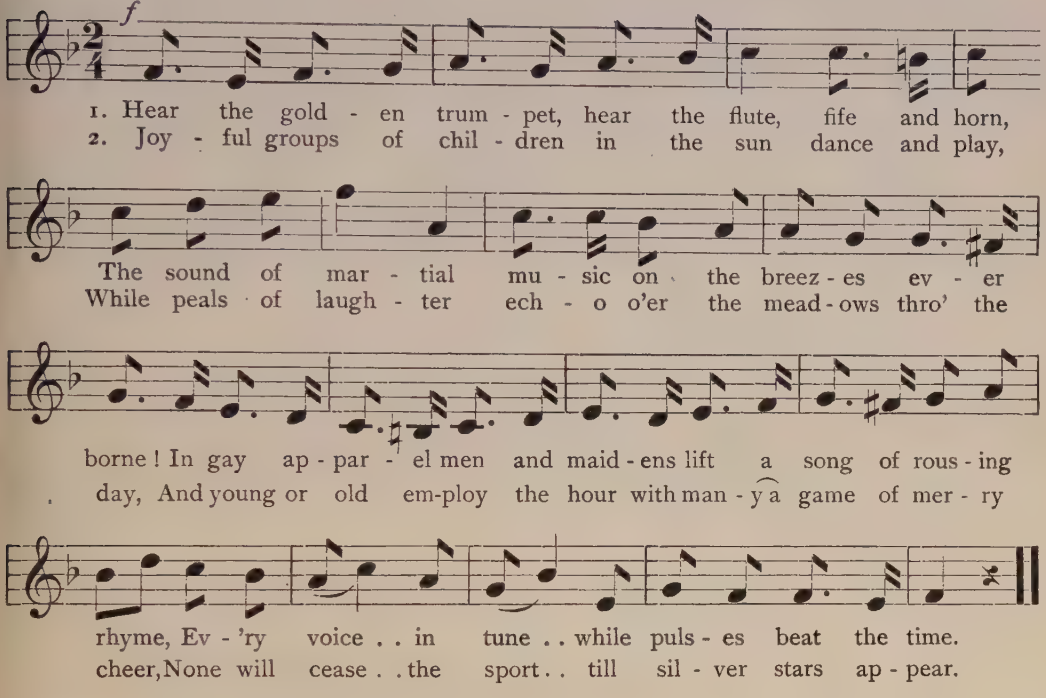
Life and strength of all things growing, Gar-den flow'r and field of grain.
Friend of joy and foe of sad - ness, Who can weep when thou art nigh?

# An Anniversary

JOHN V. NAUGHTON

*Moderato* ♩= 112

Hungarian Folk Tune

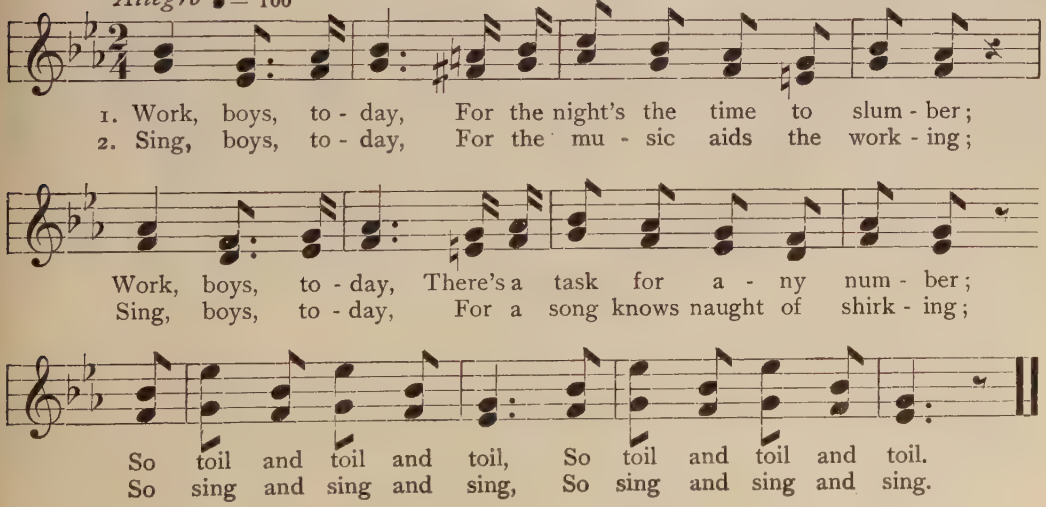

f
1. Hear the gold - en trum - pet, hear the flute, fife and horn,
2. Joy - ful groups of chil - dren in the sun dance and play,
The sound of mar - tial mu - sic on the breez - es ev - er
While peals of laugh - ter ech - o o'er the mead - ows thro' the
borne! In gay ap - par - el men and maid - ens lift a song of rous - ing
day, And young or old em-ploy the hour with man - y a game of mer - ry
rhyme, Ev - 'ry voice . . in tune . . while puls - es beat the time.
cheer, None will cease . . the sport . . till sil - ver stars ap - pear.

# Sing at Your Work!

From the original

*Allegro* ♩= 100

Porto Rican Industrial Song


1. Work, boys, to - day, For the night's the time to slum - ber;
2. Sing, boys, to - day, For the mu - sic aids the work - ing;
Work, boys, to - day, There's a task for a - ny num - ber;
Sing, boys, to - day, For a song knows naught of shirk - ing;
So toil and toil and toil, So toil and toil and toil.
So sing and sing and sing, So sing and sing and sing.

# Amid the New-mown Hay

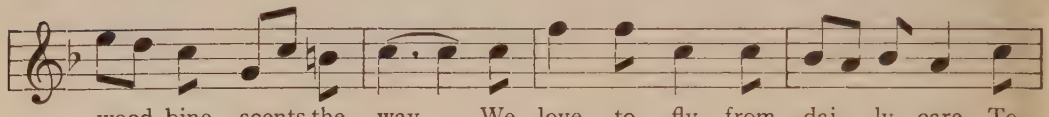
CHARLES MACKAY — English Tune

*Allegro* ♩. = 96

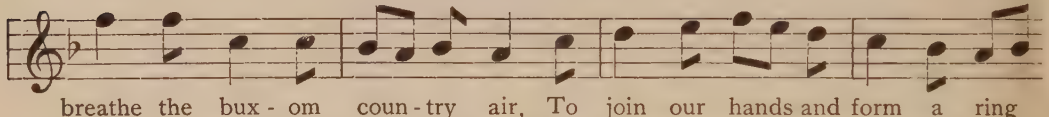
*mf*

1. When swal - lows dart from cot - tage eaves, And farm - ers dream of
2. We've room for all, who - e'er they be, Who have a heart for

bar - ley sheaves; When ap - ples peep a - mid the leaves, And
harm - less glee, And in the shad - ow of our tree Can

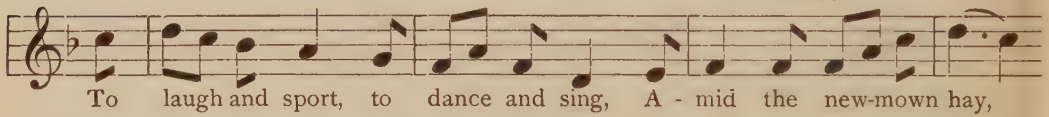


wood - bine scents the way, . . We love to fly from dai - ly care, To
fling their pride a - way. . . So join our sport, ye maid - ens true, With



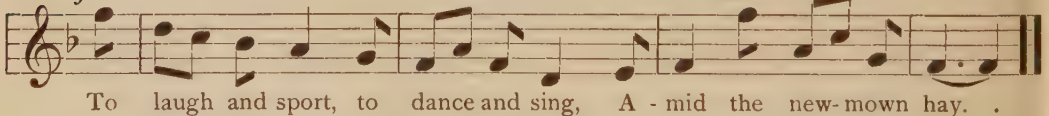
breathe the bux - om coun - try air, To join our hands and form a ring
eyes of beam - ing black or blue, Come Youth, come Age, come Child-hood fair,

*cresc.*



To laugh and sport, to dance and sing, A - mid the new-mown hay,
We've wel - come kind, and room to spare, A - mid the new-mown hay,

*f* *rall - en - tan - do*



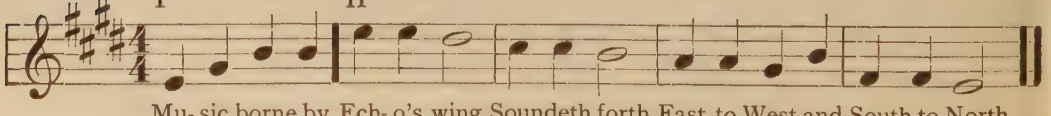
To laugh and sport, to dance and sing, A - mid the new - mown hay. .
A wel - come kind, and room to spare, A - mid the new - mown hay. .

# Music

RALPH SUYDAM — (Two-part Canon) — Old Tune

*Moderato* ♩ = 116

I II



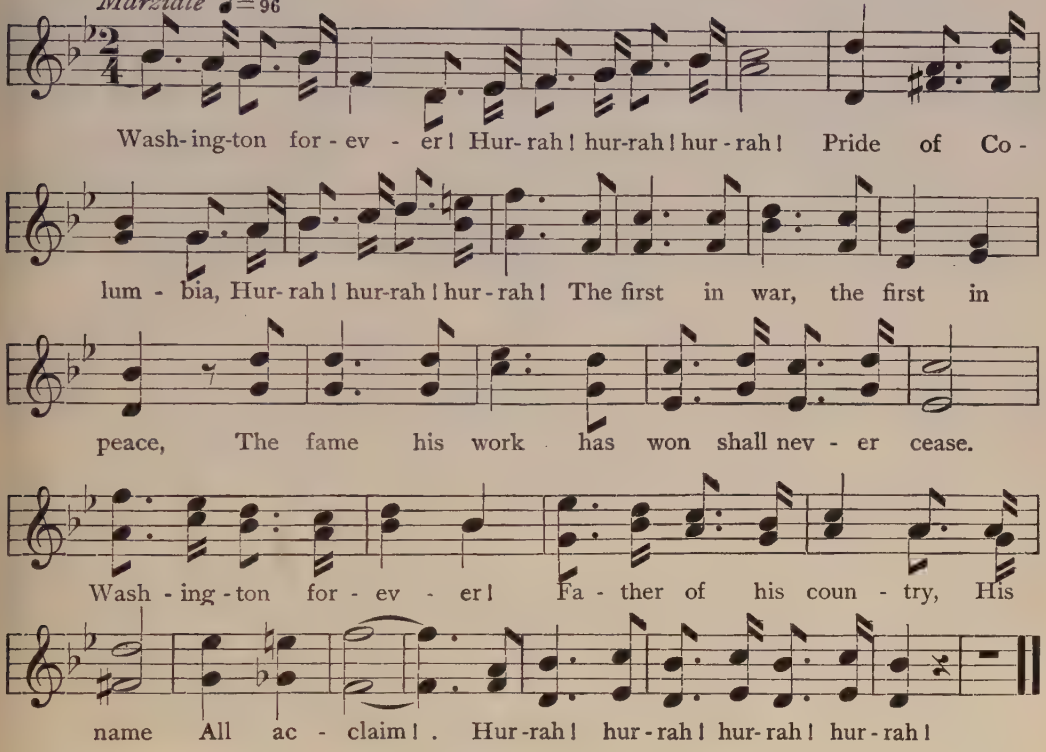
Mu - sic, borne by Ech - o's wing, Soundeth forth, East to West and South to North.

## George Washington

OLIVER ORDEN

J W. ELLIOTT

*Marziale* ♩ = 96

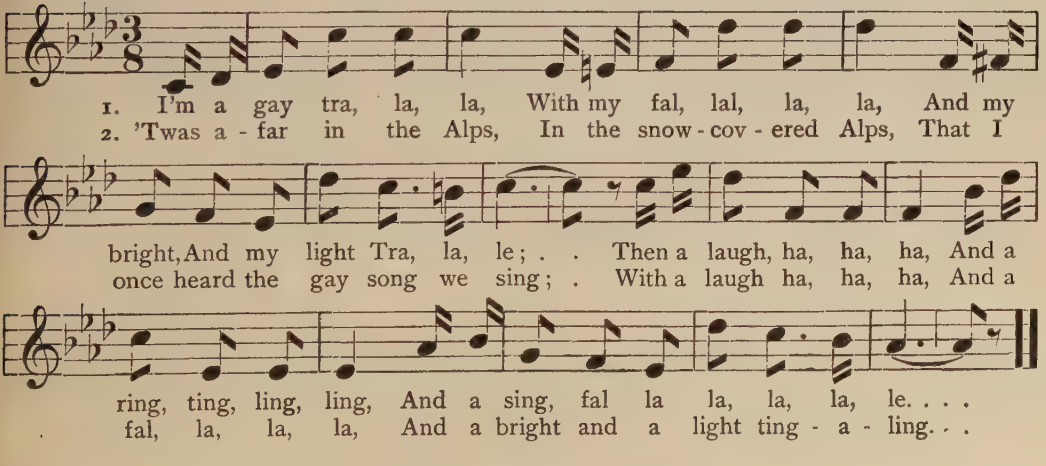

Wash-ing-ton for-ev-er! Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! Pride of Co-
lum-bia, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! The first in war, the first in
peace, The fame his work has won shall nev-er cease.
Wash-ing-ton for-ev-er! Fa-ther of his coun-try, His
name All ac-claim! . Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

## The Jolly Switzer

BRET HARTE. 2d stanza by K. L. D.

Swiss Air

*Moderato* ♪ = 152

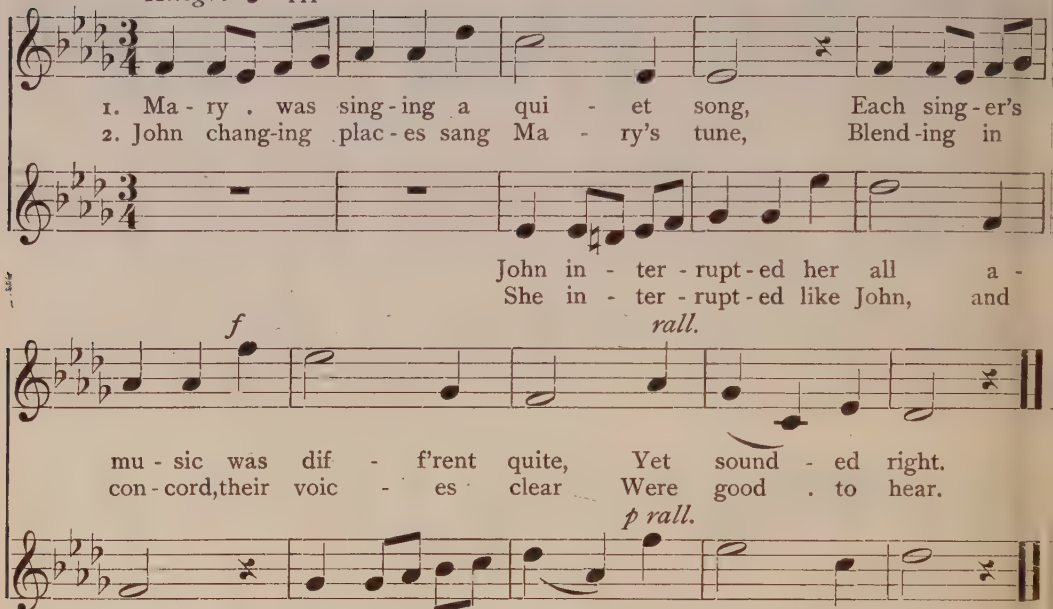

1. I'm a gay tra, la, la, With my fal, lal, la, la, And my
2. 'Twas a-far in the Alps, In the snow-cov-ered Alps, That I
bright, And my light Tra, la, le; . . Then a laugh, ha, ha, ha, And a
once heard the gay song we sing; . With a laugh ha, ha, ha, And a
ring, ting, ling, ling, And a sing, fal la la, la, la, le. . . .
fal, la, la, la, And a bright and a light ting-a-ling. . .

# An Interrupted Melody*

OLIVER ORDEN

*Allegro* ♩ = 144

From a Danish Folk Tune
Arr. VICTOR N. PIERPONT


1. Ma - ry . was sing - ing a qui - et song, Each sing - er's
2. John chang-ing plac - es sang Ma - ry's tune, Blend - ing in
John in - ter - rupt - ed her all a -
She in - ter - rupt - ed like John, and
f
rall.
mu - sic was dif - f'rent quite, Yet sound - ed right.
con - cord, their voic - es clear Were good . to hear.
p rall.
long, Each, dif - f'rent quite, Yet sound - ed right.
soon Two voic - es clear Were good to hear.

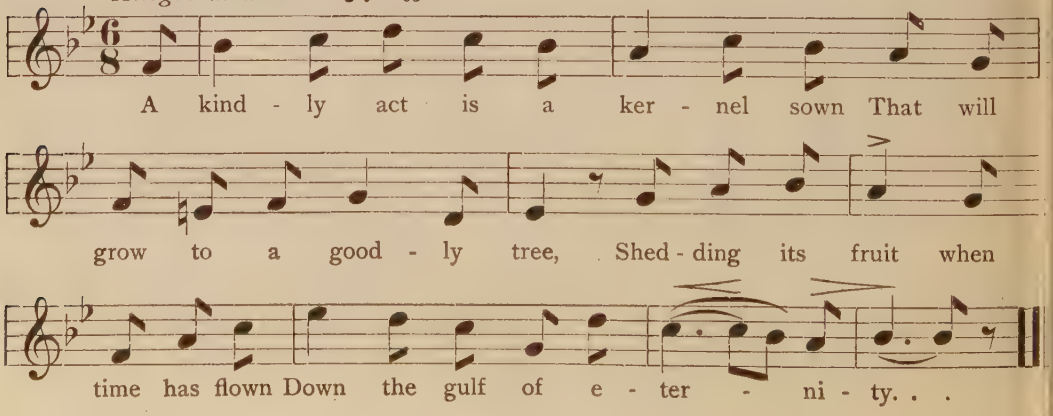
** This melody has been "telescoped," so to speak, each "interrupting" phrase occurring two measures sooner than appeared in the original sixteen-measure tune.*

# A Kindly Act

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

*Allegro moderato* ♩. = 63

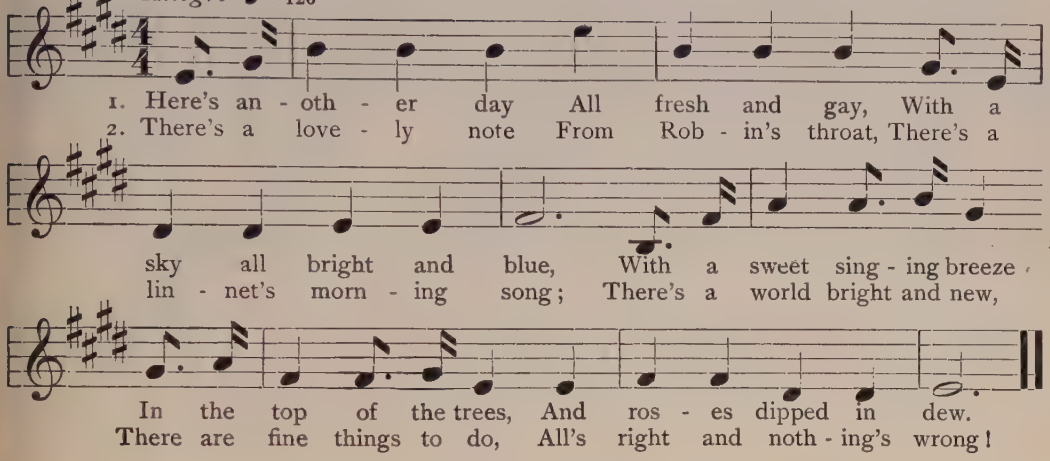
FELIX GODDARD


A kind - ly act is a ker - nel sown That will
grow to a good - ly tree, Shed - ding its fruit when
time has flown Down the gulf of e - ter - ni - ty. . .

## Rising Song

MAURICE TALBOT — FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

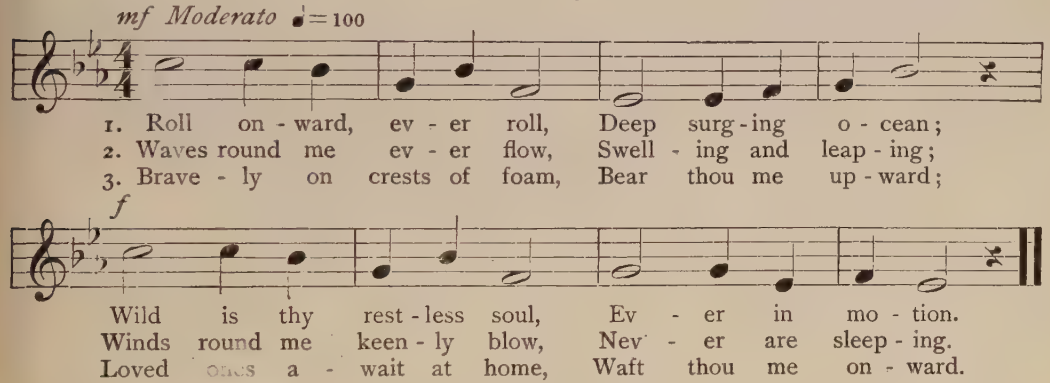
*Allegro* ♩ = 126


1. Here's an - oth - er day All fresh and gay, With a
2. There's a love - ly note From Rob - in's throat, There's a
sky all bright and blue, With a sweet sing - ing breeze
lin - net's morn - ing song; There's a world bright and new,
In the top of the trees, And ros - es dipped in dew.
There are fine things to do, All's right and noth - ing's wrong!

## On the Atlantic

HENRY F. GILBERT — Block Island Tune*

*mf Moderato* ♩ = 100

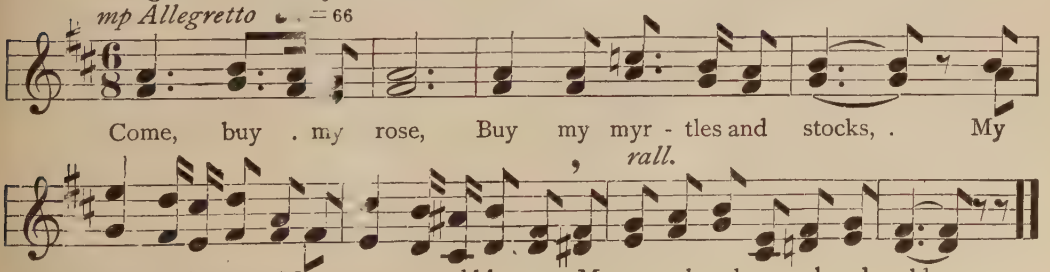

1. Roll on - ward, ev - er roll, Deep surg - ing o - cean;
2. Waves round me ev - er flow, Swell - ing and leap - ing;
3. Brave - ly on crests of foam, Bear thou me up - ward;
f
Wild is thy rest - less soul, Ev - er in mo - tion.
Winds round me keen - ly blow, Nev - er are sleep - ing.
Loved ones a - wait at home, Waft thou me on - ward.

**This melody was taken down from the singing of an old fisherman off the shore of Block Island.*

## The Flower Girl

Old English Street Cry — GEORGE Y. HUME

*mp Allegretto* ♩. = 66

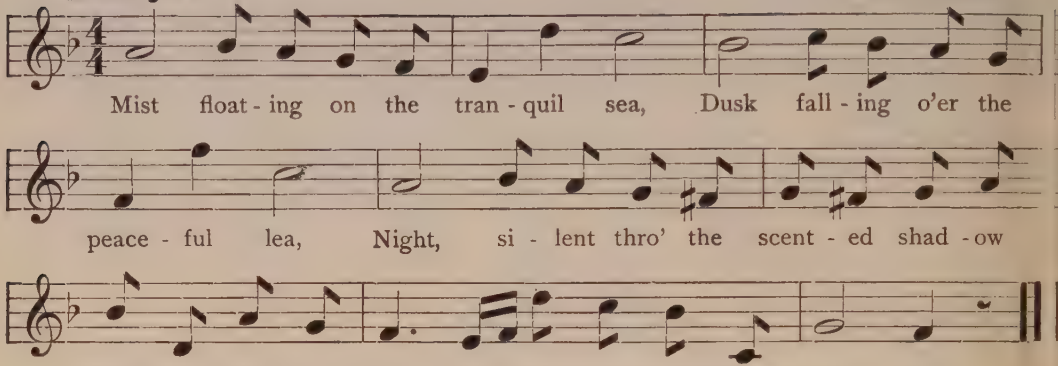

Come, buy . my rose, Buy my myr - tles and stocks, . My
rall.
sweet scented blossoms, My sweet scented blossoms, My gay colored, gay colored phlox.

## Our Heroes

M. Teresa Armitage

*Lento* ♩ = 60

Frédéric Chopin
In *B Minor Sonata*


Mist float - ing on the tran - quil sea, Dusk fall - ing o'er the
peace - ful lea, Night, si - lent thro' the scent - ed shad - ow
creep - ing, Soft en - fold our loved ones where they're sleep ing.

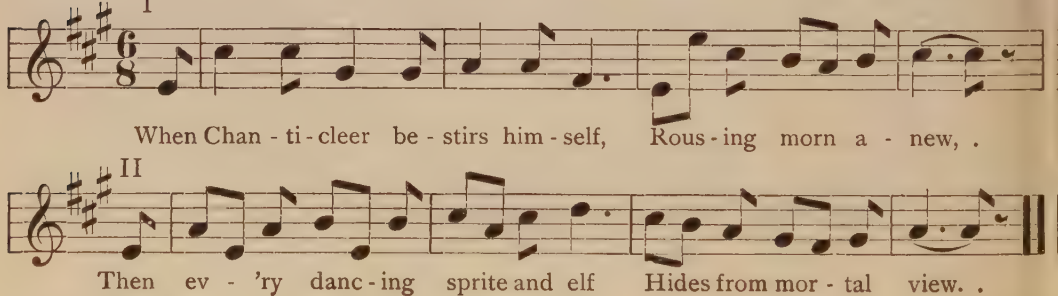
## Chanticleer*

Frank Edwards

*Allegro* ♩. = 69

(Round)

Old Tune
(revised)



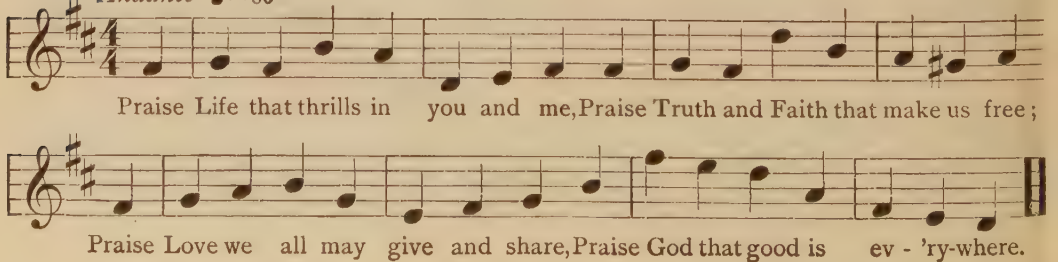

* *The rooster*

## Praise

Foster B. Merriam
(adapted)

*Andante* ♩ = 80

Robert Z. Graham

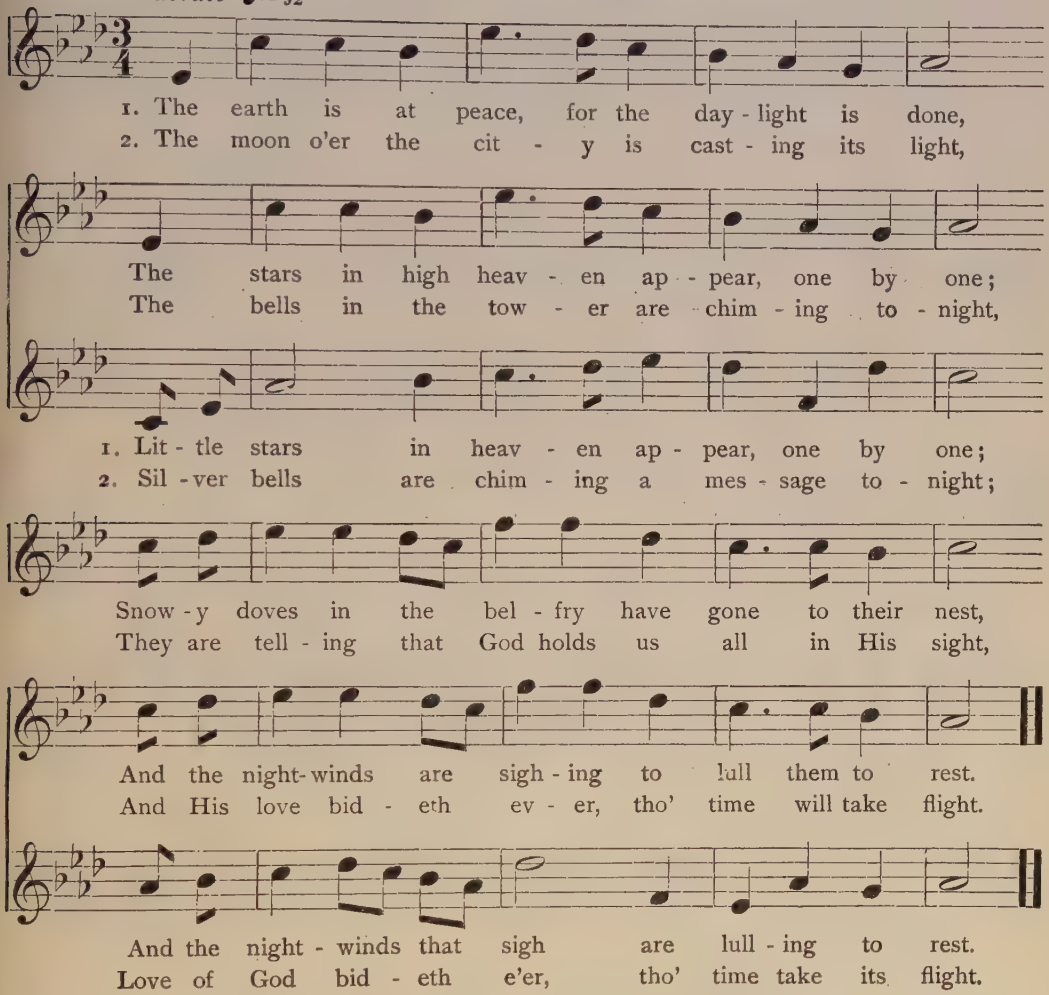

Praise Life that thrills in you and me, Praise Truth and Faith that make us free;
Praise Love we all may give and share, Praise God that good is ev - 'ry-where.

# Moonlight Music

CANON BROOKINGFORD

Catalonian Folk Tune with Countermelody

*Moderato* ♩ = 92

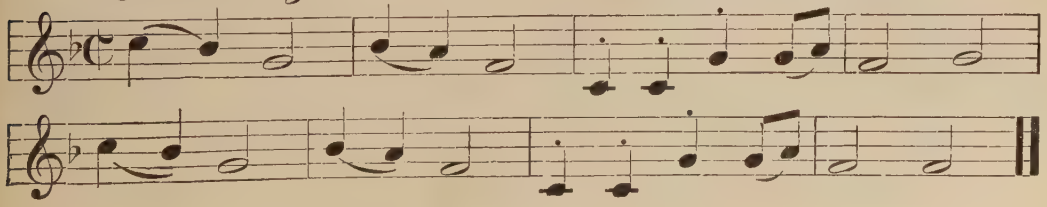

1. The earth is at peace, for the day - light is done,
2. The moon o'er the cit - y is cast - ing its light,
The stars in high heav - en ap - pear, one by one;
The bells in the tow - er are chim - ing to - night,
1. Lit - tle stars in heav - en ap - pear, one by one;
2. Sil - ver bells are chim - ing a mes - sage to - night;
Snow - y doves in the bel - fry have gone to their nest,
They are tell - ing that God holds us all in His sight,
And the night-winds are sigh - ing to lull them to rest.
And His love bid - eth ev - er, tho' time will take flight.
And the night - winds that sigh are lull - ing to rest.
Love of God bid - eth e'er, tho' time take its flight.

# Good Humor

HAYDN

In *D Major Symphony: No. 2*

*Allegro spiritoso* ♩ = 116



# Cinderella

A Musical Fairy Tale in Three Scenes

SCENE I

## No. 1. Choral Prelude

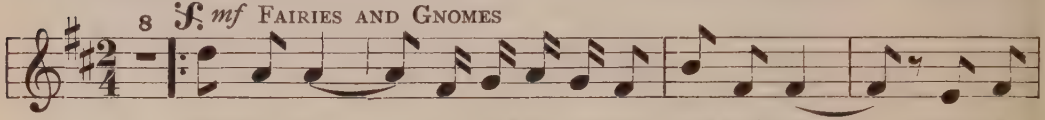
*The libretto with complete piano score is published by C. C. Birchard & Co. Orchestral parts may be rented.*

*(Note: it is suggested that the tunes in this operetta be taught by rote, thus minimizing technical problems.)*

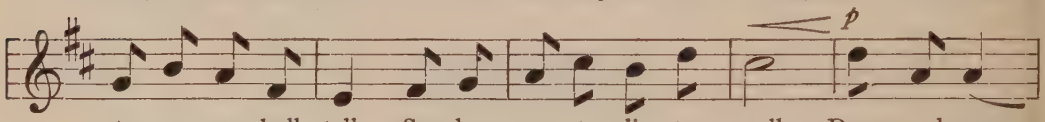
Libretto and music by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

*Con spirito* ♩= 96

8 *ff mf* FAIRIES AND GNOMES



1. Here are we, . . Out of Fair-y-land, Light and free; . . We've a
2. Sprite and gnome, . In the Fair-y Tale, Leave their home, . So that
D.S. 4. *Prince and maid, . . Ere the cur-tain fall, Rich ar-rayed, . Will go*



sto-ry we shall tell, So be sure to lis-ten well. Dance and song
Cin-der-el-la fair Shall not live a life of care. Spell and charm
*smil-ing hand in hand Thro' a gold-en mag-ic land. Fay and sprite,*

*cresc.*

. . Out of Fair-y-land, Help a-long, . So we'll oft-en be on
. . In the Fair-y Tale, Work no harm . For the good-ness of our
. . *Ere the cur-tain fall, Set things right; . There'll be mu-sic in your*

*Fine** *mp (optional solo)*

view, Bright as dew. . . . . 3. Sad notes will be
Queen Here is seen. . . . .
*heart From the start.* . . . .

sung, . . Like the plain-tive coo of a dove, . . Mid-night

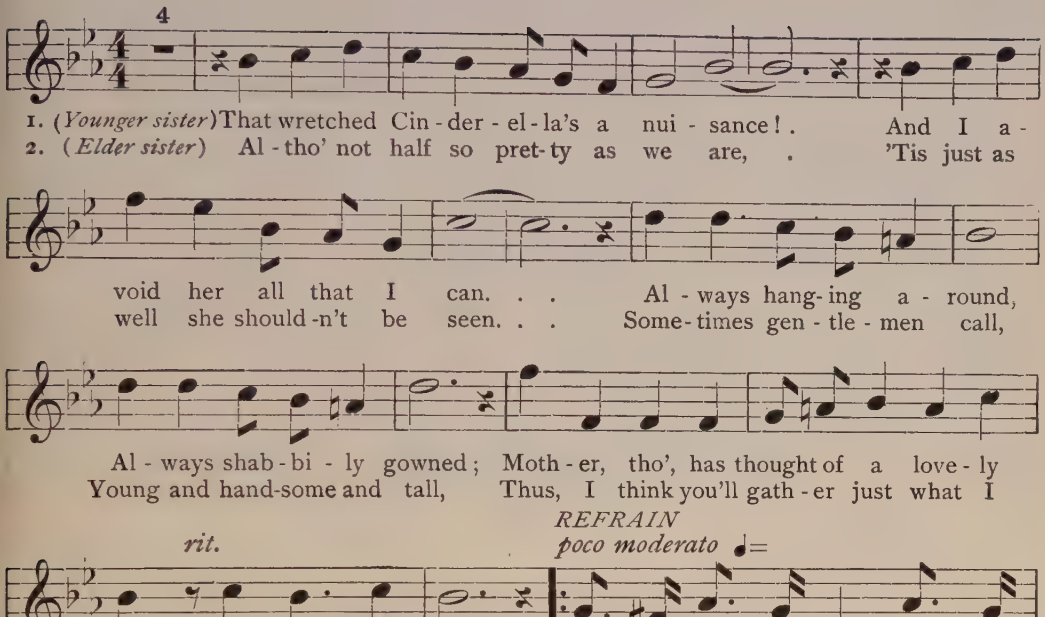
*cresc.* *D.S.*

bell will be rung . . But they'll blend with roundels of love. .

* *A Coda of fourteen measures follows for dance and exeunt.*

## No. 2. The Cruel Sisters

*Allegro* ♩= 160

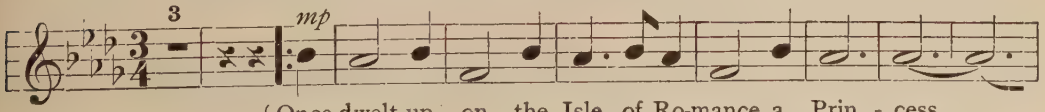

4
1. (Younger sister) That wretched Cin - der - el - la's a nui - sance! . And I a -
2. (Elder sister) Al - tho' not half so pret - ty as we are, . 'Tis just as
void her all that I can. . . Al - ways hang - ing a - round,
well she should - n't be seen. . . Some - times gen - tle - men call,
Al - ways shab - bi - ly gowned; Moth - er, tho', has thought of a love - ly
Young and hand - some and tall, Thus, I think you'll gath - er just what I
rit.
REFRAIN
poco moderato ♩=
plan, So af - ter this, She can mop the sink, She can
mean, And so of course,
build the fire, She can bake the bread, That slow - poke! She can pick the
Mother and other sister join in the repeat.
coal, She can mope at home, She can nev - er wed, Ah no! .

## No. 3. The Maid that Wore a Crown

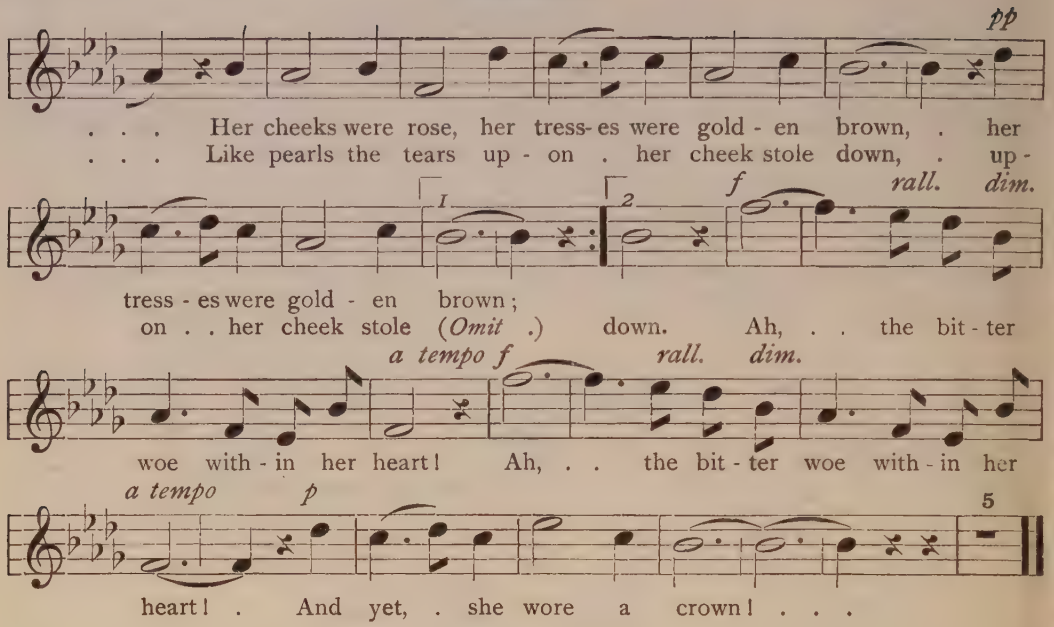
(Ballad)*

CINDERELLA (*She sings to herself, musingly, as though crooning an ancient folk-song*).

*Moderato espressivo* ♩. = 60 (*Count one in a measure*)

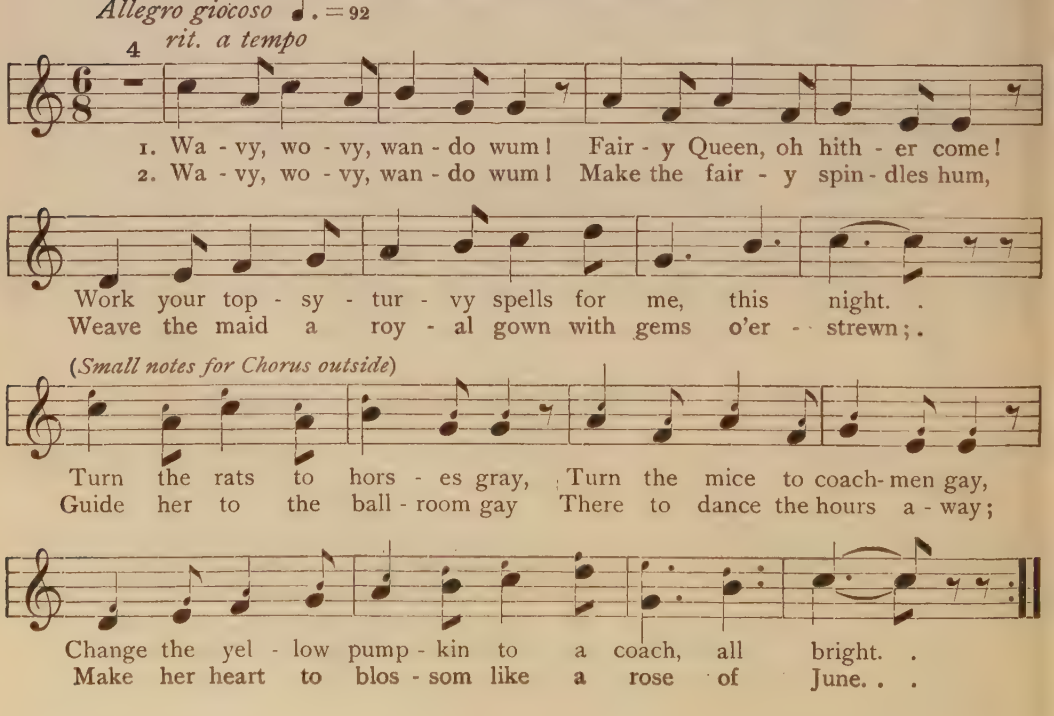



* *Although this melody might seem to be in the key of D♭ it is, however, in B♭ minor.*

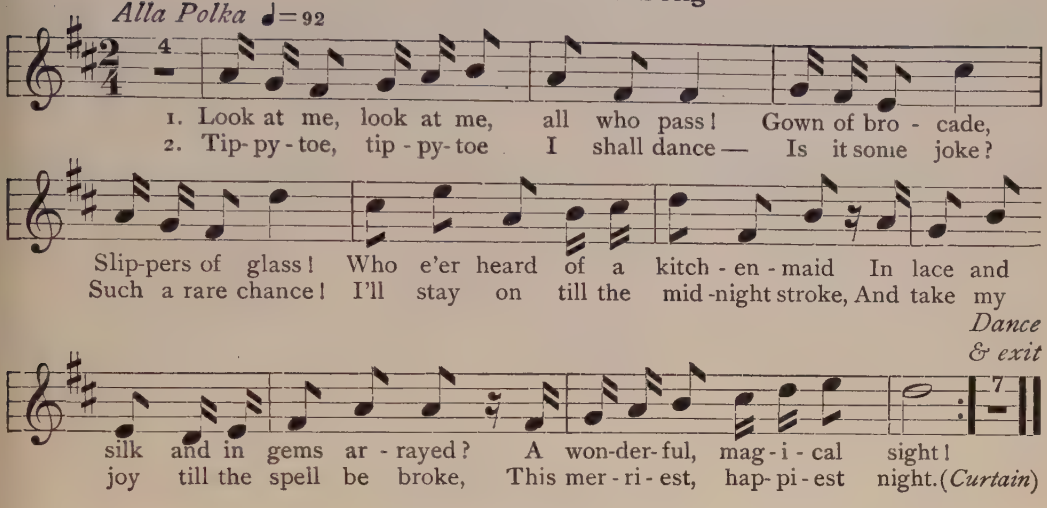

pp
. . . Her cheeks were rose, her tress-es were gold - en brown, . her
. . . Like pearls the tears up - on . her cheek stole down, . up -
1
2
f
rall. dim.
tress - es were gold - en brown;
on . . her cheek stole (Omit .) down. Ah, . . the bit - ter
a tempo f
rall. dim.
woe with - in her heart! Ah, . . the bit - ter woe with - in her
a tempo
p
5
heart! . And yet, . she wore a crown! . . .

## No. 4. The Enchantment

(Fairy Godmother with unseen Chorus)

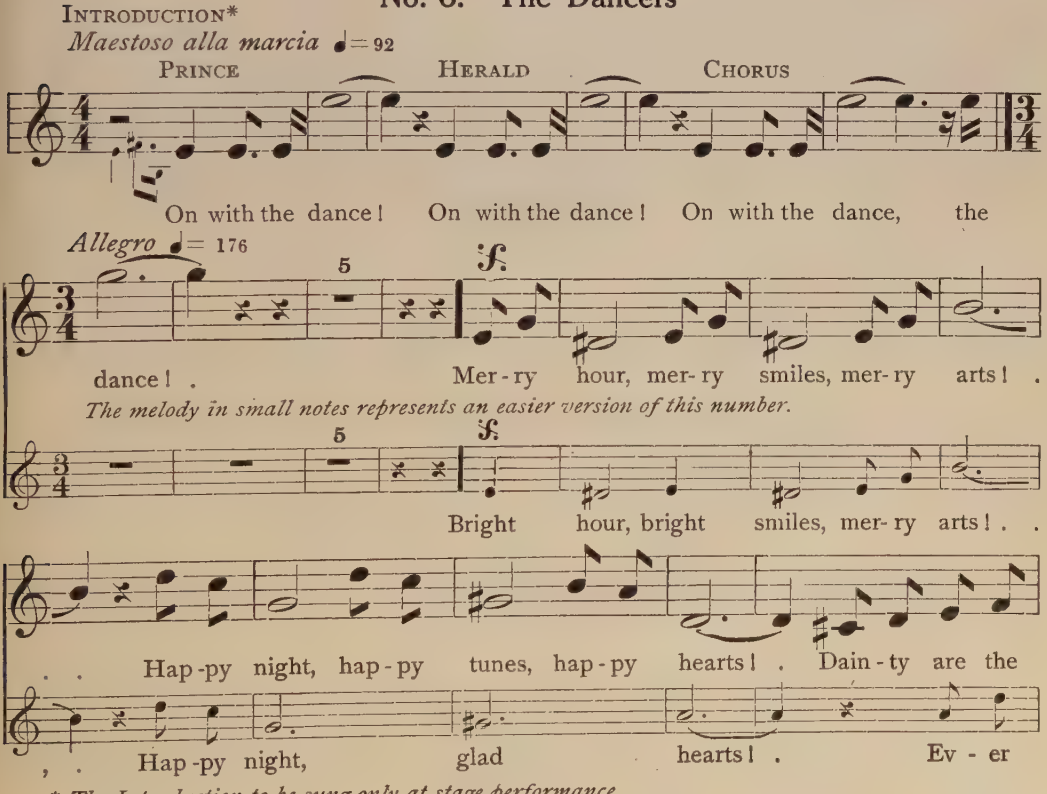

Allegro giocoso ♩. = 92
4
rit. a tempo
1. Wa - vy, wo - vy, wan - do wum! Fair - y Queen, oh hith - er come!
2. Wa - vy, wo - vy, wan - do wum! Make the fair - y spin - dles hum,
Work your top - sy - tur - vy spells for me, this night.
Weave the maid a roy - al gown with gems o'er - strewn;
(Small notes for Chorus outside)
Turn the rats to hors - es gray, Turn the mice to coach-men gay,
Guide her to the ball - room gay There to dance the hours a - way;
Change the yel - low pump - kin to a coach, all bright.
Make her heart to blos - som like a rose of June.

## No. 5. Cinderella's Song

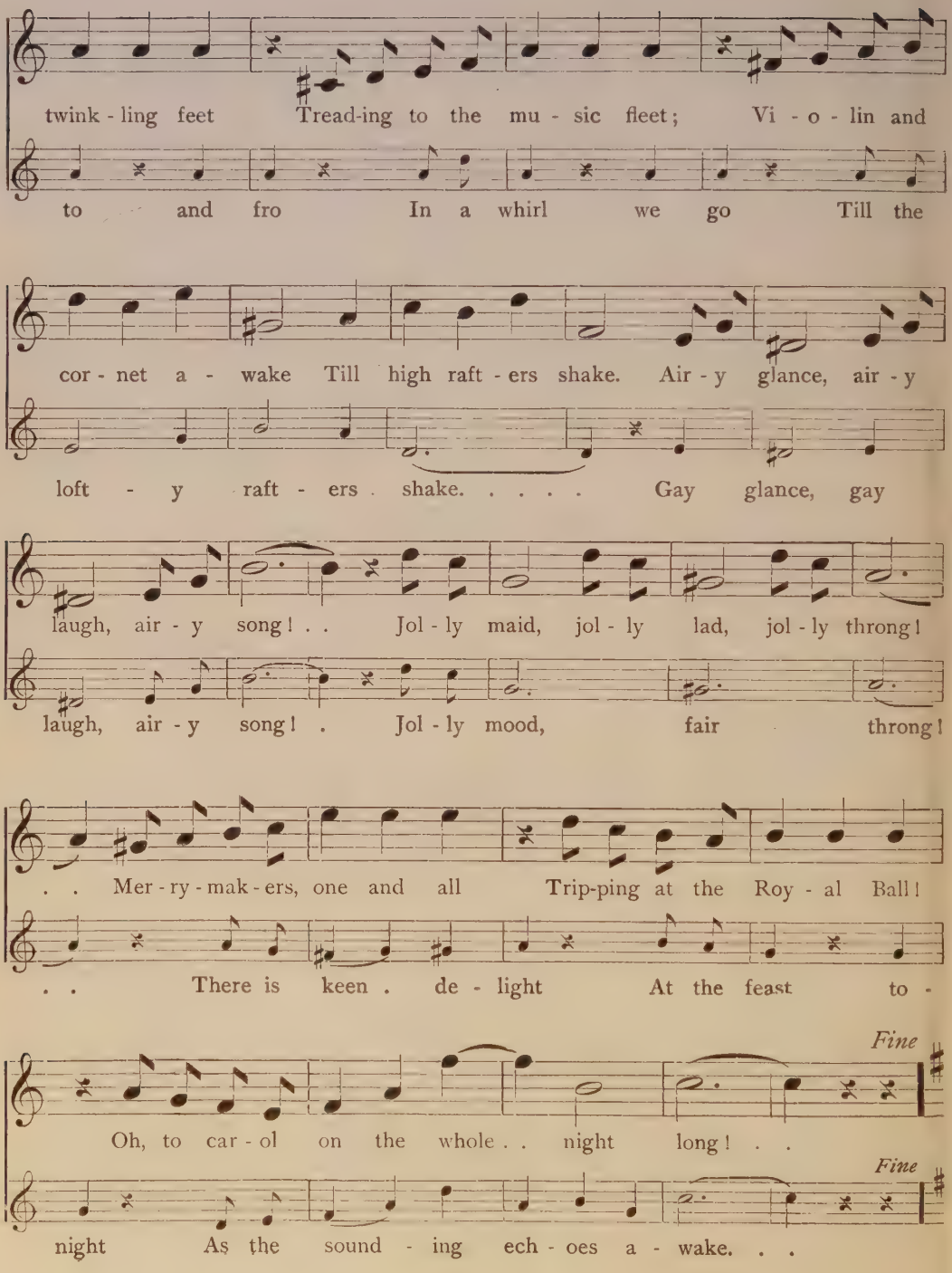

Alla Polka ♩= 92
1. Look at me, look at me, all who pass! Gown of bro - cade,
2. Tip-py-toe, tip-py-toe I shall dance — Is it some joke?
Slip-pers of glass! Who e'er heard of a kitch - en - maid In lace and
Such a rare chance! I'll stay on till the mid-night stroke, And take my
Dance & exit
silk and in gems ar - rayed? A won-der-ful, mag - i - cal sight!
joy till the spell be broke, This mer - ri - est, hap-pi - est night. (Curtain)

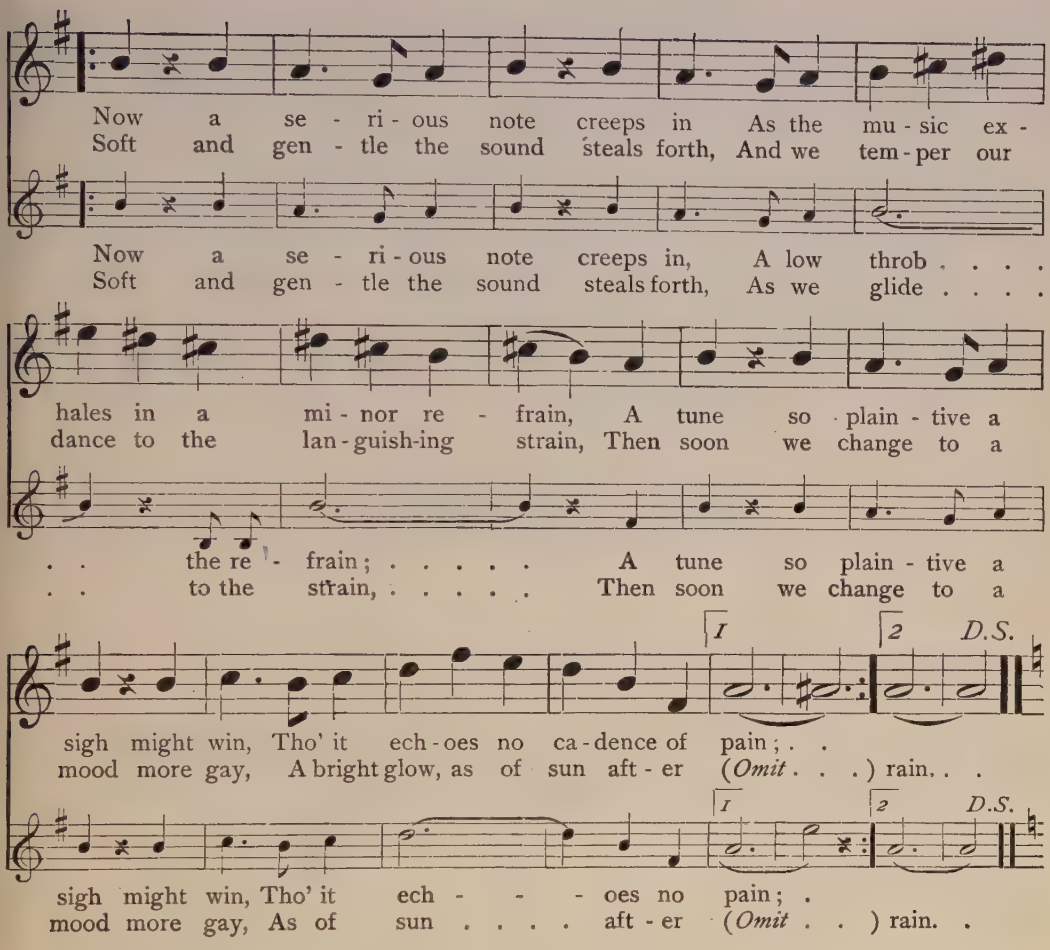
Scene II

## No. 6. The Dancers

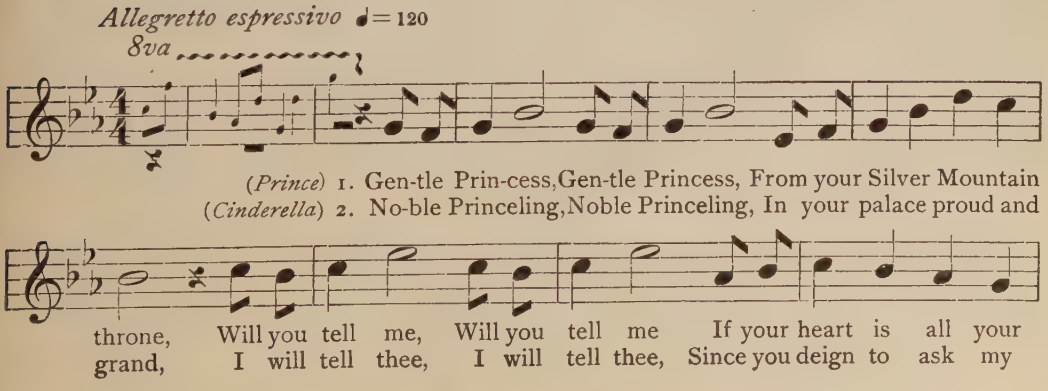

Introduction*
Maestoso alla marcia ♩= 92
Prince
Herald
Chorus
On with the dance! On with the dance! On with the dance, the
Allegro ♩= 176
dance! Mer-ry hour, mer-ry smiles, mer-ry arts!
The melody in small notes represents an easier version of this number.
Bright hour, bright smiles, mer-ry arts!
Hap-py night, hap-py tunes, hap-py hearts! Dain-ty are the
Hap-py night, glad hearts! Ev - er

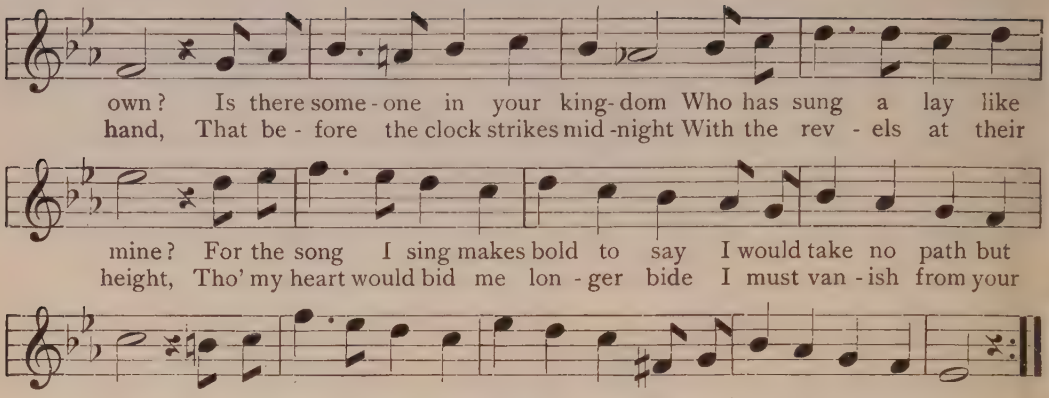
* *The Introduction to be sung only at stage performance.*


twink - ling feet Tread-ing to the mu - sic fleet; Vi - o - lin and
to and fro In a whirl we go Till the
cor - net a - wake Till high raft - ers shake. Air - y glance, air - y
loft - y raft - ers shake. . . . . Gay glance, gay
laugh, air - y song! . . Jol - ly maid, jol - ly lad, jol - ly throng!
laugh, air - y song! . Jol - ly mood, fair throng!
. . Mer - ry - mak - ers, one and all Trip-ping at the Roy - al Ball!
. . There is keen . de - light At the feast to -
Fine
Oh, to car - ol on the whole . . night long! . .
Fine
night As the sound - ing ech - oes a - wake. . .


Now a se - ri - ous note creeps in As the mu - sic ex -
Soft and gen - tle the sound steals forth, And we tem - per our
Now a se - ri - ous note creeps in, A low throb . . . .
Soft and gen - tle the sound steals forth, As we glide . . . .
hales in a mi - nor re - frain, A tune so plain - tive a
dance to the lan - guish-ing strain, Then soon we change to a
. . the re - frain; . . . . . A tune so plain - tive a
. . to the strain, . . . . . Then soon we change to a
1 2 D.S.
sigh might win, Tho' it ech - oes no ca - dence of pain; . .
mood more gay, A bright glow, as of sun aft - er (Omit . . .) rain. . .
1 2 D.S.
sigh might win, Tho' it ech - - - oes no pain; .
mood more gay, As of sun . . . . aft - er (Omit . . ) rain. .

## No. 7. Prince Charming's Wooing


Allegretto espressivo ♩= 120
8va
(Prince) 1. Gen-tle Prin-cess, Gen-tle Princess, From your Silver Mountain
(Cinderella) 2. No-ble Princeling, Noble Princeling, In your palace proud and
throne, Will you tell me, Will you tell me If your heart is all your
grand, I will tell thee, I will tell thee, Since you deign to ask my

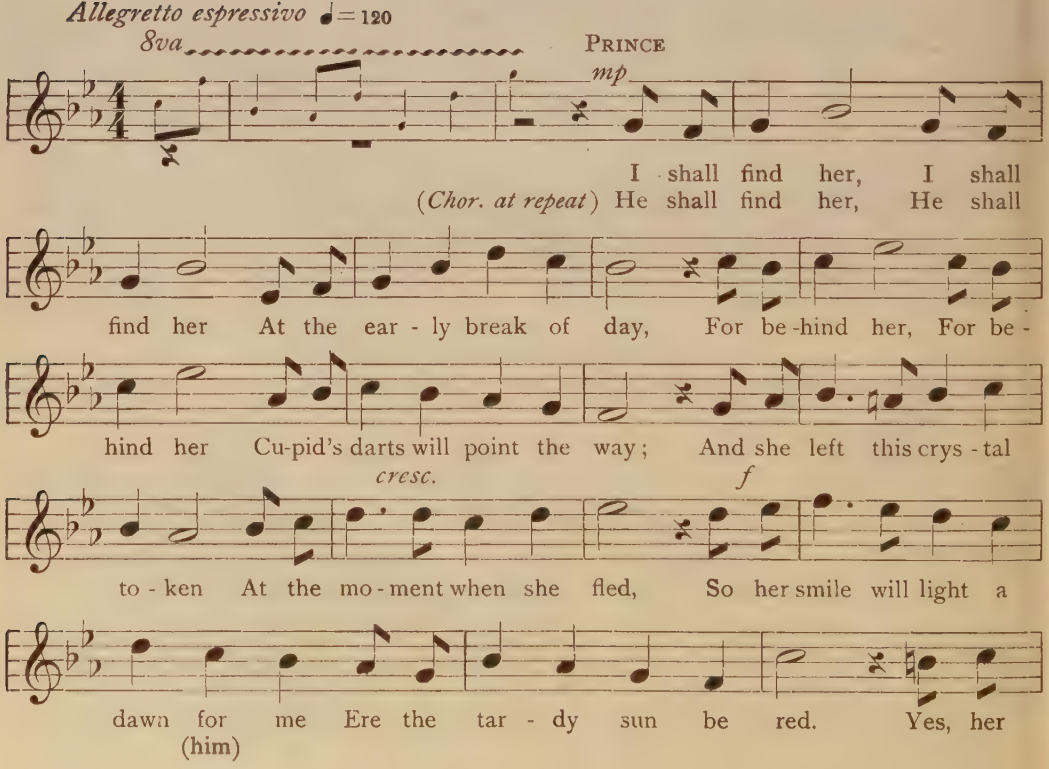

own? Is there some-one in your king-dom Who has sung a lay like
hand, That be-fore the clock strikes mid-night With the rev-els at their
mine? For the song I sing makes bold to say I would take no path but
height, Tho' my heart would bid me lon-ger bide I must van-ish from your
thine, Oh the song I sing makes bold to say I would take no path but thine.
sight, Tho' my heart would bid me lon-ger stay I must van-ish from your sight.

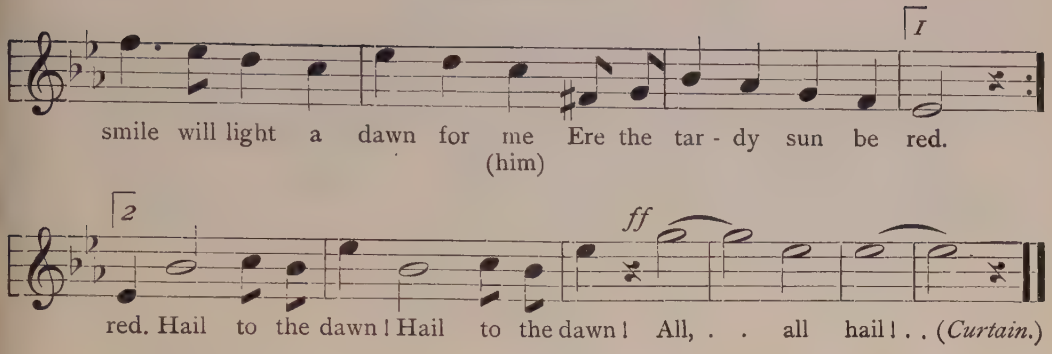
## No. 8. The Midnight Waltz

( An instrumental number )

## No. 9. Finale

(Scene II)

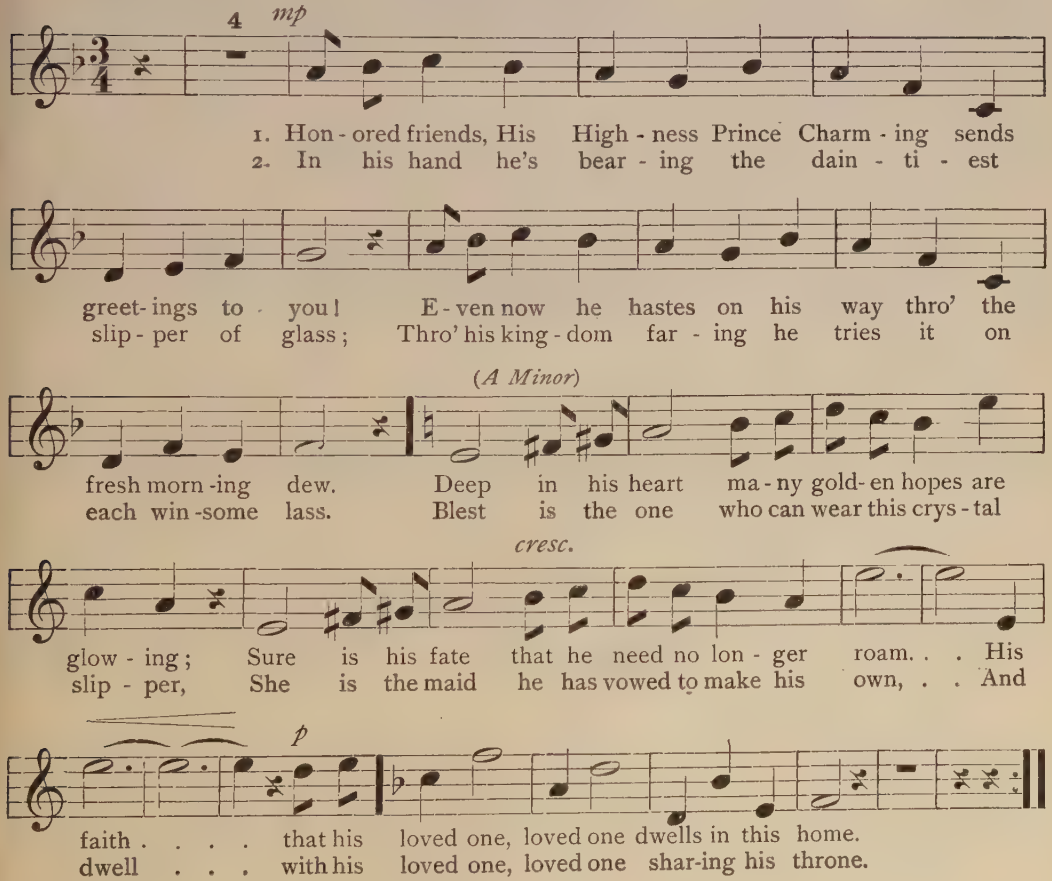

Allegretto espressivo ♩= 120
8va
Prince
mp
I shall find her, I shall
(Chor. at repeat) He shall find her, He shall
find her At the ear-ly break of day, For be-hind her, For be-
hind her Cu-pid's darts will point the way; And she left this crys-tal
cresc.
f
to-ken At the mo-ment when she fled, So her smile will light a
dawn for me Ere the tar-dy sun be red. Yes, her
(him)




Scene III

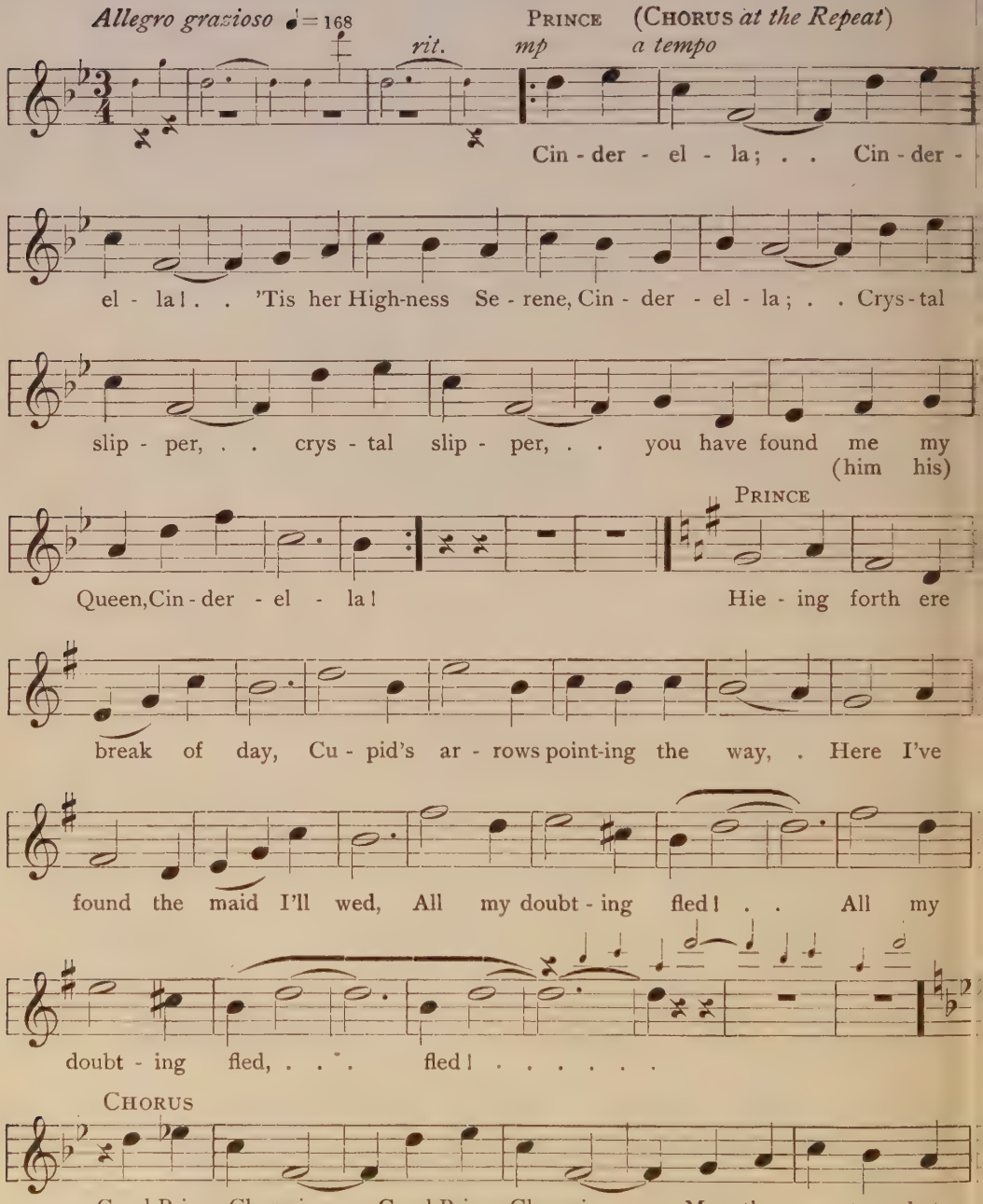
## No. 10. Herald's Song

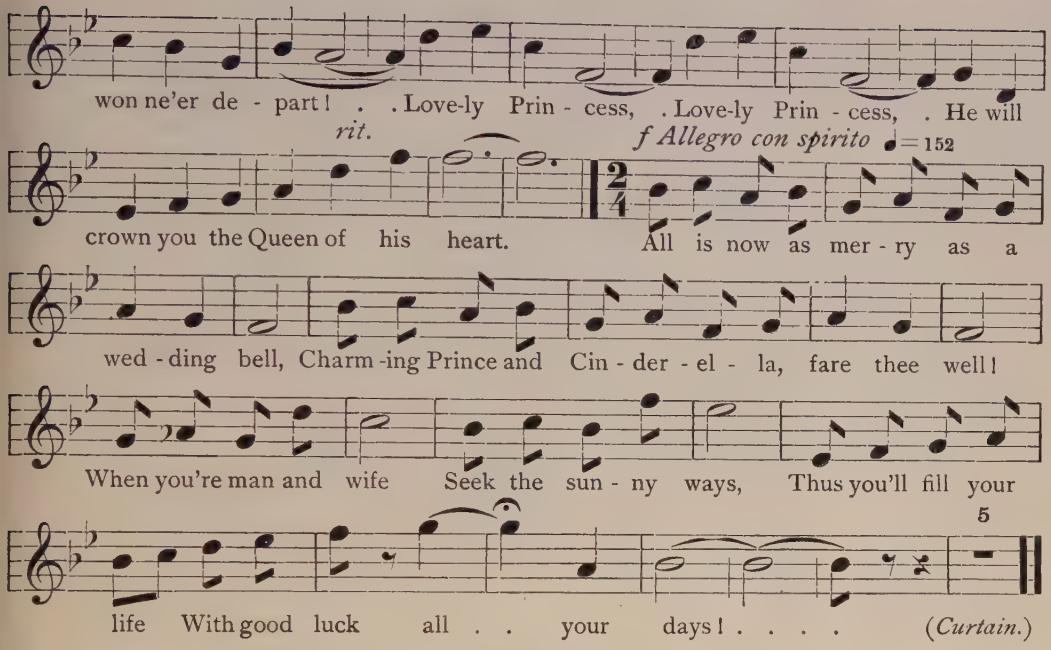
*Tempo di menuetto poco mosso* ♩ = 120


4
mp
1. Hon - ored friends, His High - ness Prince Charm - ing sends
2. In his hand he's bear - ing the dain - ti - est
greet - ings to - you! E - ven now he hastes on his way thro' the
slip - per of glass; Thro' his king - dom far - ing he tries it on
(A Minor)
fresh morn - ing dew. Deep in his heart ma - ny gold - en hopes are
each win - some lass. Blest is the one who can wear this crys - tal
cresc.
glow - ing; Sure is his fate that he need no lon - ger roam. . . His
slip - per, She is the maid he has vowed to make his own, . . And
p
faith . . . . that his loved one, loved one dwells in this home.
dwell . . . with his loved one, loved one shar - ing his throne.

## No. 11. Finale

(Scene III)

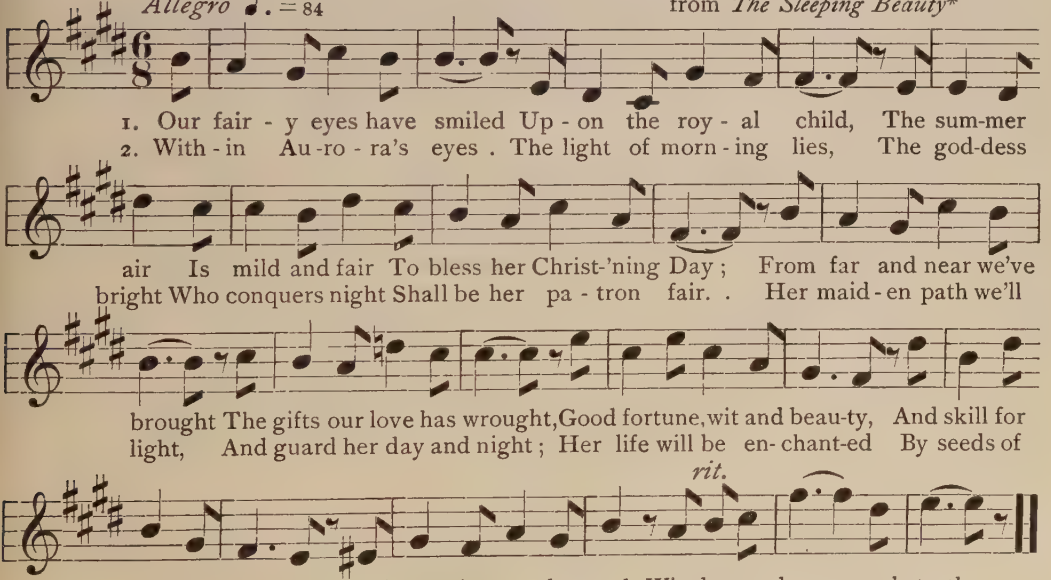

Allegro grazioso ♩= 168
rit.
Prince
mp
(Chorus at the Repeat)
a tempo
Cin - der - el - la; . . Cin - der -
el - la! . . 'Tis her High-ness Se - rene, Cin - der - el - la; . . Crys - tal
slip - per, . . crys - tal slip - per, . . you have found me my
(him his)
Prince
Queen, Cin - der - el - la! Hie - ing forth ere
break of day, Cu - pid's ar - rows point-ing the way, . Here I've
found the maid I'll wed, All my doubt - ing fled! . . All my
doubt - ing fled, . . . fled! . . . . . .
Chorus
Good Prince Charming, . Good Prince Charming, . May the rap - ture he's


won ne'er de - part! . . Love-ly Prin - cess, . Love-ly Prin - cess, . He will
rit.
f Allegro con spirito ♩ = 152
crown you the Queen of his heart. All is now as mer - ry as a
wed - ding bell, Charm - ing Prince and Cin - der - el - la, fare thee well!
When you're man and wife Seek the sun - ny ways, Thus you'll fill your
5
life With good luck all . . your days! . . . . (Curtain.)

## Aurora's Christening

H. W. L.

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS
from *The Sleeping Beauty**


Allegro ♩. = 84
1. Our fair - y eyes have smiled Up - on the roy - al child, The sum-mer
2. With - in Au - ro - ra's eyes . The light of morn - ing lies, The god-dess
air Is mild and fair To bless her Christ-'ning Day; From far and near we've
bright Who conquers night Shall be her pa - tron fair. . Her maid - en path we'll
brought The gifts our love has wrought, Good fortune, wit and beau-ty, And skill for
light, And guard her day and night; Her life will be en- chant-ed By seeds of
rit.
ev- 'ry du - ty; She'll learn in ear - ly youth Wis-dom and song and truth.
hope we've planted; O sun that shines a-bove, Crown her with joy and love.

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# GLOSSARY OF MUSICAL TERMS

*Accelerando* (*accel.*) — gradually increase the time.
*Ad libitum* (*ad lib.*) — according to fancy.
*Allegrante* — joyous; mirthful.
*Allegretto* — not as fast as *allegro*.
*Allegro* — fast; lively.
*Amabile* — gentle; graceful.
*Andante* — in moderate time.
*Andantino* — slightly faster than *andante*.
*Animato* — animated.
*Arietta* — a short air or melody.
*A tempo* — resume the original beat. Used after *rit. rall. accel.*
*Barcarole* — a song of the Venetian gondoliers; a boat song.
*Ben marcato* — well marked.
*Bourreé* — an old French dance.
*Bravura* — spirit.
*Canon* — a melody begun by one voice and precisely imitated throughout by one or more voices beginning later at stated intervals. The imitating voice or voices may be in unison with the first voice or on any degree of the scale.
*Cantabile* — in graceful, singing manner.
*Con* — with.
*Con anima* — with animation and boldness.
*Con brio* — with life.
*Con fuoco* — with fiery energy.
*Con moto* — with motion; not dragging.
*Con spirito* — with spirit and energy.
*Counterpoint* — the art of adding to a given melody one or more melodies to be performed simultaneously with the first one, voices moving against each other, but which may be an independent tune. The term is often applied to the added melody itself.
*Crescendo* (*cres.*) — increase in tune.
*Da Capo* (*D.C.*) — from the beginning.
*Dal Segno* (*D.S.*) — from the sign 𝄋.
*Declamando* — in a declamatory manner.
*Diminuendo* (*dim.*) — diminish in tone.
*E; Ed.* — and.
*Espressivo* — expressive.
*Fine* — end.
*Forte* (*f*) — loud.
*Fortissimo* (*ff*) — very loud.
*Gavotte* — a dance of French origin.
*Giocoso* — humorously; sportively
*Gioia* — joy; gladness.
*Gioviale* — jovial.
*Giusto* — in equal, steady, exact time.
*Grazia* — grace; elegance.
*Grazioso* — gracefully.
*Habañera* — a Spanish dance in 2-4 time.
*Ländler* — a rustic air characteristic of the Alpine region.
*Largo* — slow; solemn.
*Larghetto* — not as slow as *largo*.
*Leggiero* — light; delicate.
*Lento* — slow.
*Ma* — but.
*Maestoso* — majestic; dignified.
*Marcato* — accented.
*Marcia* — a march.
*Marziale* — martial; in the style of a march.
*Mazurka* — a lively dance of Polish origin. 3-4.
*Menuetto* — a minuet; a slow dance in 3-4 time.
*Meno* — less.
*Misterioso* — in mysterious manner.
*Moderato* — in moderate time.
*Molto* — much; extremely.
*Mosso* — rapid.
*Pastorale* — pastoral; rural.
*Piu* — more.
*Piano* (*p*) — soft.
*Pianissimo* (*pp*) — very soft.
*Poco* — a little; slightly.
*Pomposo* — pompous; stately.
*Presto* — very rapid.
*Rallentando* (*rall.*) — retard gradually.
*Ritardando* (*rit.*) — delay the time gradually; retard.
*Rubato* — diminishing the time value of notes in one place and increasing it in another. Literally "robbed" or "stolen."
*Solenne* — solemn.
*Spiritoso* — lively; animated; with spirit.
*Tranquillo* — expressing tranquility; calmly.
*Valse* — waltz.
*Vivace* — quick; brisk; vivacious.
*Vigoroso* — vigorous.
*Yodel* — the peculiar high falsetto warbling of Swiss and Tyrolean mountaineers.

*P3-CAD-908*